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YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE

THE WORLD OF FASHION

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LADY DOROTHY NEVILL

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

BY

RALPH NEVILL

AUTHOR OF "MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE"

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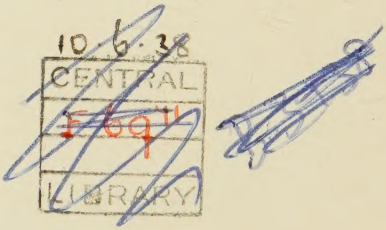
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YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

I

LADIES FIRST

DASHING young ladies have always aroused hostile comment from an older generation. The Girl of the Period of the 'sixties, for instance, was the subject of bitter denunciation. The new woman of the 'nineties with her mannish ways and dress also came in for a good deal of abuse.

Even at the beginning of the present century, when a fashionable young lady wore a dress which was so long that it concealed her toes, serious people said all sorts of things about her, just as the older generation says things about the younger to-day.

Nevertheless the only people whose opinion she values, that is, "men," always seem perfectly satisfied. Whether her dress be high or low, or her skirt long or short, she always seems beautiful or attractive to them.

Whatever may be the failings of the modern girl, every one must admit that she is generally natural in her ways, and does not pretend to be shocked when she isn't.

The Victorian young lady, even when not frankly prudish, was apt to take offence at anything which she thought she ought not to have heard.

There were, it is true, girls who prided themselves

upon being natural. Nevertheless, though they declared that they liked people to call a spade a spade, those who did so were apt to get into dreadful trouble.

Quite a number of people speak of the doings of the modern girl in much the same horrified tone as that in which they discussed atrocities during the war. Nevertheless the young lady in question is probably no worse, if no better, than her predecessors of former generations.

In spite of the (to a great extent) assumed prudery of a past age, a good many of the fair sex were anything but immaculate. What is one to think when it is remembered that the children of that Countess of Oxford who was the heroine of one of the last of Byron's amours were once cynically described as the "Harleian miscellany"?

About the same time the Duke of Devonshire of the day was openly living with Lady Betty Foster —an intimate friend of the Duchess whose successor she eventually became.

Lady Caroline Lamb pursued Byron with shameless insistence and when he broke off relations with her wrote a revengeful novel. As the poet said in "Beppo,"

"She played the devil and then wrote a novel."

Morals in those days were certainly no better than they are now, but the light of publicity then beat much less fiercely. People were more careful about retailing stories of celebrated people. To-day one is often reminded of Tennyson's remark concerning a garrulous old lady full of scandalous reminiscences.

"Dr. Johnson," said she, "used to stir his lemonade with his finger, which was often dirty."

"The dirt," said the Poet Laureate, "is in her own heart."

Vulgarity rather than vice would appear to be the

besetting sin of most of the modern damsels who openly profess themselves disdainful of what used to be known as "aristocratic reserve."

Old-fashioned people deplore that the habit of speaking in a loud and raucous voice, calling people by nicknames and indulging in familiarity on very short acquaintance should have become an ordinary feature of social life.

The young ladies of a past era were, on the other hand, shy and reserved and often dull—it is indeed the dread of being classed as the latter that has spurred on many a modern damsel to extravagances of an undignified kind. It must also be remembered that young men and young women meet together more often and on more intimate terms than would have been tolerated in the past.

Girls of to-day are certainly more wideawake than their predecessors. Not a few of the latter, however, did know a good deal, but it was the day of "Demure Pusses," and while keeping their knowledge to themselves they made use of it perhaps even more than some of the flamboyant damsels of to-day.

In Society, however, they appeared to be shy and reserved. The great majority were then brought up on exactly the same plan. Almost all of them, whether musical or not, were taught singing, then considered an indispensable part of a young lady's education.

One shudders when one thinks of the boredom which had to be endured listening to vapid sentimental songs sung by young Misses, in a voice so soft as to be almost inaudible three yards from the piano. This perhaps was the best thing about these melodies which in almost every case were far more popular with the performer than the listener.

The recollection of horrors such as this and of the stilted, forced conversation of those days makes one realize that in a world where so much has deteriorated woman has certainly improved.

As regards amusements, the Victorian young lady had a much worse time than her successor of to-day, who quite frankly owns she is out for a good time and generally gets one. Never was there such a golden age for those fond of dancing, never were good partners so easily found, or better music provided.

While so many of the women and girls of to-day cultivate their minds they are by no means careless as to appearance and dress.

The Victorian young ladies, blindly following what they were told was the fashion, rarely understood how to make the most of themselves. Modern girls, on the other hand, know how to adopt a style of hairdressing or costume well calculated to accentuate their good points, do not slavishly follow a fashion which is unsuited to them and, above all, are well turned out and neat. There was much dowdiness in Victorian times; as long as a dress was in the fashion, not too much care was devoted to putting it on.

There is little doubt but that within the last twenty years the general appearance of women has considerably improved, modern costume being better calculated to set off feminine charms than the lengthy and voluminous draperies which swathed the tightly corsetted beauties of past generations.

The fact that some frivolous damsels have carried their affection for short skirts to great lengths is no argument for the return of the dust-ridden, microbe-bearing trains which, from the point of view of hygiene or art, had nothing to recommend them.

The most sensible and witty suggestion as to ladies'

skirts was that once made by Mr. Harvey, the American Ambassador.

"A skirt," said he, "should, like an after-dinner speech, be long enough to cover the subject, but short enough to be interesting."

While the taste of Englishwomen in dress has been perfected, it is to be regretted that so many of them cannot divest themselves of the idea that a good effect is achieved by meaningless adornments, such as odd bunches of leaves and fruit stuck on to belts and hats, the crown of which not infrequently presents much the appearance of a Russian salad.

It is by means of a carefully calculated simplicity that Frenchwomen contrive to look well-dressed; this together with extreme neatness and perfection as to detail in only the Parisienne of even limited means presents the chic appearance which all the feminine world tries to copy.

The modern girl fully realizes the value of looking nice. She has entirely discarded the old muffling up methods which impaired the appearance of her less sophisticated predecessors, and, as has been justly said, would rather feel cold in pretty thin silk stockings than warm in ugly thick ones.

This after all is but self-sacrifice in order to present an attractive appearance to the world in general. The type of girl in question, frivolous and pleasure-loving as she may be, enjoys life thoroughly and is a refreshing contrast to the pretentious, languorous young lady of other days who, as the Irishman said, did not know what she wanted and wouldn't have been happy had she got it.

A curious modern mania is that for wearing furs all the year round. Many ladies no doubt do this because it is the fashion, others merely because they are chilly by nature and the sort of people who will

never feel warm until they are put into Golder's Green.

On the whole, however, the tendency has been to discard various articles of attire, among which may be numbered the corset, for which it would seem many ladies now have no use.

Though a past generation would have been horrified at this, there is no doubt but that in a number of cases women have acquired grace and freedom of gait. Besides this, they are far healthier and better than were the wasp-waisted, trussed-up females of the Victorian age.

The most ugly period of feminine dress would appear to have been in the 'sixties of the last century. Nevertheless some attractive-looking ladies were painted by Winterhalter, that favourite Court painter of the Victorian Era, who, whatever may have been his artistic shortcomings, certainly had a genius for arranging groups and posing his sitters.

If somewhat cold in his style he contrived to tone down the ugliness and eccentricities of fashions highly destructive of feminine beauty.

Perhaps his most successful portrait was that of the Empress Eugenie in a costume akin to that of Marie Antoinette as a shepherdess of the Trianon with a bevy of maids of honour around her.

People speak of the vanished charm of the Victorian young ladies, but those who remember some of those poor things are inclined to doubt whether the greater freedom enjoyed by her successors has not been a blessing to society at large, of which the healthy-looking, neatly-turned-out modern girl is such a conspicuous and delightful ornament.

Feminine costume in the immediate past was rarely becoming to its fair wearer. A glance at old-fashioned photographs easily proves this. The fashion of muffling up the neck, of big sleeves, volu-

minous and lengthy skirts, together with hats perched at all sorts of unbecoming angles, now seems positively ridiculous. Nevertheless every fashion seems quite reasonable in its time, even the hideous dress-improver or bustle excited little adverse comment when every woman wore one.

Though the professional beauties of the 'eighties were undoubtedly for the most past beautiful women, they gained little enough from their dress, even when it was theatrical as in the snowstorm photograph of that day, in which the sitter was shown in furs and a muff, while a shower of snow fell all about her.

The poses of that day were too often stiff, angular and artificial, also there was no softness about the photos, which lacked the artistic finish, which is now not uncommon.

Nevertheless a certain section of the public bought them freely, the most popular of all probably having been the portrait of Miss Maude Branscombe, in the costume of a nun.

Mrs. Langtry's photograph must also have sold by the thousands, as did those of some other Society beauties, whose likenesses were displayed in the Burlington Arcade, where more than one shop window exhibited a regular series of professional beauties.

While woman's dress, from every point of view, has improved, feminine hairdressing, which in old days cannot be said to have existed at all, has made even greater strides; becoming simplicity and neatness being now the rule rather than the exception.

On the whole, in spite of all statements to the contrary, it is doubtful whether a pretty girl ever had such a chance of looking nice as she has to-day, the result of which is that the standard of feminine beauty has, or at least seems to have, grown very much higher.

Among other changes in feminine ways the adoption of suitable costumes for special sports must not be forgotten.

When the bicycle craze was at its height in the early 'nineties, a special dress consisting of baggy knickerbockers, known as bloomers, was invented in Paris, and worn by a few go-ahead young ladies on this side of the Channel. The costume in question, though to-day it would merely be considered ugly, for a time created some sensation as being fast.

A good deal of water, however, has flowed beneath London Bridge since then, and the fashion of riding astride by young ladies in breeches and boots has ceased to arouse even comment. As a matter of fact, great latitude is now permitted in the way of feminine dress, most people having ceased to be surprised at anything.

The "ratcatcher" costume, popular with both men and women riders, cannot however, be called an improvement as compared with the riding-habit and frock-coat with top hats. The graceful Amazons and well-turned-out horsemen of the past were far more attractive to the eye than the motley crowd which now frequent the Row.

The so-called woman's movement, with its ridiculous fads and extravagances, has happily left the great mass of English womanhood unmoved. In spite of the evil sex hatred which certain of its supporters seek to promote, the movement in question may even have done some good in stimulating thought among the more serious-minded of the fair sex. Anyhow, woman as she is to-day, in spite of all her detractors, is from a social point of view generally rather a charming creature, the little air of authority which she occasionally seeks to assume imparting a subtle piquancy to her conversation which, in spite of all

modern attempts to assimilate the education of girls to that of boys, remains in the vast majority of instances delightfully feminine.

Though women are supposed to have gained much by their so-called emancipation, men, socially, have gained a good deal more, for there is no possible doubt but that the modern woman, in addition to looking smart, is a far more intelligent and agreeable companion than her predecessor of thirty or forty years ago.

There were, of course, exceptions, but in the main, young ladies, owing to their bringing up, were apt to be affected or dull which could not, with justice, be said of many of them to-day!

As for the actual result achieved by the grant of the vote as to which the Press made so much fuss, in actual practice it has hitherto really amounted to nothing at all, for except by the unwritten laws of society, which are now to some extent more lenient, it is several centuries since women were really oppressed.

They have, of course, been given the suffrage, which the majority probably didn't want, and are made to serve on juries, which no one can possibly like—but things remain much as of old. It is the votes that a woman sways which make the difference, not her only solitary vote.

It must also be admitted that on the whole, women have not misused either of the two above-mentioned privileges—if privileges they can be called.

As a matter of fact, it is an open question whether mentally women are inferior to men.

Among other accusations made against the fair sex, they have been declared to be destitute of humour. This is scarcely fair. Though apt to be deficient in acute analytical power, humour is by no means denied

to a number of them. There are comedies by female writers which have humorous points. The authoress of "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," and other works, can scarcely be said to have been deficient in humour. Assuredly, examples would be frequently forthcoming of women whose works of fiction have given evidence of an unusual degree of humorous fancy.

That women are highly efficient in a clerical capacity has now long been recognized, their only drawback being a certain pardonable liability to be carried away by emotion under exceptional circumstances. Such was the case with the female war-worker with an unsatisfied grievance who, labouring under great excitement, wrote, "I have cohabited with all the members of the War Council in turn without result."

The outlook of womankind is now much wider than it was during the Mid-Victorian age.

We are indeed a long way from the days when, according to female novelists, a few assembly balls and morning visits, a journey to London or Bath, or some improvised private theatricals, or a packet of love-letters signed with the hero's initials were the events, the emotions and the aspirations of a young lady's lifetime!

If we are to believe the novels of that vanished day the pretty demure little things fainted a good deal and were rather given to writing lengthy letters to aged relatives and clergymen residing in the country where they often went to stay.

Notwithstanding this, they were dreadfully afraid of cows, subject to agonizing headaches, presumably produced by bad cookery, and made the worst of every passing discomfort. Even when they waltzed it was usually with heavy hearts and dizzy brains,

the sight of their hero talking to other girls quickly reducing them to a condition of blank despair.

As a matter of fact in the past, when woman's sphere was very limited, novel writing was often, like tears, the vent and relief of many a chafing spirit longing to give voice and expression to the silence of a dull and gloomy life in the midst of which it was struggling. Hence the emotional pessimism of many of these tales, the telling of which eased their writers, while mildly moving a sympathetic generation of feminine readers.

While the Englishwoman has been obtaining various rights and privileges, the exercise of which has made no particular difference, Frenchwomen have shown no desire for political power. As a matter of fact, in her own special way the latter has always influenced the destinies of France. Voting could not increase her already preponderant power.

Frenchwomen, as a rule, are not very fond of their English sisters, who are much more unlike them than Englishmen are unlike Frenchmen.

To the Parisienne who, as a rule is the very incarnation of dainty and attractive femininity, the Englishwoman appears somewhat cold and censorious.

The intense fear of doing the wrong thing or knowing the wrong people which inspires English people, more especially the women, is rarely met with across the Channel; the French, except when they have some particular object in view, are intensely independent, and owing to the Republican institutions of the country, snobbery, which amongst us is perhaps more rampant than ever, is limited to a particular class.

While seldom really beautiful the Parisienne is so neat and well turned out that her advent is calculated to put the male sex in a good humour.

She herself, as a rule, is the best-natured little

creature in the world. Smile at her and nine times out of ten she will smile back at you. Not that she means anything by doing so, it is merely a graceful acknowledgment that she appreciates the tribute rendered to her charming appearance.

Take care not to try this in London, however, for Englishwomen, not having the same self-possession and being generally on the defensive, you will stand a fair chance of being handed over to the police.

Just at present (December, 1921) the Parisienne is dressed in black, a colour for which there is a regular craze among Frenchwomen.

Unlike her English sisters who try to follow this fashion she rarely wears black stockings.

The mania for dark-coloured dresses did not exist before the Great War, possibly the prevalence of mourning accustomed the Parisians to sombre feminine costume which is certainly becoming.

Maurice Donnay said, "Une grande deuil sans chagrin pour une blonde c'est le rêve."

One of the great differences between an English and a French woman is that the former, though unwilling to admit it, very often regrets not having been born a boy—the latter, on the other hand, is quite content with being a woman.

The Englishwoman, indeed, is often Androgynous —*pas vraiement femme*—as the French say.

This is why she wants to go in for masculine professions and to play rough games, all rather pitiful symptoms of unsatisfied aspirations which can never be realized.

"If," says the poor thing, "I can't be a man, I can at least copy his ways." A sort of curious third sex is sometimes the result of this process.

The law which enables ladies to recover large sums as compensation for Breach of Promise of Marriage is

a constant source of wonder to the French, who, hard and matter-of-fact as they are in money matters, are nevertheless unable to understand how cash can be claimed as a solatium for wounded feelings. Though in some cases, where expenses have been incurred, the injured party is justly entitled to compensation great abuses are undoubtedly connected with this Law.

As a matter of fact, a rich young man is exposed to considerable dangers at the hands of rapacious Femininity.

Enormous sums have occasionally been allotted to attractive ladies who claimed to have had their feelings trifled with by a wealthy swain.

Concerning one case of this sort, a well-known man of letters wittily said:

"These are expensive days indeed when old mistresses cost as much or more than old masters."

Although so many modern women are delightful from every point of view, a certain number whom good fortune has endowed with more wealth than brains are apt to make themselves ridiculous.

Such are the ones generally of no conspicuous personal attractions who imagine that every man wants to make love to them. Such women see Don Juans where they do not exist.

"Poor Mrs. So-and-so," said a lady, "told me she was terribly upset at being followed by a horrid man in Bond Street." "I suppose," put in a good-natured friend, "she was afraid he might not catch her up."

Another unsatisfactory type is the woman who, simply brought up and having no money of her own, has contrived to marry a rich man. Not having sufficient brains to realize that the wealth at her command is merely the result of good luck she adopts a patronizing attitude towards her poorer friends of

other days and makes herself generally odious by her arrogance and conceit.

One of this class whose education had been neglected, made the somewhat startling announcement that she was going to give two big balls—one for the *beau monde*, the other for the *demi-monde*, by which somewhat doubtful appellation she merely meant to indicate the people who were not quite at the very top of the social tree.

Another lady, anxious to be in the fashion, told a friend that in future she intended to have her hair waved by Boticelli who, she understood, was a smart if expensive man.

This, however, was beaten by the fair student of history who said her favourite study was reading the wonderful story of the Moors in Mexico!

What may be called "Society Socialism" is an entirely modern development, pretty well limited to England and America where the "Parlour Socialist" has become recognized as a regular type.

The latter, though professing great solicitude for his less fortunate fellow-creatures, is seldom very backward in pushing aside anyone who stands in his way. An ardent champion of the cause of the common people in the world-wide war against capitalism, he or she is apt to glory in being a soldier of the great army of labour.

Most of them, however, to judge from their luxurious surroundings, seem to be a long way from barracks.

Not a few do not conceal their longing for an immediate revolution of a drastic kind.

Rosewater methods or delay merely provoke their scorn, they want the revolution *now* so as hand in hand with the workers they may march towards the goal of universal happiness.

Forgetful that the golden dawn of the revolutionist

generally resolves itself into a blood-red sunset they sweep all sane arguments aside.

"What matter," said a charming lady, whose glass might have contained vitriol instead of champagne, "if there is famine and massacre in Russia? Think how glorious it will all be in a hundred years," after which she took another mouthful of Pêche Melba. Her enthusiasm for the revolution was only slightly damped by the difficulty she found in getting caviare. The same lady was wont to declare that one met such horrible people in Society, so different from the dwellers in the East End, with whom she said she always longed to live.

A milder school of Socialist seems to be of opinion that it would be a good thing to put the advanced Labour Party into office because they might do well and if they didn't the experience would be useful as a warning against doing it again.

The latter argument seems rather like burning one's house down to show the folly of leaving lighted lucifers about!

Alas, all optimistic theories, like the waxen wings of Icarus, are apt to melt away when subjected to the fierce rays of the sun of experience.

With a number of ladies political convictions are always an affair of the heart, of reasoning from a moderate and unimpassioned point of view, they know nothing.

Before the days of extreme Socialism and Bolshevism, certain hostesses professing a Liberal rôle would express an emotional dislike for tyrants sprung from the wrongs of regicides and the poverty of patriot exiles who had found shelter in London.

At their parties would be found refugee Italian noblemen who had escaped with one shirt from the clutches of some Archduke whom he had sought to

exterminate and French plotters with somewhat distant ideas of sacrificing themselves for Liberty and their beloved France.

Many of such ladies, however, ended up as stout Tories, who welcomed Archdukes and thought the Empress Eugenie sweet.

The life of a certain kind of wealthy woman consists in buying everything she does not want and paying for nothing she can help—smiling upon all mankind but her husband, and being happy everywhere but at home.

At one time horseplay in country houses was fashionable, much to the dismay of many of the guests.

Speaking of one of these ragging parties, a Frenchman who had been asked if he had not had fun, said, "I smile ver' moche, but one such fun was enoff."

As a matter of fact, a certain proportion of people who are in Society are fools—but these exist in every walk of life.

That great pessimistic philosopher Schopenhauer at the end of his life used to go every day to a table d'hôte where it was his practice before beginning a meal to put a coin on the table.

This was intended as a present for any of his fellow-guests whom he might hear saying anything of unusual intelligence or sense. Never, it is said, did he have occasion to part with it.

Irascible and in some ways of an abnormal disposition, Schopenhauer was more level-headed about worldly affairs than most men of his type. He maintained that the sole function of Government was to keep order, abominated sentimentalism and greatly admired the English whose language he spoke with ease.

He considered Utopian schemes for the perfection of Humanity sheer nonsense, while his views on the

relations of the sexes were exceedingly matter-of-fact and original.

He alone, perhaps, has pointed out that man, on whom so much abuse is showered for running after woman, being in reality but the eternal victim of a necessary delusion, is in reality more deserving of pity than of blame.

"The true reason of all the fuss," said he, "is not the gratification of pleasure, but the next generation."

Nevertheless the old cynic could be genial enough, having seen more of the world in general than most philosophers, the majority of whom live in a world of pure theory.

Mixing with very commonplace people is not uncongenial to men of highly developed brain.

Herbert Spencer, it is said, was partial to living in boarding-houses because the conversation there put no strain upon his intelligence. In his latter years at least the philosopher in question was entirely taken up with his own theories, could not bear contradiction or even argument, which he avoided by putting sound-stoppers in his ears.

Someone has said Society without fools would be like a plum pudding without flour—too strong for human digestion. There is, however, no chance of the world having to suffer from any ailment produced by such a cause.

As a matter of fact, thoroughly stupid society is not entirely devoid of a charm of its own; a surfeit of brilliant conversation carried on by half a dozen clever people too often tends to become tiring, whereas the meaningless babble of ordinary commonplace folk makes no demand upon the mind at all. Sages occasionally show their deep worldly wisdom in exhibiting intense appreciation of a fool. An active mind con-

demned to be perpetually alert may indeed repose upon vacuous talk as upon a pillow.

Fools supply the narcotic element of Society!

More noxious than fools are snobs, a number of whom oddly enough have no need to indulge in such an unpleasant form of folly.

It is quite a mistake to think that snobbism flourishes most among people of humble birth.

The very opposite is the case. Men and women of aristocratic descent are not infrequently the worst offenders. Witness the nobleman of ancient lineage who, having had two charming wives of no particular birth, said, "It is a mistake to think that marriages between people of different social grades must be failures. I have twice married beneath me and the result in each case has been highly satisfactory!"

When blue-blooded ladies become pushers they are twice as shameless as their middle-class sisters, very often taking immense trouble to become acquainted with ephemeral celebrities whom their grandparents would not have troubled to nod to.

A sense of honour must of course be lacking in the complete or perfect snob. Snobbism, indeed, like priggism, to which it is closely akin, really indicates a lack of mental perspective. Unlike priggism, however, which seldom obtains any substantial advantage for those suffering from it, certain forms of snobbery can be turned to profitable account, substantial benefits not infrequently resulting from judicious adulation heaped upon wealthy individuals fond of flattery.

In addition to this, snobs often rise to a quite commanding social position when they in turn receive the homage of other snobs still on their promotion.

"Smartness," whatever that may mean, is the goal to reach which a number expend an unbounded amount of energy and of money.

Some of the "smart set" people profess great devotion to music or sculpture and paint a little themselves. "I am wedded to my art," said a lady of this kind!

"If that is so," remarked a caustic critic, "every picture she has painted is sufficient reason for a divorce."

From time to time various coteries have arisen in Society, the members of which claim to have a special interest in literature and the Arts. Such a one was the "Souls," some of whom certainly had beautiful bodies. Sir William Harcourt, being one day asked whether he belonged to this select circle, replied, "No, I'm afraid there are a good many 'slips' among them."

The interest taken by Society in Art rarely seems very real, being for the most part directed towards some artist or painter who has founded or thinks he has founded an entirely new style or school. The craze, however, generally lasts but a limited time, after which some new-comer is taken up only to be dropped when his popularity is exhausted.

It must be confessed that without the support of certain social leaders Grand Opera would seldom be heard in London. Notwithstanding all statements to the contrary, the great mass of the English people do not appreciate serious music.

It is true that a special musical public exists, but this alone would not be able to make Opera pay, without the aid of various wealthy individuals, ready to pay substantial sums for boxes at Covent Garden. Another section of the "smart set," when not engaged in posing for the camera or promoting entertainments—in aid of charities and otherwise, like their Victorian predecessor, "Mrs. Leo Hunter," are fond of getting hold of any exotic celebrity.

During the present year one of their finds was Monsieur Chaliapine, the Russian singer, who is said to have been allowed to leave Russia on the understanding

that he should disseminate Bolshevist propaganda in Europe.

Though highly successful from a musical point of view, the poor man somewhat disappointed the ladies who entertained him.

To begin with, he appeared absurdly gentle for a Bolshevist. Content to follow the ordinary usages of society, he did not call for grilled baby or other gruesome dish. Besides this, he had no relics of the terror —not even so much as one of the Tzar's toe-nails adorned his watch-chain!

To make matters worse, this somewhat disappointing visitor from the land of Lenin and Trotsky repeatedly bewailed the absence of his wife and family, detained as hostages in Russia.

His protestations of affection for home life were entirely bourgeois and scarcely to the taste of the "Society" which has little sympathy with those specializing in this sort of thing.

Appreciation of Art and Music among the smart set is too often merely prompted by a desire to be in the fashion and join in gushing over some exotic performer or singer.

Apt to gush over foreign artistes, purely British Art is little to the taste of Modern Society.

When in June, 1922, the Leeds Choral Union gave a superb performance of Sir Edward Elgar's fine work, "The Apostles," at the Queen's Hall, according to Mr. George Bernard Shaw, there were only Princess Mary, Viscount Lascelles and about four other people in the stalls. "The occasion," said G. B. S., "was infinitely more important than the Derby, Goodwood, the Cup Finals, the Carpentier fights or any of the occasions on which the official leaders of Society are photographed and cinematographed laboriously shaking hands with persons on whom Molière's patron,

Louis XIV and Bach's patron, Frederick the Great, would not have condescended to wipe their boots."

At the same time as has before been said, Opera at Covent Garden could not be given without the support of a number of wealthy people who take the boxes. In addition to this it cannot be denied but that a certain section of the public goes more because it has an idea that Society is in the habit of being present than from any real love of the Opera itself.

Pleasure seeking, it must be remembered, is a grim business to many, and of all pleasures those of Art and Music are most commonly undertaken from a sense of duty.

Still, though the Opera is to a large class merely a place of parade and would be deserted were music alone its attraction, there are a certain number of individuals with cultured tastes to whom Covent Garden affords real enjoyment.

It is curious how certain people will delightedly rush to hear any exotic singer, actor or lecturer provided he has been well advertised and creates something of a sensation.

After the performance is over they flock behind the scene to load him or her with their congratulations and indulge in all sorts of high-flown rodomontade while "viewing the remains."

It is a pity they do not devote their energies and money to the encouragement of some of our own struggling artistes. However, the English and Americans have always had a fancy that foreigners are more gifted than their own people. This especially applies to the musical world, it being a well-known fact that quite a number of English singers have assumed Italian names in order to get on.

A notable case of this, I believe, was the late Signor Foli whose real name was Mr. Foley, he being English

or Irish by birth and having not the slightest connexion with Italy. The name Campbell has also, I believe, been effectually Italianized by being converted into Campobello. Examples of this kind of thing were and probably still are anything but rare.

In old days impecunious members of the British aristocracy found it comparatively easy to marry wealthy heiresses from the other side of the Atlantic —but those days are gone.

Discriminating American visitors to Britain, it is said, alarmed at the huge increase of the Peerage produced by the constant ennoblement of wealthy nobodies, are beginning to make inquiries as to the origin of the titled people whom they chance to meet.

Some difference they seem to think should be made between a titled financier who has but recently bought his Peerage, and what they call a "blood Peer," that is to say, one whose family obtained distinction a couple of hundred years ago.

British noblemen are no longer able to dictate conditions as in former days, when a strong-minded member of the Peerage with a great notion of his own importance, having married an American heiress of very humble origin, made it a *sine qua non* that her very unpresentable father should never set his foot in England.

The old gentleman, however, having been seized with a fancy to pay a visit to his son-in-law, suddenly arrived, upon which his son-in-law wanted to engage a tutor to teach the uncouth millionaire how to speak English and also how to eat his meals.

The choice of an aristocratic husband is now a matter for careful deliberation among wealthy families in the "States."

The mother of a very wealthy American young lady recently hesitated for some time whether her daughter

should marry a rather dissipated foreign grandee or an impecunious but quiet and gentlemanlike English peer.

Owing to unsatisfactory reports concerning the foreign grandee, choice ultimately fell upon the English peer. A telegraphic summons: "Grandee off, send the Lord," dispatched to an accommodating English friend caused the jubilant nobleman to sail for America at a day's notice. He gives complete satisfaction as a husband.

In Rome perhaps more than in any other capital, American dollars have captured Society.

A large number of the Italian nobility have married Transatlantic heiresses. Only by such alliances indeed have they been able to retain possession of their palaces and estates.

Old families, no member of which has been able to adopt such a means of restoring its financial fortunes, have for the most part been obliged to retire to their porters' lodges after their mansions have been let.

A certain number of the French aristocracy have also married Americans; the children of such unions, probably on account of their bringing up, rarely show serious traces of American methods or ideas.

Before the war a few German noblemen had American wives. At the present time, however, it is unlikely that any member of the Prussian aristocracy will be able to regild his tarnished coronet with Yankee gold.

It must be admitted that American ladies are now well informed about the countries they visit and do not make awkward mistakes like the one who was presented to Louis Philippe at a reception at the Tuileries. The King talked to her at length of his recollections of the United States and of the various persons he had known during his exile in that country.

"Oh, sire!" replied the lady, very pleased, "they

all have most pleasant recollections of your Majesty's sojourn over there, and wish nothing better than that you should go back again ! "

The Duke of Orleans, who was standing close by, was so amused at this that he burst into a loud fit of laughter.

This is, of course, a similar story to the one of the English visitor to Rome, who, on his presentation to Pius the Ninth, told his Holiness that the one thing he really wished to see was a Papal Conclave !

In the earlier days of the American invasion, amusing incidents used sometimes to occur owing to the ignorance of continental sovereigns and statesmen as to everything connected with the great Republic beyond the seas.

In the middle of the last century, for instance, the United States having then no diplomatic representative at the Tuscan Court, visitors from that country were always presented to the Grand Duke by Mr. Maquay, the well-known banker of Florence.

The last Grand Duke, an odd, lethargic man, was extremely awkward at his receptions, during which he always appeared to be making a painful struggle against the consciousness that he had nothing to say and would shuffle about standing on one foot or another.

Presenting a distinguished American visitor to him one day, Mr. Maquay whispered that the latter was connected by descent with the great Washington.

" Ah ! le grand Vash ! " said the ruler of Tuscany and quickly changed from one foot to the other. The American was quite disconcerted.

Many an American husband toils like a slave for years piling up dollars.

And what is the end of it all ? A spoilt and discontented woman with two maids, two chauffeurs,

three motor-cars and a hundred trunks at the Ritz Hotel in Paris!

Young ladies from the United States often openly declare that they attach the greatest importance to the making of money. In consequence of this the main business of an American husband is too frequently limited to acquiring the vast sums which his wife expects to squander in a heedless way.

Many a man under these circumstances becomes changed into a sort of automatic machine for producing the wealth which she, whom nature designed to be his helpmate, has come to regard as her rightful tribute.

As a French writer has made his American hero say:

"Transgressing the laws of nature we have abased ourselves to become the slave of the feminine creature.

"We allow our wives full licence to show their charms to the ogling *convoitise* of idlers. They have become accustomed to exact a perpetual surfeit of flirtations in which their pitiable husbands have to think themselves happy to be authorized to take a share."

Transatlantic visitors to England, it is amusing to note, are generally surprised at any social success achieved by their own friends.

An American lady who, being asked whether she knew some compatriots who were also in London, said, "No I don't. As a matter of fact, though every one knows me in New York, I only know two or three people myself."

The nice social gradations, which appear to be a feature of American Society, are difficult for English people to understand.

A great fault of would-be fashionable American women is their lack of punctuality—a vulgar trait which ignorant people are apt to think rather smart.

Setting aside the irritation caused to others, this habit is fatal to culinary excellence. A first-class Chef is rendered powerless by such barbarism.

That prince of gourmets, "Grimod de la Reynière," said, "Guests may wait for a dinner, but a dinner must never wait for guests."

If Society were organized on a really civilized basis, persons who make a point of being habitually late would be ostracized till they had learnt better manners.

II

NEW MEN

ARISTOCRATIC isolation, as a student of social history has pointed out, was not at any time a characteristic of the English upper class. There was always intercommunication of a friendly character between the aristocracy and the people, the children of the former, owing to force of circumstances, becoming in time identified with the proletariat, who in their turn sent new recruits to swell the ranks of the Peerage.

New-comers of this sort, however, generally had some other title to consideration besides mere wealth.

The great Sir Robert Peel is supposed to have said: "I respect the aristocracy of birth and of mind, but not the aristocracy of money."

Were he alive to-day his capacity for respect would certainly not be overtaxed.

The aristocracy of birth now counts for practically nothing—that of mind is extremely limited in numbers, that of money alone possesses power and commands something which in a remote degree resembles respect.

It is curious to think that not a great number of years ago almost the whole of English politics was directed from Mayfair, in or near which district most of the party leaders had their abode. Public opinion as reported from the provinces always, however,

played a great part in the framing of Tory or Liberal policy.

At one period of the Victorian Era Lady Londonderry wielded real influence, which she used in favour of Disraeli, in which respect she resembled another great lady—Lady Jersey, to whom "Dizzy" had once rendered an important service, having taken great trouble to assist one of her relatives under peculiarly delicate circumstances. This she never forgot, and did everything she could to help him.

Among prominent hostesses the late Duchess of Devonshire was about the last great lady whose knowledge of men and affairs gave her a unique social position of quite a different nature to that enjoyed by the ordinary hostess of the present day, who in many cases is little more than a mere caterer for flocks of guests, many of whom are scarcely known to her.

Society, like the rest of the world, prides itself upon being up to date. If it has outgrown the somewhat snobbish veneration which was once accorded to birth and rank, the cult of the golden calf has, without doubt, increased; multi-millionaires have taken the place of the old aristocracy. The old idols have been broken largely through a transfer of idolatry.

Money, if there is enough of it, will now get anyone into Society. Even if he have the brain of a child and the appearance of an ape, no millionaire need ever despair!

It is now indeed rather easier for anyone who is rich to get into Society than to get out of it.

No wonder that occasionally a clever *nouveau riche*, who has attained his ambition and got into what he considers the best set, becomes disillusioned and wonders whether after all it was worth while.

A clever novelist said some people spend the first

half of their life trying to get into Society and the second trying to keep out of it.

The modern English, notwithstanding their favourite boast as to not caring for foreigners, are more tender towards wealthy aliens than any other people in Europe.

White, black or yellow, they are warmly welcomed by the smart set provided they have plenty of cash.

It used to be said that a certain millionaire who had in early life espoused a lady of Eastern origin had fitted up a large room on the ground floor of his mansion to resemble the surroundings to which his wife had been accustomed.

Sand and stones were spread over the floor where his wife sat in a tent. When the fancy seized her, rumour declared, she would swarm up a palm well furnished with cocoa-nuts which it was her delight to hurl down upon the startled lap-dogs seated beneath.

Nevertheless the fashionable world was glad enough to go to the lady's parties. Once Society has made up its mind to accept people they do not much care who or what they are.

One hostess who gave two kinds of parties, one small and intimate, the other large and promiscuous, was said to receive *en ménage* and *en ménagerie*, a rather successful mot which much amused the *spirituelle* lady of whom it had been said.

Besides employing money in order to get in with the right set, a number of obscure individuals have obtained acknowledged positions as social leaders by specializing in old ladies, and being very attentive and civil to such as were "worth while."

Provided they entertain and are fairly agreeable few questions are asked about the origin of a host's wealth nowadays.

Speaking of an individual who had made a great deal

of money through successful deals in wheat, a playful cynic, in answer to an inquiry, said: "Who is he? Well, I'm not certain. Either a corn-merchant or chiropodist—one of the two, I know."

The judgments of modern society are not remarkable for consistency. As the old proverb says, one man may steal a horse while the other may not look through the stable door. Certain persons like Shadrach and Meshach are protected by a mysterious force against the usual effects of the heated furnace. Such people, instead of courting retirement, seek as much society as they can get. Instead of covering up their humiliations or misconduct, they treat it all as something quite in the ordinary course of things and, in a large number of cases, the world they live in cheerfully accepts them. A first-class Chef will do wonders. As long ago as the 'eighties a certain lady's entrées succeeded in causing Society to regard her husband's defalcations and peculations (the penalty for which he had somehow managed to evade) in a lenient way.

The importance of good cooking as an aid to diplomatic negotiations was fully recognized by Napoleon I, who, when he dispatched the Abbé de Pradt to gain Poland over to his side, summed up his instructions by saying, "Tenez bonne table et soignez les femmes."

Lord Melbourne also understood the advantages to be derived from good food and wine, it having been his practice to let every one know when any particularly fine champagne had been secured for his cellars.

In those days it was easier to find and keep first-class chefs than it is at the present day.

Besides expecting to receive huge salaries, the latter are often difficult to deal with, and like spoilt children accustomed to having their own way.

During the Great War, one of these masters of the culinary art, who was enormously fat, having been recalled to the colours, was very much upset to find that there was no chance of his being placed in the firing-line.

Great was his disgust on hearing that a place had been allotted to him in the kitchen.

Told to prepare dinner for the men of his company, he threw down his pots and pans in a fit of rage.

"You expect me to cook for a lot of poilus? I, who have been chef to so many Ministers and Milords? *Eh bien!* I decline. Fight, yes, but cook, no!" and as he stuck to his word, and was much too fat to do any marching, he was eventually sent home.

Entertaining is an art in itself in which it is not given to every one, even if very rich, to excel.

A wealthy host can, of course, offer his guests all sorts of expensive luxuries, but if he leaves everything to his servants, the result is rarely satisfactory.

A giver of really successful dinners is usually an individual who devotes infinite care to the supervision of every detail.

Some, who liked combining economy with efficiency, have carried this to an extreme.

One host contrived to give dinners which were generally recognized as excellent at a very moderate cost.

By previous arrangement, the lady of the house, her daughters and near relatives never partook of any expensive dishes such as ortolans or quails. Two brands of champagne were provided, one for the ladies and the other for the men, which arrangement worked very efficiently except on one or two occasions when some dowager, who had some inkling of what was going on, insisted upon being served with the right stuff.

Gorgeous fruit was always in the centre of the table, but when the time came for dessert it was handed round with lightning rapidity and in a manner which made people reluctant to disturb the beauty of a dish.

The truth was that the fruit in question was usually hired for the night, only that part of it which did not go back to the shop being paid for.

By such methods, and the aid of a butler who was a marvellous carver, the expense of entertaining was reduced to a minimum.

It is said that conversation at dinner-parties has deteriorated, but as a matter of fact it is rare to find the English shine in anything like a general discussion; not a few indeed are afraid of it, if any argument or controversy arises they think there is going to be a row! Butterfly talk, that is flying from one topic to another as a butterfly flits among flowers, is generally the most popular form of passing away time, good talk being very rare.

Not so very many years ago broad stories used to be told after the ladies had left the table. As a rule they were excessively stupid, but a certain type of old gentleman seemed to enjoy them. Conversation was then, of course, more restrained in the presence of ladies than it is to-day, the fair sex affecting a prudery in most cases composed partly of ignorance and partly of affectation—they know better to-day and provided the speaker be amusing he is allowed a very fair run.

In old days, however, anyone dowered with a Rabelaisian wit had to wait till the ladies had gone.

A celebrated raconteur after a dinner at which the hostess had sat too long said: "There is no material difference amongst women but this—that one woman has the sense to leave the dinner-table sooner than another."

"Young gentlemen, remember this when you have to make the choice of a wife!"

Invitations issued two or three weeks beforehand do not make for the success of a dinner-party. Some of the most pleasant dinners of the Victorian Era were given by a Minister who made a practice of inviting any eminent or agreeable person whom he had met in the course of the day. Curious as it seems, it may almost be laid down as a rule that a party which has been got together in a hurry is nearly always sure to be agreeable.

Happy audacity is a precious quality at a dinner-party. The guest who has the splendid courage to talk to someone across the table whom he scarcely knows is a real treasure at a dinner-party, the success of which is greatly promoted by people being brought together and made to feel that for that evening at least all are friends.

A dinner-table overloaded with massive ornaments is a great mistake, the presence of huge vases or candelabra is equivalent to that of one or two disagreeable guests, unconsciously tending, as it does, to prevent good talk and geniality. Above all, ornaments should be kept low, otherwise they interrupt sight and sound.

The modern practice of dining late, except in that it shortens the evening, has little to recommend it. Though it has become the fashion to delay dinner till after eight, most people really prefer an earlier hour.

Dining later than he is usually accustomed to do makes a man inclined to be censorious, whereas the fortitude which he exhibits when food is supplied to him earlier than his usual time is remarkable. The Zoological Gardens provide a good lesson upon this point.

Unpunctuality of course is fatal to good cookery,

late comers ought not to be waited for, a good dinner should be served with the imperturbability and irrevocability of fate.

It should proceed independent of everybody and should pursue its regulated march of perfect punctuality regardless of the errors or misfortunes of the guests. The latter, if late, should be made to share the fate of Sir Harry Winscot in one of Theodore Hook's novels. The latter having come very late to a Marquess's dinner had to be content with the ice and wafers which the rest of the company were then consuming.

Ignoring the appetite of a Baronet of unpunctual habits, his host had given special orders to that effect, and Sir Harry accepted the sentence without protest.

A quarter of an hour's law is at all events the most which should be granted. It may be added that the loathsome and vulgar practice of being habitually late, like some other things which we could well be rid of, comes from America.

The habit in question has unfortunately spread to such an extent that at certain houses it is difficult to be late, for no one is ever in time.

Another unpleasant modern development is the mania for darkness which has seized the West End. Some people now give dinners in a dim light, afterwards taking their coffee amid positive gloom.

The gastronomists of a past age, who had forgotten more about entertaining than their successors will ever learn, held that the success of a dinner-party was greatly enhanced by plenty of light. The present worship of darkness, however, is no doubt in some degree prompted by a desire to give the faded charms of some of the female guests the best chance of escaping notice.

While Americans who are hospitable enough are

apt to spend a good deal of money upon entertaining, it is doubtful if the majority get their money's worth.

Prohibition in all probability will increase the number of wealthy visitors from across the Atlantic. The advent of a great American millionaire, however, no longer creates the sensation which it did twenty or thirty years ago.

In the 'nineties considerable excitement was aroused by the arrival of the "head of the House of Astor" in London. To judge by the American papers, it then seemed as if the United States of America were in some danger of becoming disunited on the question as to who really has the right to style themselves by this impressive and important appellation. Even the English Press began to discuss this important question. "The Times" in its excitement spoke of the "House of Aaron" instead of "Astor." A slip which must have seemed almost blasphemous to journalists across the Atlantic.

When one reads the American Press and sees the amount of space devoted to the doings of various people whose existence is of no particular interest to the world at large, one must not forget that America is the land which has produced the publicity agent, that specialist in puffery, the intensity of whose efforts may be gauged by the proceedings of an individual in charge of a prominent Cinema-artist!

As the ship bearing the latter was nearing the shores of England a well-known and highly respected newspaper proprietor received a wireless message offering him three thousand pounds in consideration of which sum he was to arrange for a telegraphic greeting from 360,000 English boy scouts and later on take the chair at a "quite private" dinner of a thousand people at the Carlton!

Millionaires of foreign origin, in spite of the reputed

Conservatism of the English, have had a considerable effect upon Society with a big S.

With the influx of the rich foreign element has come a new conception of life altogether, and wealth as the ultimate end of existence has been placed upon a pinnacle which it never occupied before. In one respect, however, there can be no doubt but that many of the new English have deserved well of their newly adopted country: this is in their magnificent gifts and bequests to hospitals and charities.

Many of the new rich who indulge in sport, it must be admitted, are good fellows. One wonders what the state of the British Turf would be without them now that its former great support, the British aristocracy, has been stripped of its wealth?

Most of the new rich have been too busy all their lives to cultivate a taste for jokes, but now and then some of them have a queer sense of humour. One individual used to indulge in a mischievous trick which he often played to his own immense satisfaction. He made a practice of accumulating cigar bands, an easy form of collecting, at which he became highly proficient.

Buying a number of very cheap cigars, of different sizes, he would invest them with bands bearing the names of all sorts of well-known and costly brands.

With a few well-chosen words of appreciation of a guest's knowledge of tobacco, he would produce one of these cabbage cigars and entreat him to express his opinion.

In a large number of instances the latter would be highly favourable, but every now and then the malicious millionaire would catch a Tartar who refused to be taken in. Nevertheless he got a good deal of fun out of his inhospitable tricks, which, it should be

added, he took care to play only upon persons whom he knew were unlikely to take offence.

There are millionaires who never realize the power of riches, men who spending nothing do not know how to live.

Such men draw a wide distinction in their minds between actual money that is coin of the realm and the large sums employed in speculation or investment.

While they will buy thousands of pounds' worth of stock without flinching, the needless expenditure of a few shillings causes them positive agony. The one is playing in counters, the other is paying in cash.

The main source of satisfaction which such men derive from their wealth is the sense of power which so few, perhaps happily for the world, understand how to exercise.

Though often vulgar and blatant, the millionaire who likes making a great splash is really the best of the two; at all events he gets and gives pleasure out of his money, which he does not regard merely as a symbol of the many things he might do but doesn't.

For this reason the abuse showered upon wealthy men who entertain is apt to be illogical and unfair; taking them at their worst, they at all events circulate money!

Besides the millionaires who succeed in Society, there are others who fail; the latter soon cease to be heard of.

Exactly why such people do fail, it is difficult to say.

Some are too staunch to the friends of earlier days, whom they will insist upon asking to their parties. Others, though they make unheard of efforts to get on, just fail to achieve success. Somehow, the wrong people seem to get asked to their parties, while the

right ones, though asked, always seem to stay away.

Others just hover on the threshold of Society, but never manage actually to get through the door.

Millionaires, like other people, are apt to have their ups and downs, and some of them are but fleeting visitors to the West End.

It is all very well to talk about the legitimate rewards of services to commerce and industry.

If a speculator fails he goes down amidst execrations, if he succeeds he gets adulation and a peerage.

A meteoric speculator makes his pile, buys a fine house, and is welcomed on all sides by reason of the gorgeous entertainments to which Society flocks; but he too not infrequently meets with a reverse, and the wealth accumulated by a successful stroke having suddenly melted away, the pampered one disappears, leaving no trace whatever of his brief passage except an exploded reputation, and a number of unpaid bills.

To do them justice, those who have made a fortune quickly generally know how to bear losing it again. The writer remembers one individual who from very humble beginnings in the City contrived to become what people called a millionaire.

As a matter of fact, though wealthy he did not deserve such an appellation. Nevertheless by a lucky coup he had amassed sufficient money to take a large country house where he for a time entertained lavishly. Smart Society, or at least a certain portion of it, soon began to discover his merits and some very exalted visitors were eventually induced to attend one of his house-parties.

Just, however, as this happy event occurred his speculations went wrong and before many months were over his name had been almost forgotten by the majority of his fashionable guests. Things went

worse and worse with him, till at length he was reduced to eke out a livelihood by driving a taxi.

Never, however, did he repine, remaining gay and smiling as in the days of his prosperity.

And he had his reward, for not very long ago by some means or other he again pulled off a lucky coup and unless he should sustain another reverse he will be giving another series of fashionable house-parties in the near future.

A typical instance of the proverbial instability of mercantile prosperity in the eighteenth century was the strange career of William Beckford, son of a famous Lord Mayor, whose luckless Palace at Fonthill tottered to its fall just as it had been completed.

In an earlier age examples of the same kind were more abundant than is usually believed—witness the De la Poles, a family of mercantile origin which after acquiring high honours and rich estates, after flourishing for one hundred and fifty years, found its light and glory extinguished for ever.

In the nineties a regular flock of reputedly wealthy individuals appeared from South Africa, but many of them made but a brief sojourn in the stately mansions of the West End.

A few shrewd individuals, mostly of foreign extraction however, did contrive to draw huge fortunes from the Rand, in which respect they were more successful than a quantity of Englishmen, who put much money into the mines and got little out.

South Africa certainly enriched a few conspicuously astute individuals belonging to the Hebrew race, and to do them justice they have since spent their money in no niggardly manner. It has been wisely said that every country has the Jew it deserves, and England, which has always followed a just and tolerant policy towards the Hebrew race, has reaped her reward

by having a number of excellent citizens who belong to it.

The Anti-Semitism which of late years has somewhat increased in virulence across the Channel, is comparatively rare here. A certain number of English people, however, are more or less affected by it, varying from out-and-out haters of the Hebrew race to individuals who cannot abide Jews unless they happen to be very rich indeed.

Most fathers, indeed, whatever their views may be, are pleased enough to see members of their family marry rich heiresses belonging to the chosen race, which, within the last eighty years or so, has furnished a fair number of brides to the peerage.

"Ah well!" humorously complained a young nobleman who was about to contract one of these alliances. "There will be no chance of my joining the heavenly choir of angels when I die. Sitting on a damp cloud playing a Jew's harp is about all I can now hope for."

The modern English, at least in what used to be called the Upper Classes, seem to have lost all dislike as to their children contracting matrimonial alliances with persons belonging to another race or professing other religions.

The easy acquiescence of Protestant parents in the marriage of their sons or daughters to Roman Catholics who insist upon any offspring being brought up in the latter faith would seem to show that modern society no longer attaches any particular importance to divergence of Faith.

They are not of the same way of thinking as the old Scotch lady of whom Professor Strahan recently told us in the "Quarterly."

A friend, confident he had convinced her that there was little difference between Protestant and Catholic

regarding the essentials of Christian belief, was firmly disillusioned by her remarking, "Ah man, but I canna abide that Virgin Mary."

Among the so-called Upper Classes indeed practically all prejudice against the Pope and Popery seems to have died away.

Indifference has played some part in bringing about this state of affairs, but a far greater factor has been the "High Church Movement," which has gradually accustomed people to certain modes of thought and to certain ceremonies which have rendered adherence to the Church whose ritual they ape far less shocking than it would have appeared to an earlier generation.

It may here be remarked that the increase of Catholicism among the Well-to-do Classes has not been followed by any similar increase among the people at large.

The Lower Middle Class in particular remains austerely Protestant.

Before 1914 the West End was full of wealthy men whose accent betrayed their Teutonic origin. Nor did they limit their energies to Finance, quite a number who were fond of "Bolitics" being unswerving advocates of "Pritain for the Pritish."

Owing to the war, financiers of this kind found their position uncomfortable, for which reason not a few went to the trouble of changing their names.

One individual of strongly Semitic appearance, whom we will call "Isenbaum," eventually succeeded in getting his patronymic altered to "Montmorency."

A week later, to the surprise of the authorities, he was back again.

"Whatever do you want now?" was their inquiry.

"I vant to change my name."

"But you have only just done so."

"Never mind, I am ready to pay."

"The fact is, my dear sir, that no one looking at me would believe that the name I have now was my real von. I vant to change it to Jones, so ven anyone asks me if I have changed my name I can say: 'Yes, it used to be Montmorency.'"

Most gentlemen of this kind, to use their own language, have more "prains than peauty." Not ill-natured for the most part, and inclined to be generous to their female friends, they have, however, no idea of being done.

A certain financier of foreign origin was known to be carrying on a liaison with a very charming and pretty lady. All went well till one day she found to her disgust that she was being watched. Furious with rage she consulted a mutual friend who promised to have things put right.

He remonstrated with the financier, but the latter merely smiled.

"Ven I pays, I follows," was his reply; however, he promised to make his detectives more circumspect in future. It was the same financier who remarked after a disappointing day's shooting that at a previous shoot good sport had been enjoyed, and he had sent away over four hundred "braces," upon which a guest promptly rejoined, "In that case, my dear fellow, you can hardly expect to keep up your bags."

Another rich anglicized financier having purchased a country estate, some neighbours who came to pay a rather dilatory call found, in place of the new squire, his brother (a man endowed with a considerable sense of humour). Being naturally unaware that their host was not the owner of the house, they at once began to apologize for not having called before. "Pray don't apologize," was the reply. "I see you are taking me for my brother, the Englishman. As a matter of fact, I am only the d——d German!"

Financiers are not often witty. An exception however was Baron James de Rothschild of a former generation.

Meeting an uppish young Frenchman who had just come from Tahiti the Baron inquired if anything remarkable had struck him in that island. "Nothing particular," said the Frenchman, "except that the women are very pretty and friendly, besides which I noticed a total absence of pigs and Jews."

"Let us both go there at once, my dear fellow," promptly replied the Baron; "we shall make our fortunes."

On another occasion Mirés—at that time celebrated and afterwards notorious—came to see him to obtain his support in a business matter. The Baron, however, did not fancy it, and said so rather abruptly. "Anyhow," said Mirés, "I hope you won't eat me up." "My dear sir," was the reply, "my religion forbids me."

Another millionaire of luxurious tastes who made a hobby of keeping several motor-cars, all of different makes, was told by a friend:

"You were driving in a Daimler this morning and here you are going out to dinner in a Rolls-Royce."

"You don't suppose," was the reply, "that I ever let my day car know what my night car does."

The second generation which often shows little trace of any foreign origin is apt to consider itself superior to the founder of the family. An instance of this was the host who, when giving a great party, upon being asked, "Is your father here?" replied: "Well, no; hang it all, you know one must draw the line somewhere."

The family of a new millionaire, who from a social point of view was regarded as being quite impossible, having arranged to give a smart dinner-party at the

paternal mansion, contrived on some pretext or other to get their father not to attend.

All went well till after the fish, when the butler became visibly agitated, while through the open door came the raucous voice of someone speaking with a strong Teutonic accent. "I do not care, even if I do haf to haf my dinner upstairs, I do not see vy I should haf it cold!"

On the other hand, owing to a lax and luxurious bringing up the offspring of the new rich are sometimes more unpresentable than their parents.

The chauffeur of an unpopular *nouveau riche* was one day defending his master to a fellow-servant.

"I tell you," said he, "they may say what they like, the old man ain't so bad, but, by Jingo, you should see our eldest son!"

One of these young men wanting to get into a good club, and tackled as to his origin, said, "Father wasn't much, but mother was in the stud book."

The new rich occasionally find that the wife married in their less affluent days is out of her element in fashionable society. Consequently it is sometimes dangerous to inquire after that lady's health.

"How's your wife?" inquired a friend who had himself gone through the divorce court.

"Well, if it comes to that," was the reply given with a humorous semblance of indignation, "How's yours?"

While a great deal has been said about the extravagance and folly of dissolute young scions of aristocracy, very little is heard of the vices of the sons of rich manufacturers and financiers who in a number of cases appear to be better at looking after their money than their offspring.

In quite a large number of cases the latter have got through large fortunes with extraordinary rapidity; rarely indeed does the son of a self-made millionaire

show any of the shrewdness and pertinacity which produced his father's fortune.

Education, or the lack of it, is no doubt largely to blame for this.

A man born in humble circumstances becomes rich owing to hard work and concentration. His son, brought up with every luxury at his command, is sent to a fashionable school where, in addition to becoming acquainted with all sorts of methods of spending money, he acquires an idea that he is too fine a gentleman to spend his time doing any serious work.

As a result of this and of the fast society he thinks it fine to frequent, he becomes absolutely useless, with the result that his father's hard-earned wealth too often drifts into the hands of rooks and harpies who dog the young man's path.

A certain kind of *nouveau riche* is apt to try and give himself airs.

"There were some queer people at the Duchess's party last night," said one of this kind. "I was surprised to see several foreigners there, quite ordinary people. I am sure none of their names could be found in the Almanach de Gotha."

"Nor in the Almanach de Golgotha, either," retorted one of his listeners, an answer which quite silenced the exclusive one.

"Fancy," said another, "only a few days ago I was dining at my friend's, So-and-so, and there was no fish."

"I suppose," said a quiet man from the other end of the table, "it had all been eaten upstairs."

The new rich indeed occasionally require special treatment.

A young sporting aristocrat who was very civil to them, finding that they behaved in a patronizing manner towards him, determined to try other methods.

Meeting a *nouveau riche* of foreign extraction one day, he very civilly said, "How are you?"

"I don't remember you," said the financier (who did), "where was it we met before?"

"Oh, in Hell, I think," was the reply.

The next time the *parvenu* saw the young man, he ran across the street to shake hands with him!

There is of course considerable excuse for rich financiers treating people who are very civil to them, coldly. The poor creatures are so accustomed to being pestered for charitable subscriptions, loans and even gifts, that they mistrust politeness as being the prelude to some expensive request.

On the other hand, when anyone treats them roughly, they know they are not going to be asked for anything, in consequence of which they are more inclined to be civil than if spoken to with deference.

Snubs which cost nothing do not affect them at all.

One of the new rich, apt to boast of how much he paid for things, said to a guest at dinner:

"You can't guess what that wine cost me?"

"Surely not, I only know that it is excellent."

"Well now, I can tell you, for I made a careful estimate the other day. When I add the interest to the first price, I find that it cost me the sum of just ten shillings per glass."

"Good gracious! You don't say so?" was the reply; after which, draining his glass, the guest hastily presented it again with the remark:

"Fill up again as quick as you can, for I want to stop that confounded interest."

As a rule the new rich do not trouble themselves much about Politics. Some few, however, go into the House of Commons as a preliminary to buying a Peerage.

A few who have been the architects of their own fortunes it is true began life as violent Radicals, ready to expatiate on the woes of the proletariat struggling against the world-wide dominance of Capital. Since, however, prosperity came their way most of them have gradually changed their point of view, and now complacently admit that the capitalist, besides being necessary, is not such a bad sort of man after all.

Another type of millionaire has altered his views in an exactly opposite direction.

Having begun life as a rough fighter, too busy pushing his fellow-creatures aside to bother about humanitarianism or social progress, once he has made his pile, he takes to championing the cause of the common people, and delivering addresses upon the responsibilities connected with the possession of wealth —a sared trust which he professes himself hardly able to bear.

Such men are particularly fond of telling of the beauties of a frugal and simple life—for others.

As a matter of fact, Altruism and the elevation of Humanity are often the favourite fads of wealthy manufacturers who have made their money by getting other people to work for them on the cheapest possible terms !

Another kind of business man, while in a perpetual hurry himself, seems to want every one else to be in a hurry too.

As he will tell you, he has no patience with the idle.

Ever occupied in doing something or somebody, he is quite unable to understand anyone being content to go about the world in a leisurely fashion, losing golden opportunities of rushing people into deals and driving bargains at lightning speed.

This kind of financier, however, too often comes to grief, the really solid man with plenty of money behind

him being more often slow and deliberate in everything he does, including drawing cheques.

It is curious how financiers and bankers acquire certain mannerisms. For instance, when a big City man puts his hands behind his back and rubs the base of his spine anyone may be sure that he will not get what he is asking for.

The methods of business men when dealing with non-business people are always peculiar and occasionally contemptuous, the ordinary individual who has not mastered the art of guarding against the wiles of his fellow-man, and when possible getting the best of him, being, in the minds of those skilled in living on human weaknesses, but a poor creature.

A special jargon calculated to confuse the uninitiated, is current in commercial circles, the word "misapprehension" being especially popular.

A business man trying to evade the carrying out of an inconvenient engagement, is very apt to plead that he has been "labouring under a misapprehension" as to its exact terms. On the other hand, he has no sympathy with non-business men suffering from similar failings.

No doubt the care and trouble taken to secure every possible farthing is necessary enough, but after all it is not by hard work or accuracy that enormous fortunes are made.

A certain amount of wealth can, it is true, be accumulated by patient industry, but millionaires are not made that way, but by great speculative coups which at one fell swoop produce sums which the hard work of a couple of generations would be quite unable to accumulate.

The acquisition of some special information, the rapid comprehension of a particular situation, or the realization of some immediate need, have converted

several petty little tradesmen into wealthy Peers of the Realm.

A good deal of the " business " with which a certain kind of financier occupies himself is in sober reality nothing more than colossal gambling, in which astute juggling with figures plays a great part. Once a speculation has succeeded or failed, its promoters are apt to speak of it in the casual way racing men allude to past bets.

" What was the C.B. Syndicate ? Ah, you may well ask ! " said an unsuccessful speculator who had involved himself and many others in ruin. " Between ourselves," added he, " if I am allowed to go to smash, the scandal will be so great that I think the banks should be made to see the necessity for their coming to my assistance ! "

III

OLD ACRES

IN the Tate Gallery is a clever picture by a Victorian artist depicting a scene which with certain differences must have been enacted all over England since the close of the Great War.

"The Last Day in the Old Home," as it is called, shows a country squire drinking a last toast with his little son, while all around him are evidences that he and his family are for ever leaving the ancient home of his ancestors,

The turf and the gaming-table have brought his fortunes to a low ebb, the whole picture indeed, following a favourite Victorian fashion, having clearly been designed to point a moral.

"Last days in old homes" are now of frequent occurrence, but in the vast majority of cases it is not dissipation but taxation amounting to confiscation which has brought them about.

Family trees, like all other trees, must eventually perish, the question being only one of time.

What race in Europe, wrote Sir Bernard Burke, surpassed in royal position, personal achievement and romantic adventure the Plantagenets—equally wise, as valiant and no less renowned in the Cabinet than in the field?

Nevertheless in 1637 the great-great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, herself the daughter and heiress

of George, Duke of Clarence, had come down to being a cobbler at Newport in Shropshire!

In the middle of the nineteenth century died Stephen James Penny, sexton of St. George's, Hanover Square, and a descendant of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward the Third—a strange descent truly from sword and sceptre to pickaxe and spade!

The main causes of the ruin of county families in old days was some spendthrift addicted to the gaming-table, the race-course and other forms of costly dissipation which a career of unbridled profligacy entails.

Ill luck on the other hand, certainly pursued certain individuals; against this there is no remedy. Cardinal Richelieu wisely said that one should never continue to employ an unlucky man.

The electioneering struggles of the eighteenth century, together with the rivalry of county families, were responsible for the downfall of a number of the old gentry, who eventually became too impoverished to retain their place against new-comers enriched by trade or professional success.

Certain forms of commercial enterprise, it used to be said, brought bad luck to the descendants of those who had been engaged in it.

An estate acquired by the slave trade almost to a certainty, the superstitious declared, never continued for more than two or three generations in the same family.

The profits of usury, also accounted an unholy pursuit, melted away after they had been held by three or four people, while misers were seldom the patriarchs of families of lasting prosperity.

A Victorian authority upon genealogy remarked that the more distant a country was from London the

more lasting were its old families. But few of the old stock, said he, were to be found in Middlesex, Surrey or Essex; while in Northumberland, Cheshire, Shropshire, Devon and Cornwall, all remote from the Metropolis, many a stem planted in feudal times still flourished. Few however of the old historic names which once held paramount sway in particular localities even then were borne by a male descendant.

In Herefordshire, for instance, though a county peculiarly rich in ancient families, but three or four landed proprietors, it was once asserted, could show a male descent from those recorded in the Visitations.

It is often difficult to discover exactly what has become of some county family. Not a few which have been declared extinct still survive in other climes.

Many an English gentleman of ancient descent, finding himself without patrimony, has gone beyond the seas and there found a happiness and prosperity denied to him in the land of his birth—a more satisfactory solution surely than staying at home and ending his days in a pauper's suit of clothes?

Some few, however, have managed to make the best of a bad job without leaving home.

Such a one was that Mr. D'Arcy of Kiltullagh and Clifden Castle, Galway, who after the ruinous sale of his estates took orders and worked as a clergyman in the district which had been his own property.

Many are the noble families which have faded or seem to have faded utterly away. Who in these days has heard of the Reresbys of Thrybergh descended from a Norman soldier of Duke William's conquering army? After centuries of honoured prosperity Sir William Reresby, Bart., squandered the whole of the family estates, Thrybergh itself, it is said, having been lost by him on a single main—cock-fighting indeed largely contributed to this profligate's ruin!

The last Baronet was his brother, Sir Leonard Reresby, who succeeded to nothing but a name, the Baronetcy having been stripped of every acre of the broad lands which had once belonged to those who held it.

Another forgotten family is that of the Norwiches of Brampton.

Of them it was said that they "rose and fell by the smiles of woman." Margaret Holt, the heiress of Brampton Manor, gave her heart and hand to Simon de Norwich, together with her mansion and lands.

Sir William Norwich, Bart., a voluptuary of the eighteenth century, drank the cup of pleasure to the dregs and lost his estates at cards to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. An outcast from the home of his ancestors, he left but a bare title to the member of his family who succeeded him.

So poor became Sir Samuel Norwich, who held the Baronetcy in the nineteenth century, that his widow had to earn her livelihood by washing.

She died in June, 1860, her husband having for some years before his death been a sawyer in Kettering—his father, Sir John Norwich, had died in the workhouse.

The heir to the Baronetcy, Sir William Norwich, is said to have gone to America in the 'seventies, where it was reported he was doing well.

In these days it seems strange to think that when the Income Tax was first imposed by Sir Robert Peel in 1842 it was only *7d.* in the pound.

During the Crimean War it rose to 1*s.* 4*d.*, which was considered enormous, but anything like the present rate was never dreamt of till recent times.

A certain school of Radical politicians have always taken a delight in railing against landowners and squires. To-day the latter, forced to sell their acres, are swiftly lessening in numbers, while their class has

lost practically all political importance — whether England as a country will be the better for the disappearance of its landed gentry the future alone can reveal.

Gone the "magnificent asses," as Lord Beaconsfield called this particular type, and with them a number of squires who owned moderate-sized estates.

Throughout the latter part of the last century owners of land began to realize that the triumph of Democracy would mean their ruin, and time has shown that the fear of the "people" which so many of the squirearchy entertained was not unjustified. At present indeed the rich pay rather more than their share of the taxes, while faddists and the proletariat make all the laws.

Landlords indeed seemed to be singled out by would-be reformers for severe and drastic treatment, and though they behaved admirably in the Great War, their reward has been merely a further increase of burdens, which, unless somehow lightened, must result in their economic extinction.

What, however, does self-denial or sacrifice matter to politicians ready to shake hands with any thief or murderer, provided doing so seems likely to promote the success of their pet theories, and Utopian ideas.

In the first decade of the twentieth century a number of country mansions were built or rebuilt, while very large sums were spent in additions, restorations and making elaborate gardens.

It was, as it were, the St. Martin's summer of the English country house, and many an old tumbledown building which had been converted into labourers' cottages or other uses regained something of the ancient dignity which it had possessed at the time of its erection.

Besides this, elaborate additions converted many

a more or less humble abode into the semblance of a small palace. There were a good many rich people in England then, and wealthy purchasers were easily to be found. Many a landlord must bitterly regret having been so lavish as to costly improvements, It is now out of the question for any but the very rich to support the expense of a huge mansion where one cannot live without a multitude of servants. The latter, besides being difficult to get, require larger wages than they used formerly to be paid.

The halcyon days of country-house life as understood by the old squirearchy were in the Mid-Victorian days so admirably described by Surtees, when millionaires of alien origin were rare and the standard of living devoid of the luxurious extravagance which prevailed just before the Great War.

An atmosphere of general happiness and robust enjoyment seems to have pervaded rural existence in those days when the great landowners freely entertained the poorer squires and gentry instead of limiting their hospitality to fashionable friends from town.

That amusing Baronet, Sir Moses Mainchance, is the sole character who in any way approximates to the modern millionaire, and even he appears as having been on good terms with his humbler neighbours, none of whom he ignored or snubbed as modern mushroom millionaires are apt to do.

The well-drawn picture of Lord Ladythorne, taken, it has been said, from one of the Dukes of Rutland, shows how popular as well as powerful a great territorial magnate could contrive to be. The old fashion of entertaining all the county on certain occasions during the year linked rich and poor together and produced a genial spirit among all classes, the very memory of which has now long been lost.

Those were the days when just a few men with

fortunes of commercial origin were beginning to purchase country estates and seeking to make themselves acceptable in local society by hospitality of a lavish kind, such as that dispensed by Mr. Puffington, that amusing figure of a good-natured but not hard-riding master of hounds with his memories of Christchurch and the blue-blooded young fellows with whom he had strolled down Bond Street in the days of a proud and happy youth.

It is clear from these clever books, though there was a considerable respect for aristocracy among the country gentry of the time when they were written, the modern worship of wealth did not as yet prevail. Gradually, however, landowners, unless they possessed a large fortune, became too poor to compete with new-comers endowed with wealth. Before the war quite a number of the sons and grandsons of wealthy Victorian *parvenus* in their turn found themselves eclipsed by yet richer men who only coming down for week-ends, or for sport, took no interest in county affairs and made no attempt to enter into social relations with their neighbours.

This completed the breach which had gradually been widening between the landed proprietors, their tenants, and what remained of the smaller squirearchy and the farmers. For this reason the recent breaking up of large estates will not, except in certain instances, make the difference it would have done even thirty years ago. It is indeed possible, though not highly probable, that it may infuse fresh vigour into country life, the purchasers of a number of farms being yeomen closely identified with their locality for many generations likely permanently to reside on the land and thus originate a new class of squires who may revive the pleasant social traditions which absentee landlordism almost consigned to oblivion.

Be this as it may, it is sad to see the disappearance of old names from counties where they have been respected for many generations.

An atmosphere of supreme complacency hung about many of the old aristocrats, who, like Louis Quatorze, believed that their existence was of real importance to the world in general. One old nobleman, "A Blood Lord," as the Americans say, that is a Peer of ancient descent, made a practice of ending his letters with the words—"Je me porte bien"—I am in good health. A reassuring statement likely to set the recipient's mind at rest as to there being nothing wrong with the Universe.

On the whole, however, these men of the old school were thorough gentlemen at heart besides being generally courteous and dignified in manner, which is more than can be said of many of the new rich who think they have taken their place.

"It may be a very fine old house," said a *nouveau riche* after a visit to one of England's historic homes; "I wish I could say as much for the port." During another visit the same individual, who prided himself upon his skill with the cue, did not think that the rather old-fashioned billiard room afforded him a fair chance of showing his proficiency.

Accordingly on a subsequent visit he brought his own balls and cue, airily telling another of the guests who appeared surprised, "I'd have brought my own table too if there had been room for it on the top of the motor!"

Feudalism, in spite of the invective of Radical politicians, had totally disappeared from England by the middle of the last century. Traces of its sentiment, however, lingered in certain sequestered corners of rural counties remote from main roads and railways —old-world villages where the population, its habits,

customs and conditions had remained almost immovable.

Here, when the squire appeared, every voice was hushed, every hat raised and every eye cast down. "He's a-coming," someone would say, and outside the village church rustics would nudge one another in order to prepare themselves for the advent of the august presence.

In the west and south-west counties, and in some of the extreme northern ones, this sort of thing lingered longer than in the Midlands and manufacturing districts.

Rich commercial men who bought estates possibly did as much as anything to destroy the feudal idea, which ceased to flourish with the disappearance of old families which for generations had owned the soil.

The old style country gentleman indeed had good reason to regret the coming of newer and richer rivals.

Quite a number of the old squires were by way of supporting Radicalism, but this showed itself rather in a general scepticism and an indisposition to support rather than any desire to attack existing things.

Though given to expressing dislike of any drastic changes and apprehension as to its result, the feeling of most squires, whether they called themselves Liberals or Tories, was a sort of vague confidence that nothing very dreadful was likely to happen in their time and that at all events property was secure enough in their own country.

This being so, no wonder that the majority were somewhat apathetic about politics, there being, in their opinion, not very much really worth making a row about.

Only a comparatively small number were awake to the responsibilities of their position and to the social forces which slowly though surely were preparing

an England hostile to the social privileges and power of those owning much land.

Many country houses in old days possessed fine libraries formed by some studious squire of the past. Most of the rare or valuable books from such collections have now found their way to the auction room. Many, however, must have been destroyed in a more careless age.

In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries many fine old libraries were terribly neglected, with the result that they fell into an appalling state. Broken windows sometimes provided an opening for ivy which, in one case, pushing itself as far as a bookcase, destroyed a number of volumes worth hundreds of pounds owing to water in rainy weather being conducted as by a pipe and soaking into the paper, which of course decayed.

In another case a broken skylight admitted the rain, with the result that several Caxtons and other early English books got into a rotting condition.

Water is a great enemy of books even in the form of damp which attacks them outside where it fosters mould, and inside where it encourages the growth of the ugly brown spots which so often disfigure prints.

These "foxey stains," as they are called, are especially liable to attack books printed in the early part of the nineteenth century, when bleached white paper had become the fashion.

Contrary to general opinion, glass-doored bookcases are worse for books than open shelves, the absence of ventilaton assisting the formation of mould.

The Victorian fashion of cutting out prints and illustrations to make screens was responsible for a good deal of harm done to valuable books.

An even more destructive mania was that which

prevailed at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when there arose a craze for collecting illuminated initials taken from MSS. and arranging them on blank pages in alphabetical order.

A famous collector of early woodcuts—Mr. Caspari—used to purchase illustrated books and take out the plates which he mounted on Bristol boards.

Portrait collectors have destroyed many books by abstracting frontispieces.

Fine illustrated books in particular have many enemies.

Owing to the English law of Primogeniture, estates formerly remained in the same family for generation after generation. This has undoubtedly benefited the Empire by causing younger sons to sally forth and make their own way all over the world.

Nevertheless fierce attacks have been made upon a law which sacrificed all the younger branches of a family in order to keep intact the fortune of the eldest-born son. What does it signify (said a critic who had probably suffered by it) if thousands are deprived of their natural rights, and driven forth into the world to seek for the means of existence, unfitted, too, as they are, for labour, by their habits and education? What does it matter if a quantity of wretched "scorpions" groan beneath the weight of their poverty, so that the head of the family continues to loll in luxury and roll in wealth, while his younger brothers are treated as though they were bastards, for they have neither inheritance nor birthright.

There is, however, more to be said for the law of Primogeniture than appears at first sight.

The critic in question does not seem to have realized that the abolition of Primogeniture in France has been largely responsible for the small families which

in view of the vast increase of population in other nations are something of a danger to the Republic!

The education of the eldest sons of landowners might as a general rule have been better and more suited to make them fit for the position they were to occupy. From a purely physical point of view it was usually sensible enough.

Brought up on a healthy diet and kept much in the open air, the heir to a country estate was early initiated into the mysteries of horsemanship, while taught to laugh at tumbles.

At Eton he learnt to swim, row or play cricket. Presence of mind, judgment and indifference to pain he acquired from football and other games, while fighting and fagging made the young aristocrat realize that he was not to have everything his own way in the world, thereby counteracting the servility of servants and stablemen by which the sons of all rich men and not only country gentlemen were wont to be beset.

At Oxford or Cambridge, hunting and shooting completed what cricket and boating had begun, the result in theory and often in practice being a manly, modest and athletic young Englishman with gentlemanlike ways.

It was on leaving college that the critical period in the life of a young country gentleman began.

He might go straight into Parliament or into the army, he might go to the Bar or merely decide to settle down at home with his family.

Though a few years passed in a crack regiment was scarcely calculated to enlarge the mind it was preferable to the latter, for a young man of about twenty-five, who had nothing to occupy his time but hunting and shooting, was hardly likely to become a brilliant or useful member of society.

As a matter of fact, not an ineffectual way of breaking up an old family property is to take care that an eldest son has no regular profession!

This sort of thing is rather popular with mothers stricken with philanthropic or humanitarian mania, who have a sort of vague idea that they are assisting the progress of the world by bringing up their offspring to reform the world. There are of course cases in which a boy of weak vitality is content to develop into a prig, but ninety-nine times out of a hundred the result is that the young man bored to death at home plunges into every sort of dissipation and eventually finds himself obliged to sell the family estates.

When fond parents declare (as the writer has heard them declare) that they are going to educate their son to be a Member of Parliament, they do not realize that in all probability they are merely dooming him to a career of idleness, eventually to be crowned by financial catastrophe.

The wealthy young man of good family who has been made to go into politics by his family in order to keep him away from what they consider to be more undesirable pursuits, is usually a mere puppet in the hands of wire-pullers, who instruct him as to what he shall do or say. Being generally well primed with answers to questions likely to be asked at meetings, he generally gets through such ordeals fairly well. When, however, he is left to himself, the results are sometimes surprising.

"Should you be prepared to support legislation as to the age of consent?" asked a hard-featured bespectacled female.

"Certainly, I should either leave it to Local Option or make it compulsory," was the reply, after which the assembled company went home.

While not possessed of the autocratic powers exercised by his class in the eighteenth century, many an heir to broad acres in Victorian days having undergone no preparatory process, except that afforded by a public school and University, was too apt to get into a way of dictating to his inferiors like that petty tyrant who often fed the pen of the satirist.

The life of the ordinary country gentleman of Mid-Victorian days was indeed passed in a round of occupations which were quite inadequate to keep him at the same level as the majority of his class who lived in town. The consequence was that a number never realized either the responsibilities or the power appertaining to what was in truth a privileged position.

Not a few drifted into dissipation and frittered away their estates, while a certain number gradually got into much the same mental state as the four-footed occupants of their own farmyards.

Some of the expectant heirs of the past did not show very good taste, scarcely concealing their impatience to succeed to the paternal acres.

Such a one was the spendthrift who always short of money in congenial society was wont to exclaim: "Would that I could literally say the beginning of the Lord's Prayer."

In old days landowners and squires went up to town only for the season—some never went at all.

It was the introduction of the railways which turned the English aristocracy into Londoners. The comparative difficulties of travel and the length of time it occupied in old days made a visit to town quite an event for those who lived any considerable distance from the metropolis.

The consequence was that certain provincial towns had a sort of season of their own. This indirectly

infused life into the country-side and prevented the terrible dullness which now drives so many up to London.

Provincial towns have now become infected by a good deal of the ways and spirit of London without having anything of the special advantages which London has to offer.

Everybody knows everybody else no longer, while the leisurely gossiping style in which the tradesmen were wont to do business has been abandoned for the colder and more impersonal methods prevailing in the metropolis.

The changes that came upon all English life since the middle of the last century are of course not apparent to the present generation, nevertheless they were very great; according to old people the very character of the population seems to have changed.

When landlords were able to live upon their estates and were content with a more or less simple country life, enlivened only by an occasional party of their friends, the country house was no inconsiderable political force. The views of its possessor, indeed, greatly influenced the neighbourhood, whilst as a rule a fairly contented tenantry followed their landlord—Whig or Tory—and voted according to his lead.

The agricultural labourer of the 'fifties and 'sixties was naturally very ignorant, a fact which profoundly shocked social reformers who about that time began to pay great attention to him.

Mr. Roebuck on one occasion walked into his garden in Hampshire, with "The Times" in his hand, and told a labourer there that the Duke of Wellington was dead.

"I'm sorry for he, sir, who was he?" was the answer, which roused Mr. Roebuck to much virtuous indignation as to the lack of education among the lower classes.

He admitted that the man was shrewd and clever, besides having been quite ready to own his ignorance in a straightforward fashion.

As a matter of fact, the mere fact that he knew nothing about the Duke of Wellington did not show that he was either incompetent or unhappy.

An individual's education must be measured by what he does and not by what he does not know.

Thousands of clerks and small tradesmen would have known very little more about the Duke of Wellington than the Hampshire labourer, but probably not one in a hundred would have been above the meanness of pretending to know all about him.

In those days the lot of an agricultural labourer was certainly hard.

During the middle of the last century it was calculated that, working from his earliest days when he was worth sixpence a week to frighten crows, till the age of sixty, when in most cases he was worn out, the average individual employed on the land earned in the whole of his life from eight hundred to a thousand pounds.

All things considered this was much too little, it was indeed marvellous how they managed to bring up families and even save something for old age as a few of them contrived to do.

It is wonderful that there was so little discontent. It should, however, be realized that the families to which labourers belonged had often been on the same estate for hundreds of years.

In addition to this, not only did all classes below the highest aristocracy mix and mingle much more easily than they do now, but the trading classes in villages and country towns, and the working class approached very closely to each other—a kind of association which is unheard of at the present day. There was,

indeed, no great social gap between a well-to-do merchant and his housemaid or shop boys. They all dined together in the kitchen, and often passed the evening in the same apartment. The middle class in the country had not yet taken that upward bound which has carried it to the very top of the tree, and the labouring classes had not yet begun a descent which has brought the great mass of them to a condition perpetually verging upon pauperism. They were indeed as they had been for generations, and as the class immediately above them did not appear to be so very much better off the envious feelings of workmen and labourers were seldom aroused.

It must also be remembered that the rustics of a past age had a certain amount of rough amusement. Judged from our present standpoint their sports and games were for the most part brutal, but they served the purpose of keeping villagers in a good temper.

For the most part contented with their lot they seem not to have suffered from that unrest which is the curse of modern times.

Now and then, it is true, some adventurous spirit finding rural life too dull would break away from it and set out to seek his fortune in the outside world.

In old days landed property was handed on in unbroken succession from father to son, large estates rarely coming into the market, and then only as the result of misfortune or extravagance.

Landlords and tenants grew up together and the relations between the two were, in most cases, good. It must, however, be confessed that by the end of the last century the link had become considerably weaker, a new generation of landowner having arisen who resided little in the country, except for purposes of sport. The traditional respect of the English peasantry for its aristocracy had greatly

lessened, in a considerable degree, owing to the latter being lacking in certain characteristic qualities of the English noble of the old school. Nevertheless a great number of old estates seemed likely to remain in the hands of families who had held them almost from time immemorial, but the Great War altered all that.

In an incredibly short time the owners of broad acres grew poorer and poorer, and could the "sad historian of the pensive plain" return to-day he would find the once-flourishing squires and parsons in very sorry plight, victims of what Sir Rider Haggard has called "the cruel, grinding and unjust taxation, which in one form or another is exacted from the soil."

The great financial depression, which affects every one, is of course almost entirely the result of the heavy taxation which remains to us as one of the many unpleasant souvenirs of the Great War.

Without doubt, enormous sums were squandered by the Government during that prolonged struggle, but it must be remembered that a certain amount of extravagance at home was necessary in order to keep the populace in a good temper.

Had anyone been conscripted directly hostilities had begun, vast sums would have been saved, but as matters went, the Government found itself confronted by the menace of a discontented proletariat making impossible demands, to guard against which they proceeded to pay workers extravagant wages.

In spite of all this, vast sums were needlessly squandered. The system of gratuities was possibly the most iniquitous of many forms of wasting public money.

In an enormous number of instances the young fellows who received them went off and spent the money in a week. In other cases the recipients were quite

well enough off to have dispensed with a gratuity altogether.

Discrimination should have been exercised in this matter, and gratuities only given to officers who were really in need of them. Also, the money should not all have been handed over at once, but administered for the benefit of the individuals who were entitled to receive it.

Though the Great War gave the finishing blow to the expiring fortunes of the large landed proprietor he had not been in a really good way since 1879.

For thirty years before that, British agriculture had enjoyed great prosperity, but with the era of great ocean-going steamships, carrying wheat from Canada and the United States, great depression came upon the land, the years following being disastrous to landowners, who were further crippled by unjust and ill-considered legislation. Before 1879 the latter had real control of their property, while the taxes were not oppressive as they have subsequently become.

In 1870 the land in England fed some 26,000,000 people, which number in 1914 had decreased by no less than 10,000,000, a very different state of affairs from that prevailing across the Channel in France. In 1789 the land in that country fed 25,000,000. To-day it feeds over 40,000,000, and does so far better than ever before!

A striking instance of the positive loss, sometimes suffered by owners of land, was the balance sheet of the Duke of Bedford, which last year showed how an agricultural estate of 16,600 acres in the Home Counties, bringing in £23,437, resulted in a positive loss of £2,518. The rent roll of this estate, when other items of expenditure amounting to £2,672 had been deducted, thus showed a deficit amounting to no less than £5,190!

The consequence of this is that landowners and squires who do not possess large private means find themselves obliged to part with their country houses and estates.

In a large number of cases where the owners manage to struggle on and live in their ancestral mansions the gardens have fallen into a pitiable condition.

Many a mansion with its grounds once the pride of the country-side has become nothing but a white elephant to its impoverished possessor, one gardener being retained to do the work of the fifteen or twenty employed before the Great War. Some hunting men may have to copy Whyte-Melville, who one season hunted on a carriage horse.

"However do you get him to go over the jumps?" asked a friend.

"The simplest thing in the world," was the reply. "Whenever I come to a fence I catch my saddle a sounding crack and shout out 'home.'"

"Thinking it's the carriage door which has shut, the gallant animal jumps the obstacle like a bird."

At the present time the only hope of big country houses being saved seems to be in their being taken by the new rich or by Americans with sufficient dollars to keep them up.

As a rule, new owners from across the Atlantic seem ready to spend vast sums in improving grounds and redecorating old houses; curiously enough in a great number of cases they quickly tire of the mansions they acquire.

The alterations and improvements made by trans-atlantic visitors generally run more or less in the same direction. Stables near a house they generally cannot abide—they seem to think it vulgar to have such buildings close by, and either convert them to some other use or pull them down altogether.

Elaborate iron gates are much to their liking and the simple ones which have swung to and fro for generations of English squires quickly give way to ornate specimens of the modern metal-worker's art.

Americans are also fond of scattering Venetian well-heads and stone benches about their grounds, while their women have a mania for the Louis XV and Louis XVI styles—a habit which has wrecked many attractive old English rooms.

On the whole, however, old houses renovated by these sort of people are comfortable enough, their main fault perhaps being the clear evidences of the carte blanche which has been given to some fashionable decorator.

The new rich or American millionaires are but seldom in touch with those living around their mansions, hired either for sport or pleasure. The modern standpoint as regards country life is well demonstrated by the remark of a lady whose husband had bought a country house, and was told that some pleasant people lived in the country-side near by. "Pleasant or not, it matters little to us," was the retort; "we shan't see anything of them—we shall get our friends down from London with the fish."

The new rich, like the old aristocrats of the eighteenth century, are often fond of seeing their country houses surrounded by spacious and well-kept lawns.

"Ah," said one, "you don't know what a lot of money I have to spend in keeping all this in order," and he pointed to the vast expanse of green, which stretched away from the front of his house.

"Did you ever see so much grass? Sometimes, when it's cut, I really do not know what to do with it."

"Eat it, of course," put in a cynical bystander, which remark stopped any further disquisitions on the magnitude of the estate.

The latest edition of Burke's "Landed Gentry" records the advent of a new social order, there being more than two hundred fresh entries. It is noticeable that none of the great auctioneering firms bid for large estates; perhaps, as a partner in one of them remarked, they know too much about them.

Several great war profiteers, however, have acquired large properties; one of these made a bid of half a million sterling for a country seat of historic importance, within a reasonable distance of London.

Such purchasers, however, are apt soon to tire of living out of town; they lack the "country instinct," besides becoming dismayed at the calls and claims made upon a great landowner's purse.

In one case a commercial magnate put up the stately mansion he had purchased before he had even got into it; in another, a millionaire who had accumulated his vast fortune by shipping, after buying a famous castle kept it only for two years.

The only satisfactory thing about all this seems to be that a large proportion of the land, which has changed hands, has been acquired by farmers and men of moderate means, who are already occupiers. These, it is to be hoped, will form a new yeoman class; but if the present unjust system of penalizing those owning the soil be continued, this too must eventually disappear.

The way in which the land is changing hands can best be realized by a glance at the advertisement columns of a weekly paper dealing with property and its sale.

Taking a number of that excellent weekly [1] "Country Life," which is a good index as to the market in estates, I found on the first page a well-known historical Hall to be sold "at a very low reserve."

[1] October 15, 1921.

On the second, a beautiful Jacobean mansion, with grandly timbered undulating park. Farther on, "A fifteenth-century moated Hall," with the Lordship of an ancient Manor near Bury St. Edmund's, "a Freehold Manorial Property," once the home of the poet Geoffrey Chaucer and Lord Howard of Effingham, with remains of an old Gate House in the district of Newbury. "A highly interesting and original sixteenth-century residence," "a charming old sixteenth-century House." "A well-known estate in Sussex," "a charming old Manor House in Hertfordshire," "a fine residential sporting and agricultural estate near Truro," "an imposing castellated Mansion" near Lincoln, "a Georgian Mansion in mellowed red brick" at Sawbridgeworth—all these, together with countless country houses of lesser importance, were for sale.

Since the Armistice of 1918, rural England indeed may be said to have come under the hammer, estate after estate being thrown upon the market in endless succession.

The Duke of Sutherland has sold Lillieshall; Lord Chesterfield, Holme Lacy; and Lord Ebury, Moor Park.

Other estates which have been sold, or are for sale, are—Eastwell Park, Horsley Towers, and Taymouth Castle in Perthshire, with 57,335 acres, the property of Lord Breadalbane.

Among historic country mansions which have come under the hammer has been Stowe, which, with its gardens, terraces and classic temples, was knocked down for £50,000.

Its contents, including a dining-table 65 feet, and much furniture and porcelain, were sold at the same time.

Cassiobury, Ashridge, Stoneleigh, Gosford, Beau

Desert, Heythrop, together with numbers of other county estates, are either sold, let or left uninhabited.

Lord Crewe has sold his Madeley estate. Lord and Lady Glanusk, having closed their Welsh seat, live in a little fishing cottage on the Wye. Lord Sherborne is parting with Bibury Court.

In Northamptonshire Lord Spencer has closed his ancestral home at Althorp. Castle Ashby is shut up. Wakefield Lawn, the seat of the Duke of Grafton, has been left by the owner, and its contents sold.

Since the death of Lady Wantage the great baronial mansion at Overstone has been dismantled and put up for sale. Hitherto, however, all efforts to dispose of it have failed.

Fawsley Park stands empty since the death of Lady Knightley. The valuable treasures it once contained, as in the case of so many old county houses, have been sold.

Milton Hall, near Peterborough, still remains open, but rumour has it that the owner, Mr. G. C. W. Fitzwilliam, will have to close it up unless there is some relief in the way of taxation.

The Marquis of Linlithgow has reluctantly had to give up living at Hopetown House, while the Duke of Portland has foreshadowed a similar fate for Welbeck.

Many mansions have been abandoned and more than one turned into a school. Lord Hindlip has quitted Hindlip Hall, and Elsenham Hall, Essex, is inhabited only by a caretaker, having, according to the owner, Sir Walter Gilbey, become merely a burden upon his estate.

A short time ago the Press stated that because of the heavy burden of taxation, Lord Boyne, brother-in-law of Lord Lascelles, had decided to dismantle Brancepeth Castle, near Durham.

If such is the case, this stately building is likely to become a ruin, any idea of adapting it to modern purposes as a sanatorium or training college being out of the question, owing to the prohibitive cost. Nevertheless it is to be hoped that some way of saving this historic castle may be devised.

Brancepeth originally belonged to the Nevilles, but was forfeited to the Crown, owing to the participation of Charles, Earl of Westmorland, in the Rising of the North.

Granted by James the First to his favourite, Robert Carr, the latter in his turn forfeited the property, upon which it was sold in 1636 to Ralph Cole, Esq., of Newcastle.

The family to which the latter belonged had risen almost at a bound from the smithy to the Baronetage, but its fall was almost equally swift, the last Baronet, Sir Mark Cole, dying in such abject want that he had to be buried in Crossgate, Durham, at the expense of his cousin, Sir Ralph Milbank!

As for the Earl of Westmorland, the failure of his ill-planned and rash insurrection drove him to seek shelter in Flanders, to which country he escaped. His vast inheritance, however, was confiscated, and he suffered the extremity of poverty. In 1572 he was living in the Low Countries on a miserable pittance allowed him by the bounty of the King of Spain. So deplorable had been his previous condition that Lord Seton, writing two years earlier to Mary, Queen of Scots, stated that "the Earl of Westmorland had neither penny nor halfpenny."

The estates of which the unfortunate nobleman had been deprived were, according to contemporary accounts, worth 400,000 doubloons per annum, which, in money of the present day, may be reckoned as about £150,000.

Lord Westmorland, in spite of his pitiful condition and regrets for the loss of Brancepeth and Raby, survived his plight for more than thirty years, eking out a wretched existence, till he died penniless and forgotten in 1601.

The recent announcement that, owing to heavy taxation and cost of upkeep, Lord Londonderry found himself obliged to shut up Seaham Hall, Durham, is yet another rather melancholy sign of the times.

Though the contents are to be sold, it is understood that the public will continue to be allowed the free use of the grounds.

Seaham Hall, which was acquired by the Londonderry family from Sir Ralph Milbank in 1822, has a certain historic interest, as having been connected with Byron, for it was in the drawing-room in 1815 that the poet was married to Miss Milbank, daughter of Sir Ralph, who then owned the place.

On Friday, 9 June, 1922, Cassiobury Park, a historic seat which had belonged to the Earls of Essex since 1677, was put up for sale, but owing to no offer having been made, withdrawn.

Parham House, near Arundel, Sussex, the ancient home of the Zouches, has been sold to Lord Cowdray. Compton Verney has passed into a stranger's hands.

Finally Edenhall, the ancient home of the Musgraves, was recently stated to be up for sale. Sir George Musgrave, who was its possessor in early Victorian days, was the beau-ideal of a country gentleman of the old school. Rarely or ever did he go to London. Not like some of his neighbours because of the expense of moving a household, for he was a rich man, but because his idea was that a country gentleman's proper place was on his own acres, and because London had no temptation for him.

Reputed to be the best landlord in the county, he

looked upon all his numerous tenants and labourers as a good king should look upon his subjects, fealty and loyal attachment being repaid by protection, kindness and assistance.

Any man who in Sir George's hearing should have talked of the relations between a landlord and his tenants as a purely commercial matter would have stood a good chance of being kicked off the land.

Sir George was adored by all the country-side, and though the stout Cumberland and Westmorland farmers and their men were good and loyal subjects of Queen Victoria, for all practical purposes of reverence and obedience, their real sovereign was the owner of Edenhall.

Sir George was the most hospitable man in the world, and loved to entertain in the good old-fashioned way. He would brook no tampering with time-honoured observances connected with dinner.

A young visitor, being anxious to get back to a pretty girl who had been his neighbour at the meal in question, once tried to escape from the dining-room before the signal to move had been given.

"Come back!" roared Sir George, before the astonished young shirker could get to the door, "Come back! We won't have any of your damned pioneering habits here! Sit down and stick to your wine, or by the Lord, I'll have the door locked."

Longfellow wrote of the Luck of Edenhall, an ancient decorated glass goblet which has been the property of the Musgraves time out of mind. On it is inscribed the legend:

> "When this cup shall break or fall,
> Farewell the luck of Edenhall."

IV

CLUBLAND

AT the time of the outbreak of the Great War the majority of West End Clubs, besides being in a sound financial position, found little difficulty in keeping their membership up to the required number.

Well-to-do men then often belonged to half a dozen Clubs, while only using one or two, but whether they did so or not their subscription went to swell the Club funds.

The war, however, altered all this. With the great increase of taxation people began to look about for every source of retrenchment, and one of the first economies in which a number indulged was to restrict the number of their Clubs.

Meanwhile prices had risen far beyond anything dreamt of before the war, in consequence of which much of West End Clubland began to find itself in an awkward financial position.

Intensely conservative and averse to any kind of innovation, very few of these old-established institutions have made any serious effort to avert that extinction which at present it is to be feared may be their ultimate fate.

Setting aside the fact that in these days the majority of men are too poor to belong to more than one or two Clubs, various causes have contributed towards the

precarious position which many a Committee now finds itself compelled to face.

Besides a large number of resignations, many members were killed in the War.

All this, together with an increased expenditure, produced by the rise in prices, heavily crippled Clubs, which before 1914 had easily paid their way.

Prospects in West End Clubland are at present anything but bright. Younger men fond of dancing not unnaturally consider Club smoking-rooms dull, while the increasing popularity of golf takes many out of town once their business hours are over.

In addition to this, the social prestige which was once attached to membership of certain West End Clubs, has during the present century considerably waned. The result is that there no longer exist waiting lists as in the days when it took five or six years before a candidate came up for election. Clubs which provide bedrooms for members undoubtedly have a pull, and it is not improbable that in the future a certain number may follow the example set across the Atlantic and become affiliated to country-house Clubs, which will provide a number of sports and open-air amusements. The great success of Ranelagh would seem to show that there is an opening for such a development.

Altogether modern developments have hit Clubs very hard. The unjust and absurd restrictions of war-time which never should have been applied to West End Clubs of old standing and unimpeachable reputation got quite a number of members into the habit of staying at home in the evenings, and the social amenities of Club life have in consequence been seriously curtailed.

It is true that, to some degree, the restrictions in question have been removed, nevertheless the atmo-

sphere of gloom, which they produced, has, as yet not been entirely dispelled, and many a Club smoking-room, where, in old days, men might be sure of passing a pleasant evening, are practically deserted after dinner.

The idea of enforcing these restrictions in West End Clubs was merely another example of the modern Anglo-Saxon craze for interfering with personal liberty even when no possible good can result.

Obsessed by fear of the cry "one law for the rich, one law for the poor," the authorities were ready to perpetrate any absurdity rather than be called "undemocratic."

It is noteworthy that in Paris, in which city the Radical ideas so popular in modern England had their origin, practically no attempt was made to interfere with reputable Clubs during the war.

The French, however, are judicious in interpreting the principles of 1789, whereas the English, labouring under the mistaken impression that Radicalism entails social slavery, tolerate every sort of interference with personal liberty without protest!

The London Club in its present form is just about a hundred years old, it having been during the earlier part of the last century that it began to draw away from coffee-houses and restaurants precisely the class of customers who were the latter's best support.

French hotel-keepers and *restaurateurs* who had started business north of Oxford Street and in Leicester Square felt the depression severely, while gradually the last of the old coffee-houses found themselves compelled to close their doors. A few Clubs, however, had existed long before all this.

It is said that the first modern mansion in Pall Mall which was used as a Club was No. 86, a house originally built for Edward Duke of York, brother of George III. Towards the end of the eighteenth

century it was opened as a "subscription house," and called the Albion Hotel.

In later years the house in question was absorbed, together with other buildings to form the War Office. No vestiges of it now remain, the site being occupied by the palatial Automobile Club, built after the War Office had moved to its new buildings.

Erected by Messrs. Mewes and Davis in the French style, the Club-house in question, though well proportioned and abounding in good details, seems somewhat out of place on its present site.

It has been said with some truth that the undoubted merit of the design would show to far better advantage had this Club-house been situated facing a large open space or Park.

As it is, the length of the façade seems rather unsuited to the comparative narrowness of Pall Mall.

It is a pity that the new building next door has been erected in a different style.

A number of quaint usages formerly prevailed in Clubland.

Once a member was within the doors of his Club, he was supposed to have become invisible to the outside world and was not expected to notice acquaintances who might be passing by outside.

It was also contrary to etiquette, if standing at a Club window, to take off one's hat to ladies walking past in the street. This, however, does not seem to have prevented Clubmen from looking at the latter, if young and pretty, for in the early part of the last century governesses were warned to make their young charges walk on the other side of the road to White's, from the famous bow-window of which a number of old bucks were said to be in the habit of ogling any attractive members of the fair sex.

The custom of giving change in silver having the

appearance of being just fresh from the Mint prevailed at one or two old West End Clubs, notably at Arthur's.

Here they had a special method of washing coin of the realm which produced a very satisfactory result.

A Club in which there was much card playing often had its own counters, each of which was marked with the particular sum which it was to represent. At Brooks's, White's and Boodle's may be seen specimens of these relics which have been carefully preserved.

Little attention was formerly paid to decoration in Clubs.

Up to the end of the last century there were no pictures of any kind in quite a number of them. Such decorations as existed were often crude in the extreme. At one Piccadilly Club, which was located in a fine house containing a good deal of work by Robert Adam, a beautiful ceiling was crudely daubed with purple, red and yellow paint, laid on, members jokingly said, by the Club cook, who carried out the colour scheme in imitation of one of his own ices.

Notwithstanding the inartistic appearance of Club rooms of that day, the general effect was often not uncomfortable; anyhow it satisfied the members, the older of whom openly expressed their dislike of any change. Most Clubs in old days were solemn places with a number of old members sitting in chairs which by a sort of unwritten law were always at their disposal or creeping silently about casting critical and sometimes outraged glances at new-comers who seemed out of keeping with the peculiar atmosphere of rooms which these veterans had come to consider their own special domain.

When as an effect of the æsthetic revival pictures began to be hung on artistically tinted walls, not a few denounced the innovation as being effeminate.

"Flower-boxes, indeed! who wants flower-boxes?"

growled an old Crimean veteran. "They'll be making the smoking-room into a lady's boudoir next!"

Just before the outbreak of the Great War, however, several West End Clubs spent considerable sums on flowers, and the members of one or two, indeed, prided themselves upon the magnificent floral display in their windows.

Old Clubmen hate change; consequently the advent of the electric light and the telephone were viewed with great disfavour by most of them, who protested against new-fangled inventions being imported into their own special retreat.

When the question of installing the new illuminant was discussed, a number of older men went so far as to threaten to resign, but its immense superiority over gas being soon evident, in the end they grudgingly admitted that perhaps after all it was an improvement.

The telephone, however, aroused more serious and lasting opposition and at a certain Club one old member was so infuriated at its having been adopted that he had a fit, from the effects of which he eventually died.

At a number of old-established Clubs men spoke only to their own friends and when they did so in very low tones.

The majority of the members scarcely indulged in any conversation at all, everything being conducted with the solemnity proper to a house of mourning.

At one of these abodes of silence in Pall Mall a member is reported to have rung for the groom of the chambers and pointing to a prostrate form on an adjacent sofa said, "I think you had better take that gentleman away; to my certain knowledge, he has been lying there dead for over a week!"

At another an aged habitué, having been spoken to by a complete stranger to whom he had not been intro-

duced, was so flabbergasted that he went home and took to his bed which he never left again!

A foreign visitor being taken over one of these solemn institutions was so impressed by its solemnity that he took it for a Museum.

"The building is magnificent," he exclaimed in a reverential tone, "but where do you keep the specimens?"

There were, however, a few lively souls whose Bohemian tendencies were of such a pronounced kind as to be irrepressible even in the most serious resorts.

Such a one was the irresponsible young spark who, having been elected to an old-fashioned Club, made his first appearance there after a particularly good dinner.

Having ordered a brandy and soda, it was brought to him by a waiter with hair of a brilliant red.

"By Jove," ejaculated the young man, "I can't stand such a blaze of colour after dinner," and taking an ink-pot from a table close by he emptied it over the waiter's head.

Prompt expulsion was the result, but to do the thoughtless joker justice he sent the waiter a handsome present.

There were more eccentric men in West End Clubs in old days than is the case to-day. One member who, though very unconventional in his ways, could not be called mad, was known for his mania of "cocking snooks" at other members when he thought they weren't looking. The effect of a serious-looking grey-headed old gentleman indulging in this street urchin's trick was ludicrous in the extreme. Time after time the member was cautioned by the Committee, and eventually, I believe, was made to resign.

A more serious case of eccentricity which culminated in a retirement to an asylum was the case of the member

who at various intervals would send for all the back numbers of "Truth" from the very beginning and then, after having looked at one or two of them, instruct the hall porter to tell Lord Salisbury, or whoever might be in office, that the Queen had decided that the Government should resign.

Billiards used formerly to be much played in Clubs, but to a great extent Bridge seems to have taken its place.

At certain Clubs indeed the same people meet at the same hour every day in order to indulge in this game.

So great is the devotion which it inspires that during the war certain little coteries of men over military age sat unmoved at the card-tables while Zeppelins and aeroplanes sought to destroy London over their heads.

Nor did the end of the great struggle move players who had sat playing their rubbers through four years of warfare.

The night before the Armistice was signed, a member who was known to have exceptional sources of information, came into the card-room of a certain Club, and said to some friends at a Bridge table:

"The War is over, the Germans are going to sign."

"I make it no Trumps," remarked one of the players, and the game continued without comment.

"I tell you the War is over."

"A pity you didn't make it a heart," said the no trumper's partner, "we should not have lost the trick."

"You don't seem to understand, at last we are going to have peace."

"I don't believe it," said another player, without showing any interest. "Now then, partner, we are game and twenty-seven to nothing, so don't do anything rash."

Customs of a past age died hard in Clubland. Though duelling in England is supposed to have long become obsolete, duels have been arranged there within comparatively recent years.

Towards the end of the last century a *beau sabreur*, who at that time was a prominent figure in a well-known West End Club, was called out by a fellow-member on account of undue attention having been paid to the latter's wife.

The challenge was accepted and a meeting arranged to take place near Boulogne, where the combatants proceeded in due course.

"The pistols are all right, Harry, old boy," said the *beau sabreur* to a friend he had brought over to act as his second. "You've got cartridges, I hope?" "Five hundred of them!" "Good God, we're not going pheasant shooting, man!" exclaimed the duellist, who eventually returned to England uninjured, several shots having been exchanged without effect.

More recently at a Diplomatic Club, two secretaries, attached to the Embassies of a couple of Great Powers (which have since ceased to be great), had a tiff during which one of them snapped his fingers at the other.

Though this was rather serious from a foreigner's point of view, the affair looked like being patched up till the German Military Attaché got wind of it.

The latter, whose face was scarred with sword cuts and who looked upon duelling much as a keen sportsman looks upon fox-hunting, declared that a court of honour must immediately be held and, as he constituted himself president, the result of its deliberations was not difficult to foresee.

A duel was declared inevitable and the secretaries, who were anything but anxious for the fray, were informed that all necessary arrangements would be made.

They met in the Forest of Fontainebleau where, much to the disappointment of the English members of the Club who declared "that both the damned fools deserved to be killed," three shots were fired without any damage, except to the trees.

* * * * *

The number of meals served at West End Clubs has enormously increased within the last twenty years. Owing to increased facilities of locomotion and other causes, quite a large number of members, who are engaged in business, go to their Club for lunch.

In the days when bachelors lived in the old-fashioned furnished rooms, where lunch and dinner were provided, "dining at the Club" was to many quite an event.

To-day when the majority live in flats, where only breakfast can be obtained, men are obliged to go out for their meals, consequently the Club dining-room to many has become a sort of College Hall, where members, more or less habitually, dine and lunch.

The flat system has, of course, enormously changed the existence of men-about-town who to-day would not be satisfied with the dingy lodgings in which their predecessors, even when well off, were generally content to live.

Whether there is an improvement in Club cookery or the reverse, it is difficult to say. Formerly, owing to the smaller number of members, there was often greater attention to detail. On the other hand, men were not apt to be so luxurious and did not demand all sorts of expensive luxuries directly they had come into season.

In Mid-Victorian days, though Soyer was chef at the Reform Club, most London Clubs provided very unambitious cooking.

It is said that when Francatelli heard that his master the French Ambassador was going to dine at the Athenæum he exclaimed:

"Ah! mon pauvre maître je ne le reverrai plus!"

Nevertheless at that period a number of the regular frequenters of Clubs were great gourmets, who might have been said to live for eating and drinking.

Staunch conservatives, as a rule the only way to obtain their approval of changes was to give them a good dinner.

"You can always get round old Gullybelly," said a committee-man, "if you fill his stomach."

"Yes," assented a friend, "unfortunately you have to go such a long way in order to get round!"

Even Clubs which made no attempt at providing an elaborate cuisine took care that members should be able to call for a bottle of the best.

The wine indeed was often superb.

Forty years ago, and perhaps even a little later, Boodles' had a magnificent cellar and there were other Clubs which could provide port and also claret which were something to remember.

Of cigars and cigarettes only two or three sorts at most were provided, smoking not being then as popular as it is to-day, and members only being allowed to smoke in certain rooms set aside for that purpose.

Pipes were absolutely prohibited throughout most Club-houses: gradually, however, they came to be allowed in the smoking-room and in many Clubs of to-day they may be smoked with as much freedom as is accorded to the cigarette or cigar.

There used always to be a box of snuff on the mantelpiece of Club smoking-rooms, and in certain cases it still lingers there to-day.

At one time it used to be the custom for smokers to go and indulge in a cigar at their pet tobacconists,

hence the existence of the cigar divans, which have now practically vanished from the West End.

The reason for this, no doubt, was that smoking was generally tabooed in private houses, even the owners of which were wont to go down to the servants' hall when they wanted a whiff.

Though members of West End Clubs are extremely given to grumbling at the way things are done, it is noticeable that, as a rule, few of them ever take the trouble to attend the Annual General Meeting. Till the day when that event is to take place is imminent, a number of them are full of threats as to the accusations which they are going to bring against the Committee, while others have all sorts of schemes which they declare they are about to ventilate.

When the day arrives, however, nothing usually happens.

No wonder a cynic said the only object of such gatherings was to enable members to display their cowardice. The attendance indeed is usually ridiculously small, while the only speakers are certain men who, year after year, indulge in much the same halting discourses—people who seize this rare opportunity for airing their oratory.

As a matter of fact, such disinclination to attend meetings at which questions vital to the very existence of Clubs have to be considered is anything but creditable to the many who abstain mainly because they say such meetings bore them!

This habit, or rather fashion, for it is little less, is without doubt in some degree responsible for the parlous state into which not a few West End Clubs have recently sunk. What is nobody's business should be everybody's business, and the sooner this is realized the better for certain Clubs which, in spite of their apparent prosperity, are really on their last legs.

A very different state of affairs prevails in Paris where Club members keep a very watchful eye upon everything concerned with finance or management.

At one of these "*Circles*," where about four hundred members appeared to hear the annual statement and elect new members of the Committee, the writer having expressed his surprise, a Frenchman said, "Do you think we are such fools as to pay our subscriptions and then not care how the money is spent. That sort of thing is all very well for girls and children, but sensible men naturally like to see that their affairs are being properly managed."

In former days the West End contained a fair number of conspicuous and picturesque figures connected with Sport and the Turf of the robust, vigorous type, of which the late Sir John Astley was a good example.

To-day there are very few.

The veteran Lord Coventry, that fine old English gentleman and sportsman who tenaciously adheres to his top-hat, is one. Lord Chaplin, who years ago won the Derby with Hermit, is another.

More of a country gentleman than a man-about-town, Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, notwithstanding his seventy-six years, full of vigour and vitality, may still occasionally be seen in Piccadilly.

The typical Clubmen of a former generation have also disappeared. Such a one was the second Sir Robert Peel, an imposing figure always clad in a frock-coat and top-hat tilted at a particular angle.

Sir Robert was full of memories and stories of the Peel Administration, Lola Montes, Palmerston, Lady Blessington, and Count d'Orsay. He was a strange survival of another age, living in full accord and sympathy with a younger generation with interests of a totally different order. His own youth had

been one of a somewhat turbulent kind—fond of fun and frolic, it was said that having come into collision with the police, who threatened to run him in for some exuberant prank, his retort, "My father didn't create you to arrest me," so staggered the representatives of the newly created force that they let him go.

In his last years Sir Robert, who had made many a heavy wager in his time, usually limited his speculations to very small amounts, though now and then his old passion for gambling would get the better of him, usually with unfortunate results. Such was certainly the case one day that he had gone to see a parachute descent at the Alexandra Palace. Walking up to the scene of operations with a friend, a three-card-trick man by the roadside chanced to catch the old Baronet's eye. "The old swindle," said he; nevertheless he stopped and listened to the man's patter. In the end he started betting just for fun and finished up by losing every penny he had in his pocket.

"Do you know," said he, "that you are a swindler, a thief, and a vagabond? Upon my word, as a Magistrate, I do not know that I am doing my duty by not giving you in charge?" after which Sir Robert strode away in high dudgeon.

In his last years his speculations were mainly limited to bets of half a crown on games of billiards, which he spent a good deal of his time in watching. From the keen interest he displayed it seemed likely that he got just as much fun out of this modest investment as he had formerly done from backing some fancied horse for a thousand.

Full of interesting stories of incidents of past days he could, when he chose, be the best of company. He was, however, not invariably accurate as to details,

in which he differed from a fellow-Clubman of an entirely different kind—Lord Clanricarde, a well-known figure at the Travellers' and the St. James'.

As a young man he had been in the diplomatic service, and his recollections of Italian life before the unification were probably unique. His mental gifts, cultivated by omnivorous reading, were of the very highest order, and, had he cared to enter public life, there is no question but that he would have attained the highest distinction. His exceedingly original disposition, combined with a distaste for society, however, prevented him from coming to the front. As an art connoisseur he was highly esteemed. For years a well-known figure at Christie's, his opinion was often sought by those anxious either to buy or to sell. The Marquess himself, however, never made any sensational bids, contenting himself with picking up china or *objets d'art* only when they were to be obtained at a reasonable price.

Among his own art treasures was the famous jewel, originally in the Mogul's treasury at Delhi, and brought back by Canning from India—the Hercules with the diamond sword—one of the three great Cinquecento jewels of the world. Its late owner, on several occasions, afforded the public an opportunity of inspecting this heirloom by lending it to art exhibitions.

The jewel in question, it may be added, formed part of Lord Clanricarde's bequest to Viscount Lascelles, in whose possession it now is.

It has been said that the fondness of the latter for fine pictures and for *objets d'art* was one of the reasons which caused Lord Clanricarde (who had observed his great nephew at Christie's) to make the young man his heir.

The Marquess, though he could scarcely have been called a sociable man, spent a good deal of time in

Clubs where his unconventional habits sometimes brought him into conflict with Committees.

Though as a younger man he had been fond of a good cigar, his favourite form of tobacco in old age was a pipe.

Previous to the war the latter was prohibited in any but one or two Club-rooms, but his Lordship, who held strong views as to personal liberty, often transgressed this regulation, with the result that written remonstrance would follow. Another breach of rules in which he occasionally indulged was to eat a light meal elsewhere than in the dining-room—as, however, he was an old member known to hold unconventional views not much attention was paid to such lapses.

When he lunched or dined in a coffee-room, his menu was usually peculiar. He liked chops done absolutely to a cinder, and would often finish a meal with a banana dipped into a cup of coffee. He would get all the condiments and pickles in the Club put upon his table, his idea no doubt being not to waste his table money. "His Lordship," as a Club steward once said, "liked profusion," but only when there was little to be paid for it.

Though the nobleman in question was certainly economical, he was far from deserving the abuse occasionally lavished upon him as being a bad landlord. His rents were not high; in certain cases indeed, owing to some cause or other, tenants lived practically rent free, but whatever the amount was, unlike some weaker men, he insisted upon its being paid. Neither entreaties nor threats moved him—attacks upon agents he did not notice at all. "If," wrote he to one of the latter who had been shot at, "my tenants think they will intimidate me by shooting you they will find themselves woefully mistaken."

Always insistent upon good fires being kept up in

his Clubs, Lord Clanricarde never allowed his housekeeper to use more than one scuttleful of coals a day at home. This was in his latter years when he lived in a modern flat in Hanover Square, to which he had moved from the Albany.

There, owing to the cold, he had been wont to experiment with various types of stove.

Henry Labouchere, who had been in the diplomatic service with the Marquess, and remained on friendly terms with him throughout his life, called one winter's day and found the latter in high glee.

"At last," said Lord Clanricarde, "I have found a first-class method of keeping this place warm! Look at this new stove, anything more perfect I have never seen, and I know something about stoves as you will realize if you will follow me."

Taking his visitor into the passage he showed him a number of stoves of various kinds, all of which he said he had tried in turn.

"The difficulty is," added he, "to know what to do with them."

"I will tell you," said Labouchere. "Have the whole lot lit and then you can fancy you are in the next world."

Labouchere himself, as a matter of fact, was always complaining that he could not keep warm. On a sweltering hot day at Pope's Villa, when every one, except himself, was overcome by the heat, he expressed himself as being perfectly comfortable. "To tell the truth," said he, "if I had my way I should spend my summers astride the Equator and my winters in Hell."

Another well-known West End Clubman of the past was the Honourable Kenneth Howard, who died in 1903.

Originally in the Foreign Office, for many years

before his death he had acquired the reputation of being the most inveterate Londoner in existence.

Winter or summer, nothing would induce him to leave town, while, according to a legend which was generally believed, he had never strayed into the region which lay beyond the confines of the Marble Arch.

He belonged to a great number of Clubs and passed his days going from one to another, a life which he apparently enjoyed, for his features always wore an expression of reposeful calm.

In great request as a diner out, he was very popular with hostesses, for whose benefit he kept a list of eligible young men whom they eagerly welcomed to their dances.

* * * * *

The centre of London Clubland may be said to be St. James's Street, in which stands White's, the oldest Club of all founded.

Though closely connected with the social history of the eighteenth century, the Club-house has no great architectural interest, the façade having been remodelled by Lockyer in 1850, when an upper story appears to have been sacrificed in order to heighten the large room beneath.

At the same time all the old mantelpieces were swept away.

The whole place indeed was remodelled with, perhaps, none too satisfactory results.

It seems a pity that more attention was then not paid to the plans of Robert Adam, who, in 1787, had prepared a scheme for the entire rebuilding of the Club.

The original drawing, which is of considerable interest, may be seen in the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

In 1888 White's again underwent renovation, having come under the management of the Hon. Algernon Bourke. The latter roofed in the courtyard to form a billiard room, and made several other alterations of a practical kind.

As a result of all this, the famous old pump, the water of which had been held in high repute by many past generations, ceased to exist.

Had Mr. Bourke not taken the Club over it would probably have ceased to exist, the exclusive ideas of a number of the older members having made men wary of coming up for election. Previous to 1888 White's was a rather formidable place for new members to enter at all.

In the sacred bow-window facing St. James's Street none but a certain number of privileged old members ever dared to sit, a usage to which, together with others now long forgotten, no one had the temerity not to conform.

The interior of old White's was not very artistic or impressive. No prints decorated the Club walls and the general impression conveyed was rather dingy.

There was fine old silver, however, as well as some good furniture, of which very little now remains.

One of the most curious pieces was a dining-table in the centre of which was an open space occupied by a net. At this table in the brave days of old several generations of bucks and blades had caroused. In order to check the number of bottles drunk, the corks of the latter were thrown one by one into the net, where they reposed in the middle of the jovial circle till the time came for someone to count them.

It is to be regretted that this table, together with other relics of the eighteenth century, has passed out of the possession of the Club.

White's up to comparatively recent years had a

piano in one of its rooms, formerly used as a sort of drawing-room. A number of old-fashioned Clubs then had music-rooms and as late as the 'seventies it appears not to have been unusual for members to play and sing to one another after a big dinner. It must be remembered that in those days, when Club membership was comparatively limited, house dinners at which every one knew every one else were general.

A good deal of conviviality usually occurred and there is no doubt this custom promoted good-fellowship among Club members.

Arthur's Club, in St. James's Street, was the original abode of White's, which occupied it from 1697 to 1755. It has, of course, been greatly altered and enlarged since then. In the eighteenth century, owing to the association of a Mr. Arthur with the management of White's, the latter Club was frequently spoken of as Arthur's; this naturally originated an idea that the two Clubs were at one time connected. This, however, was never the case, Arthur's having originated from a coffee-house of that name kept by Robert Arthur, from 1734 to 1756 proprietor of White's chocolate Home which in 1696 occupied 69, St. James's Street. Though Arthur's is said to have been founded in 1765, no mention of its existence appears to have existed from the time of Robert Arthur's death until the year 1811.

In 1781, however, Miles and Evans started a Club upon the present site at 69 and 70, St. James's Street. This, known as "Miles's Club," was a fashionable card-playing resort mentioned by Hoyle which flourished till 1809 when, its popularity having waned, Miles's ceased to exist.

Two years later, in 1811, Arthur's Club acquired the premises when much structural improvement occurred, the architect having been Thomas Hopper,

who erected the present stone front with Corinthian columns. Though the main portion of the original house must have then been pulled down to make way for the great staircase and central hall, some few remains may still exist. It is said, for instance, that the moderate-sized room on the ground floor, now used as a strangers' dining-room, is a relic of Francis White's chocolate house and was taken by Hogarth as the scene of his "Modern Midnight Conversation." It may here be added that the chocolate house in question ceased to exist as a public resort in 1736, when the house was turned into a Club indifferently known as White's or Arthur's till 1761, when Robert Arthur died. Six years before it had moved across the street to the "Great House" at No. 38, where White's has remained ever since.

The Club-house, looking on to St. James's Street, which dates from 1811, is built in a simple but dignified style. A great portion of the interior is sacrificed to an elaborate staircase, which fills a hall reaching right to the top of the house.

This Club is fortunate in possessing a good deal of silver plate which is very attractive.

Founded as essentially a country gentleman's Club, one of the unwritten rules allowed any member to call for a handkerchief and a pair of slippers. This no doubt was for the convenience of squires who, having ridden into London, wanted to take off their riding-boots and rest their feet.

Another old custom at Arthur's, as has before been said, was the washing of silver, in order that members might always be given clean change.

The general atmosphere of the Club-house, essentially gentlemanlike and restful, it is to be hoped may long remain unchanged.

A fine old Club-house is Boodle's, concerning which,

in an admirable lecture to the Royal Institute of British Architects, Mr. Stanley C. Ramsey recently said "that of all the eighteenth-century Clubs which remain to us this was the most complete externally and internally."

The beauty and interest of the exterior of this Club-house are certainly unimpaired, but the same can hardly be said of the interior, where within the last two years considerable alterations have taken place.

Besides some changes at the back of the large sitting-room on the ground floor, the introduction of a lift, and the building of a new lavatory, involving the demolition of a part of the house, which, it is true, was not of the highest interest, a new dining-room has been constructed behind the great saloon, the style of which is entirely out of keeping with that of the rest of the building.

The construction of the room in question, which takes the place of a passage, has involved the blocking up of the great doors of the saloon which can now not be opened.

When it is added that the design of the new metal fittings for electric light and other purposes is in no particular style, it may be gathered that the alterations can scarcely be said to be worthy of the high standard of artistic excellence which distinguishes most of the original work in this fine old Club-house.

The large saloon happily, beyond having been tastefully restored, remains in its original condition, a reproach to those responsible for the hideous new dining-room the other side of its blocked doors.

At Boodle's some of the earlier lists of "Managers," as the Committee were called, have borders which are embellished with coloured illuminations.

This practice, which lasted right up to the 'eighties, was, I believe, not followed at any other Club.

The Cocoa-tree, which is located at 64, St. James's Street, has a history stretching back into the eighteenth century, at the end of which it flourished as a sporting resort. At No. 86 is the Thatched House, a Club which, as its name denotes, was started long before the days of iron girders and reinforced concrete.

Brooks's Club, on the west side of St. James's Street, founded in 1764, was, it is said, originally in Pall Mall.

Brooks built it, where it now stands, in 1778. Henry Holland, from whom the site had been acquired, is sometimes said to have been the architect, but competent critics ascribe the work to James Wyatt.

The original character of the exterior has been, in some degree, impaired by modern alterations. These however have but little affected the inside where the "Great Subscription Room" on the first floor, where Fox indulged in so much high play, remains intact.

The ceiling with its fine ornamentation is a fine specimen of the decorator's art.

It was from outside Brooks's that the fourth Marquess of Queensberry, a nobleman of unconventional ways, started to win a wager at the end of the Victorian Era.

In the course of a discussion the Marquess offered to bet that he would walk naked in the middle of the day from Brooks's to the Bachelors' in Hamilton Place.

The bet having been taken, Lord Queensberry got hold of an old four-wheeler cab and having cut part of the bottom out so arranged the sides that anything underneath was more or less invisible.

This having been done he entered the "growler" outside Brooks's, took off his clothes inside and the driver having been instructed to drive slowly, walked naked completely sheltered by the framework of the cab to the appointed goal where, having put on his

clothes again, he got out and triumphantly claimed the sum he had won.

At 74, St. James's Street is the Conservative Club, a typical building of the Early Victorian period, erected from designs by George Basevi and Sydney Smirke. Both collaborated in the exterior. Inside, however, the ground floor was by Bassevi and the first floor by Smirke.

The latter also built the Carlton in Pall Mall during the 'fifties of the last century. Though not conspicuous for any great artistic merit, this Club-house has been well described as being the exposition of a very complete and definite idea.

From an architectural point of view the most important Club-house in Pall Mall is that of the Athenæum, founded in 1824 for judges, barristers, physicians, authors, philosophers and artists, all of whom, with politicians, still constitute the bulk of its membership.

The Club-house was built by Decimus Burton in 1827. The frieze, however, was the work of a Scotch sculptor, John Hemming, whom Croker insisted should be employed.

A copy of that of the Parthenon, its effect is ornamental and distinguished, but, at the time, members of the Club did not think so, especially as funds originally intended to build an ice-house paid for this classical ornament. Hence the epigram :—

> I'm John Wilson Croker,
> I do as I please,
> They ask for an Ice-house,
> I'll give 'em—a Frieze.

The Hall of the Athenæum is remarkable for eight pale primrose pillars on broad bronzed bases, copied from the Temple of the Winds of Athens, supporting the panelled wagon roof, the Pompeian designs on

which are after original designs. The two statues in niches, Venus Victrix and Diana Robing, were chosen by Sir Thomas Lawrence, who also designed the Club seal. The Club-house, it is interesting to recall, stands on the west end of the courtyard of old Carlton House, the smoking-room being exactly under what was the Prince Regent's dining-room.

The Athenæum, it may be added, seems to have existed in a somewhat different form before the actual date given as the Club's foundation. The first Secretary was the great chemist Faraday. There seems always to have been some prejudice as to smoking, which was first introduced by Thackeray. For a number of years the facilities for indulging in tobacco were limited, but within recent times more ample accommodation has been provided for those wishing to indulge in the fragrant weed.

At the Athenæum, Herbert Spencer was wont to play billiards and the cue which he used is still preserved.

It was probably in the billiard room here that the philosopher, having received a sound beating from a younger player, said, "Sir, skill such as yours argues a misspent youth!"

The Athenæum has always been a haven of repose for studious men not wishing to be disturbed. Idle chatter is not heard within its dignified walls, and Herbert Spencer cannot have found much use for the curious "ear-stoppers" by the aid of which he was able to shut out the sound of conversation which was not to his taste.

The Athenæum possesses an excellent library, amounting to some 80,000 volumes. This together with the learning of the majority of its members is quite in keeping with its badge—an owl, Minerva's own bird.

The Travellers', next door to the Athenæum in Pall Mall East, was built by Sir John Barry in 1832, at a cost of £23,000.

From an architectural point of view the elevation of the Club, on the Pall Mall side, has been highly praised.

The interior, however, while carefully planned, possesses no features of particular interest.

In its early days the Travellers' attracted a good deal of attention because a candidate for admission was required to have been five hundred miles distant from London, a considerable sensation being caused at that time by the discovery that several members, who had originally entered their names, had not travelled the prescribed distance. An investigation was demanded, so much stir being made that the newspapers of the day published lists of places, a visit to which was a sufficient qualification for membership.

Barry also built the Reform Club in 1837. Simplicity and repose have been called the chief features of the building, which, to some degree, seems to have been inspired by the Farnese Palace, which the architect was accused of copying.

Nevertheless there is a certain individuality about the façade, the successful treatment of which caused a number of other buildings to be erected in something of the same style.

The University Club in New York is a recent example.

On the other hand, the Army and Navy Club, at the corner of Pall Mall, leading into St. James's Square, is almost a frank copy of the Palazzo Rezzonico at Venice.

Externally one of the finest Club-houses in London, Messrs. Parnell and Smith built it in 1848.

All traces of Carlton House and its gardens have now

long disappeared from this neighbourhood, but the columns of its portico are at the National Gallery.

Carlton House itself narrowly escaped destruction in 1824, for on the 8th of June a fire broke out in one of the sitting-rooms, which was entirely destroyed, and with it some of the valuable pictures. Three years after this the whole place was pulled down.

In place of the beautiful gardens and noble trees have arisen Carlton House terrace, and the Athenæum and United Service Clubs. The opening of the south portion of Waterloo Place occupies the exact position of the front of Carlton House.

The United Service Club is said to have had a more restrained and artistic exterior when it was built by Nash in 1828.

Thirty years later the members called in Decimus Burton "to ornament and improve it"; the result may still be seen.

The spirit of the original designer, however, is still, more or less, retained in the interior, where the grand staircase remains one of the finest examples of its kind in London.

The Union Club, which has been called a link between the Clubs of Pall Mall and St. James's Street, was erected from designs by Sir Robert Smirke, R.A., in 1822.

While not entirely unsuccessful from an architectural point of view, Sir Robert does not seem to have been able to make full use of his opportunities.

With the College of Physicians this Club-house forms a complete block, on which a noble building might have been erected.

The Guards' Club, which up to recent years was located in Pall Mall in a house, was built in 1850. Its original premises had been in St. James's Street. Like many other West End Clubs, its early beginnings arose at a

coffee-house, which formed a convenient meeting-place for officers.

In 1832 was instituted the University in Suffolk Street. The original idea, which was to provide a social centre for dignitaries of the Church and University professors, has since been considerably widened; however, all members must have been either at Oxford or Cambridge.

The original house was pulled down some years ago, when a new building, not very severe in style, was erected in its stead.

Eleven years later was established the Oxford and Cambridge at No. 7, Pall Mall, which, besides being a very good Club of the old-fashioned type, was some years ago noted for its excellent claret.

The Garrick, founded in 1831 at 35, King Street, was designed "to bring together patrons of the drama and its professors; and also for offering literary men a rendezvous."

The scope of the membership has since been somewhat extended, a considerable number of lawyers being on the list to-day.

The Garrick was originally started as a Bohemian Club, but from the very first a considerable number of men-about-town well known in Society seem to have been members. Though the original purpose of the Club, which was to afford a meeting-place for literary men, actors and artists, has happily not been lost sight of, the Garrick has always occupied the position of a first-rate social Club. The late King Edward when Prince of Wales became a member, and the number of distinguished men who have at one time or other had their names in the Club list is a very long one.

Edward VII, as is well known, lost no opportunity of showing himself sympathetic towards the dramatic

profession—as a young man at Cambridge he was pleased to accord his patronage to the A.D.C.

A pleasant sociable Club, the Garrick continues to enjoy great and deserved prosperity. Within recent years considerable additions have been made to the unique and valuable collection of theatrical portraits on its walls, in addition to which the arrangement of the rooms and scheme of decoration have been considerably improved.

The Raleigh, in its day a well-known Club, as a popular resort of sporting men-about-town disappeared when the building which housed it was pulled down, and though for a time there was a talk of its rising Phœnix-like to enjoy a new spell of prosperity, the increased cost of construction and other causes, produced by the war, seem to have killed it altogether.

During the middle of the last century there were quite a number of high-class Bohemian Clubs in London where actors, authors and artists met.

Such a one was the Athenian, the dinners of which took place on Saturdays in a private hotel at the bottom of Norfolk Street, Strand, with a view over the Thames. A number of notable men, including Harrison Weir and John Ryder, were members of this coterie which eventually became merged in the Arundel Club, which was lodged in a fine house at the end of Salisbury Street.

Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir Frank Lockwood, Mr. H. Wills, the dramatist George Rose, W. S. Gilbert and Joseph Knight, were at some time all members here and for years this Club was noted for the brilliant talk and social amenities which were to be found within its walls.

For various reasons, the chief of which probably was the necessity for a change of premises, the Arundel

eventually languished and has now long ceased to exist.

Other literary and artistic resorts were the Reunion Club in Maiden Lane, Strand, and the Urban Club at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, while a number of inns and hostelries were well-known meeting-places for younger men of slender means who had not yet made their mark.

Stone's coffee-house in Panton Street was at one time noted for its good company, while a cheery supper could be eaten at the Coach and Horses opposite Somerset House.

An amusingly named Club came into being in the 'sixties shortly after the Anthropological Society was founded, when a number of members, including Swinburne, having agreed to meet and fill up the interval between Council meetings at four in the afternoon and eight in the evening, called themselves the "Cannibal Club" out of respect for those savage races which it would be the main business of the Society to study.

Among Clubs of a special kind must be classed the little-known "Goat," a Club of recent origin, the premises of which are in Regent Street.

The membership here is strictly limited to officers of the Royal Navy, with the younger of whom the "Goat" is a favourite meeting-place, for nowhere else in London can accurate Naval news be so easily obtained.

Like certain of the old St. James's Street Clubs, which originated from inns, the name of the "Goat" was taken from an inn in Clifford Street, Bond Street, where naval officers were wont to meet.

The old Beefsteak Society dined in a room at the Lyceum Theatre, but the Beefsteak Club, which may be considered its successor, has its own Club premises in Green Street, Leicester Square, including a dining-

room with a well-designed high-pitched roof in which the Club device of a gridiron has been appropriately introduced.

The flourishing condition of this Club, the sole attraction of which is pleasant social intercourse, clearly shows that the spirit which animated so many Clubs of past days is not extinct.

The Beefsteak has neither billiard nor card rooms, does not admit strangers, and makes no pretence of providing anything beyond well-cooked English food; nevertheless it is one of the most agreeable resorts in London and, unlike many elaborately appointed Clubs, seems never to be in want of candidates.

Within the last fifty or sixty years several Clubs have taken up their abode in Piccadilly, notably the Turf, one of the few which even in these days still retains a certain amount of social prestige.

The finest Club-house, however, from an architectural point of view is the St. James' (which on the Club note-paper has always been spelt with but one s). The mansion which it occupies (No. 106, Piccadilly) was originally Coventry House, purchased in 1764 for ten thousand guineas by the sixth Earl of Coventry from Sir Hugh Hunlock, who could not afford to put the roof on.

A cistern, bearing the initials H. H., may still be seen in the area.

Certain rooms here were decorated by Robert Adam, while the façade in the late Palladian style, is one of the most artistic and noteworthy in Piccadilly.

The ceiling of what is now the dining-room on the first floor, it may be added, is a brilliant example of Robert Adam's decorative work.

As an example of an eighteenth-century English nobleman's town mansion, this house, which remains almost in its original state, is highly important.

Some time after No. 106 had been left by the Coventry family, who appear to have removed some of the mantelpieces to Croome, it became, for a time, the private residence of the French Ambassador, Count Flahaut, the son of Talleyrand and the grandfather of Lord Lansdowne.

It was afterwards the abode of the Coventry House Club, which seems to have existed mainly for purposes of High Play.

In any case it was popular with the men-about-town of mid-Victorian days, for Surtees, in one of his books, speaks of the former as leaning over the balcony, which still exists to-day.

The original founders of the St. James' Club were Lord Granville and the Marquess d'Azeglio, who at one time shared rooms with the former nobleman in Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, and in all probability then exercised a good deal of influence over that statesman. The Marquess d'Azeglio died in 1890. In his day he had been a handsome man and genial companion.

The Savile, which is located at No. 107, Piccadilly, is a very pleasant little Club with a membership largely composed of men with literary and artistic interests.

In 1914 several unobtrusive private houses next the Savile Club were demolished to make way for a gigantic hotel. The war, however, prevented the new structure from getting any farther than a mass of girders which, up to the present year (1922), has imparted a rather skeleton-like air to this part of Piccadilly.

The Isthmian, on the other side of the St. James' Club, has since the Armistice unfortunately closed its doors.

This Club, which filled an obvious want as a social

centre for young men who had just left the University, was founded in 1882, being then domiciled in Lord Brougham's fine old mansion in Grafton Street. In a few years it had migrated to Walsingham House. When that building, which had not been erected for very many years, was pulled down to make way for the Ritz Hotel, the Isthmian once more moved to 105, Piccadilly, which in its day had been the Pulteney Hotel and the residence of Lord Hertford and of Sir Julian Goldsmid.

Up to the outbreak of the Great War, the Isthmian, which in a portion of its new premises was able to entertain ladies, seemed to have embarked upon a career of uninterrupted prosperity, there having been as many as 1,500 members upon the Club list.

Its disappearance was a real loss to the younger generation of Clubmen, and it is to be hoped that with the advent of better times a Club of a similar kind may once more come into being.

In Piccadilly are a number of Clubs of comparatively recent origin. The largest of these is the Junior Constitutional, now numbered 101, Piccadilly. The Club-house built not so very many years ago, while not entirely above criticism from an architectural point of view, seems to fulfil the requirements of a large membership.

The Badminton is at No. 98. At No. 95 is the American Club, located in a comparatively new mansion. The house which the latter replaced was once the abode of Mr. Jones, the retired tailor who formed the splendid collection now at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

After Lord Palmerston's death, No. 94 (Cambridge House) was reported to be about to be pulled down in order to make way for a Roman Catholic chapel. Happily this fine mansion, now occupied by the Naval

and Military Club, was spared. Had a chapel been erected it would have added another chapter to the curious history of this site, which originally was occupied by an inn.

The Junior Naval and Military at No. 96 has not yet attained its majority.

The Cavalry Club is of no great age. The Cavendish close by, which is a good deal younger, occupies premises for a brief period known as the Junior Travellers'.

The Royal Thames Yacht Club at 80 and 81 only moved into its present premises a few years ago.

Opposite the Bachelors'—in its day considered quite a startling innovation, but now one of the well-known Clubs of London—has arisen the Argentine Club. The mansion which it has acquired was built by the late Mr. George Herring, a financial magnate whose early days were connected with the Turf, of which he had many stories to tell.

Going farther afield the new Guards' Club, a portion of which is allotted to ladies, is at 41 and 43, Brook Street.

Wells' Club, a pleasant meeting-place for men-about-town interested in sport of every kind, is in Old Bond Street, while not far away in Clifford Street is Buck's Club founded since the Great War. This, though not entirely a military Club, has a membership largely composed of young officers, the staff being mainly Guardsmen who served in France.

Admirably managed, Buck's has broken new ground in starting a much-appreciated oyster bar.

One of the amenities of this Club is the charming old panelled house in which it is located. While in every respect up to date, care has been taken not to impair the charm of the fine old woodwork, with which it abounds.

V

I. PASSING LONDON

MACAULAY was reputed to have walked through every street in London, but the great city of his day was of course almost insignificant as compared with the vast agglomeration of houses which now constitute the ever-increasing capital.

Mother Shipton is said to have prophesied that in course of time Highgate Hill should be the middle of the town and possibly she was not so far out in her forecast after all.

Whether an enormous city is a good thing is an open question? Queen Elizabeth thought not, for she and her immediate successors did all they could to limit its confines. In July, 1580, the building of houses within three miles of any of the City gates was prohibited, and in 1602 a proclamation dealt with the "restraining of the increase of buildings," and the "voyding of inmates" in the cities of London and Westminster and for three miles round.

Nevertheless, in spite of regulations, the Plague and the Great Fire, which destroyed 13,200 houses, London continued to grow.

All great cities seem to follow a law which causes them to spread in a particular direction, the tendency being towards the west. In this they seem to be but following the dictates of some mysterious natural

law, for all the great migrations of the white race have been in a direction contrary to the rotation of the globe. The Egyptians, Semites, Greeks, Romans, Normans, Arabs, Turks and Barbarians, as well as Christopher Columbus and the ancient navigators, all journeyed towards the west, and it is a remarkable fact that all movements in the opposite direction, even when led by an Alexander or a Napoleon, have signally failed.

Belgravia, which is a southern wing of the West End, was mainly built between 1826 and 1852 ; since the latter date, however, it has greatly extended, houses and streets having now long obliterated what not such a very long time ago was the rural village of Chelsea.

South Kensington, of course, is of quite modern growth. As has aptly been said, "The West End, indeed, is always moving into the country and never getting there."

Paris, though it has spread up the Champs Elysées, finds its further progress impeded by the Bois de Boulogne.

London, however, has no checks of this kind, and goodness knows where it will eventually end. Ever since the days of the Plantagenets it has been travelling westwards. From the City it spread to the Strand, Canonbury and Clerkenwell. In the time of the Stuarts it embraced St. Clement Danes and Whitehall.

Bloomsbury and Soho arose under William III and Queen Anne, while in the reigns of the Georges the Portland, Portman and Grosvenor estates became covered with houses.

Owing to the haphazard manner in which the suburbs of London were developed, much natural beauty was needlessly destroyed. Little account was then taken of anything beyond the erection of rows of hideous houses.

In the early part of the nineteenth century a superb view was to be obtained from the heights of Islington. To-day this seems impossible, yet people used to make a point of arriving at Sadlers Wells Theatre an hour before the time of commencement, for the express purpose of sitting in one of the arbours of the adjoining tea-gardens, in which in the spring-time grew lilacs and honeysuckles, and afterwards fine hops and scarlet-runners. Watching the boys fishing in the new river under the shade of the fine trees, and drinking a pint of wine sent over from the theatre passed the time away.

In those days an hour's walk took you from Bloomsbury to fields, hedgerows and green lanes, all now long covered with bricks and mortar.

It is strange to reflect that not very much longer than a century ago the Bayswater Road—originally Bayswater Lane—was purely rural in its surroundings.

Though a very old London thoroughfare, Oxford Street is a comparatively new name; in the earlier part of the last century it was called Oxford Road. At the end, in the old days, was Tyburn Turnpike, a veritable barrier, closing not only this road but the Edgware Road too. Here stood a single turnpike man who took toll and gave tickets in exchange.

It is a matter of congratulation that when the houses east and west of Stratford Place, Oxford Street, were recently rebuilt the square Adam posts with their lions were preserved.

Just inside at No. 1 lived for a time Richard Cosway. Later on, however, he moved to No. 20, on the opposite side of Stratford Place.

Oxford Street, of course, was so called from being the highway from London to Oxford. In 1708 it was known as Tyburn Road, and the exact year in which it first received its present name is uncertain.

New Oxford Street, opened for carriage traffic in March, 1847, occupies the site of the rookery of St. Giles, through which the new thoroughfare was driven at considerable cost.

All that remained of this infamous Rookery, long notorious as being the resort of thieves, sharpers and other disreputable people, was in the autumn of 1849 condensed in ninety-five wretched houses in Church Lane and Carrier Street, wherein nearly three thousand people were crammed into a space of ground little over an acre in extent.

At the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign many interesting relics of old London still stood, as well as curious bits of the ancient villages at Hampstead, Hackney, Bromley and elsewhere. Fairfax House at Putney and the so-called Cromwell's House at Shepherd's Bush were still in existence, as was Earl's Court House, which had been the residence of Dr. John Hunter from 1764 to 1795. In addition to this, the ancient inns of Southwark and of Holborn were still in their picturesque, if somewhat battered condition. To-day little remains of all these interesting relics of the past.

Here and there linger strange vestiges of the London of long-past days.

Such are the little red plates of the Duchy of Lancaster which mark the boundaries of the Savoy owned by the Duchy since the thirteenth century.

In May of the present year, 1922, thirteen jurymen, selected at the Easter Court leet of the Manor, perambulated its boundaries and the Liberty of the Savoy to see that the little red plates were in their proper places.

A picturesque touch was given to the procession by a couple of beadles bearing staves tipped with silver emblems—in one case the silver anchor of the

parish of St. Clement Danes, in the other the figure of St. John the Baptist.

The limits of the points visited may roughly be said to have lain between No. 1, Fleet Street and the Lyceum Theatre.

While archæologists deplore the destruction of old buildings and the lack of interest taken in their fate, it is but fair to the present age to remember that only within comparatively recent times has any solicitude whatever been shown towards the work of generations which have passed away.

The men of the Renaissance were quite ruthless as regards the finest specimens of Gothic architecture and scarcely anyone in the eighteenth century hesitated to destroy where their comfort was concerned.

The Victorian age was destructive in a different way, much vandalism being perpetrated under the cloak of "Restoration." Some of the fine old City churches which were in good repair have suffered with the rest. They could not even let alone the pew in St. Olave's, Hart Street, where garrulous old Samuel Pepys used to sit, but must pull down the gallery in which it stood and affix an elaborate modern tablet to the wall close by; such a memorial is no compensation for the interesting associations which have been destroyed.

Reverence for the work of past ages is purely modern, and it must be admitted that the demolition of any building of historical interest arouses real opposition to-day.

Great regret was expressed, for instance, at the disappearance of Christ's Hospital, Newgate Street, which began to be taken down in 1901, the painted windows having been removed for transportation to Horsham early in that year. As a matter of fact, though the building occupied the site of the Monastery

of Grey Friars, only a row of arches, once a cloister, had survived the various changes made in a long course of years.

The Great Hall, though not a bad imitation of Gothic work, was built between 1825 and 1829, the designer being John Shaw, while the pseudo-Elizabethan Grammar School was an even more recent addition.

The old houses, which, up to comparatively recent years, abounded in Fleet Street and the Strand, besides being often quaint or picturesque, served a good purpose in preserving "the atmosphere" of London.

In 1893, Hare Court, Temple, a curious relic of old London, was removed. At No. 4, in 1787, Wolfe Tone had chambers. The buildings indeed had many interesting associations.

At No. 122, Great Portland Street, demolished in 1898, Boswell is said to have spent the last years of his life, and here he appears to have died on 19 May, 1795.

Boswell is usually said to have died at No. 47, but this is owing to Great Portland Street having been renumbered and in part renamed. Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, during his residence in England, in 1850, lived in this house.

In 1901 was demolished No. 22, Catherine Street, Strand, once the office of the "Echo."

Notwithstanding its modern cement front the house was an old one. Here during the reign of Queen Anne was carried on the business of John Walsh, a famous musical-instrument maker, and music publisher, who published Handel's principal works. Walsh's picturesque sign was "The Golden Harp and Hautboy."

In the middle of the nineteenth century the premises

were turned into a theatre, at which period the front appears to have received its coat of cement and some decorations emblematic of the drama which still remained at the time of the demolition.

One of the very few surviving old houses is a shop close to the Temple Bar memorial.

Bloom's, as it was called, was up to 1921 tenanted by an optician. Now he has gone, the old house will probably soon be demolished.

Two interesting old houses at the Charing Cross end of the Strand disappeared during the Great War.

An appeal for their preservation was made to the London Society, but owing to the state of affairs no action could be taken, so these relics of another age shared the fate of so many interesting buildings which once abounded in Wych Street, Booksellers Row, and other old-world thoroughfares.

A striking sign of the times has been the disappearance of almost all the great mansions which once housed the British aristocracy.

In Piccadilly, though Coventry House and Cambridge House remain, having been turned into clubs, Devonshire House is doomed, with the result, it is to be feared, that Lansdowne House close by will eventually share its fate.

Harcourt House was demolished some years ago, and the remains of Bolingbroke House, an old building at Battersea, with historical associations, are, it is said, shortly to be cleared away.

The one remaining wing of the old mansion in question retained a Jacobean staircase and Cedar Room, as well as several elaborate ceilings, which together with some Queen Anne panelling have been sold to a dealer in antiques.

Pope, it is said, wrote his "Essay on Man," in

the Cedar Room, from which a secret passage led to St. John's Hill, Clapham Junction.

The house was last used as offices for clerks and typists of a big flour mill.

This is far from being the only abode of the old English nobility which has been made to serve purely utilitarian purposes.

St. George's Hospital, it is curious to remember, occupies the site of Lanesborough House. The Hospital in question takes its origin from the Westminster Infirmary, which was originally founded in Petty France in the year 1719, and was the first hospital for the sick supported by voluntary contributions. In 1724 the Infirmary was removed to Chappell Street, but more room being required, two places were proposed: the one being some houses belonging to a Mr. Green, and the other Lanesborough House. This was the country residence of the first Lord Lanesborough, a nobleman extremely fond of dancing, who was satirized by Pope in the lines:

"Sober Lanesborough dancing with the gout."

Lord Lanesborough, living as he then did on the outskirts of London, put on the front of his mansion:

"It is my delight to be,
Both in town and country,"

The majority of the Governors were in favour of Mr. Green, but the minority and the medical officers seceded in 1733, and took Lanesborough House, which was open for the reception of patients on 1 January, 1733-34. It was soon found to be too small, and wings were added to the old house. In 1825 it was decided that an entirely new house should be erected, and the rebuilding was forthwith commenced by William Wilkins, R.A., in the rear of the old hospital, and was finished in 1834. In 1851 the south wing was

extended at its western end, and in 1859 the north and south wings were raised a story.

Burlington House, though it has not actually ceased to exist, has been divided up between the Royal Academy and the London University. Northumberland House, with its beautiful gardens, has long been destroyed, the ground having been built over in the 'seventies.

The mansion, though not very ornate in detail, had an interesting façade with huge double doors always kept closed. The lion which crowned the old mansion (with its tail pointing in contempt towards the City), which is now at Sion House, was a never-failing object of interest to country-people visiting London; and it was a favourite joke of mischievous boys to tell any rustic of more than common credulity that if this lion were watched long enough it would certainly be observed to wag its tail. Not a few returned to their homes firmly convinced that they had actually seen this happen.

Northumberland House was an historical edifice which the craze for "modern improvement" should have spared.

Half a million was the price paid for the house and grounds—about three acres of land—and the descendant of the builder was able to lay the "flattering unction to his soul" that he had not disposed of his inheritance at a sacrifice. In 1873, however, when the purchase was concluded, there was considerable opposition to the demolition of the old mansion which had for so long been a London landmark.

"If there were no other way of getting from Charing Cross to the Embankment than by the destruction of Northumberland House, with its associations, its art collections, and most interesting Jacobean façade," said a critic, "we should feel that resistance

would be useless, although we will not admit that even then it should not be attempted. We believe that an association, a touch of sentiment, a reminder of the past may, under circumstances, be of more value in the education of a nation than a short cut. But we are strongly of opinion, with all respect for the professional advisers of the Board, that an equally good approach might be obtained without this very costly sacrifice."

One reason why no great fight was made against the demolition of Northumberland House was that its gardens had never been accessible to the public.

The locality, it would seem, cannot have been a very agreeable one for private residents.

North of Charing Cross was a labyrinth of narrow streets and courts reaching to the Seven Dials which had real terrors for parents who feared lest children straying into it should be kidnapped by some of the disreputable characters with which the district was supposed to abound.

Seven Dials and the slums surrounding it have now long disappeared, swept away by the opening out of Charing Cross Road and Shaftesbury Avenue.

Buckingham Palace stands on the site of two older mansions.

In 1666 the Lord Arlington, who was a member of the Cabal Administration, hired Goring House and renamed it Arlington House. He it was who, in that year, first brought tea to England, and it is probable, therefore, that the first cup of tea drunk in this country was brewed where Buckingham Palace now stands.

Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, purchased the property in 1698, and built a new house in the place of the old in 1703, which he named Buckingham House. The situation was exceptional. From the gates spread the Mall, where the world of London lived the greater

part of the day and much of the night; and at the back there was country as far as the eye could reach.

George III bought for £21,000 Buckingham House from John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, in 1761—that is, a little over fifty years after it was built, the date of the latter event being 1703. Buckingham House was pulled down in 1825, and the present palace, which cost about a million of money to erect, was completed in 1837, having taken twelve years to build. Queen Victoria, who succeeded to the throne on 20 June, 1837, was the first sovereign to occupy it. This was on 13 July, 1837, less than a month after her accession. It was the joke of the day that Buckingham Palace was the cheapest Royal residence in the world, for "it was built for one sovereign and furnished for another."

The building itself, which is of a somewhat barrack-like style, was built by Nash and Blore. The remodelling which the exterior has undergone in recent years has greatly improved it.

The design for Spencer House, which looks into the Green Park, though known as having been the work of Vardy, is said to have in reality been taken from a drawing by Inigo Jones, the pediment alone being purely original.

Wimborne House in Arlington Street, before receiving its present name, was successively known as Beaufort House, Hamilton House and Walsingham House. It was the interior of this house, it is said, that Hogarth utilized as the scene of the wonderful series illustrating the marriage *à la mode*. Lord Houghton was one of its first occupants and in 1870 a great party was given there to inaugurate the opening of a telegraph cable to India, in those days considered a great feat. Messages were sent to the Viceroy during the evening and congratulatory replies duly received, whilst most of the

intellect and rank of London were amongst the guests. Mr., afterwards Sir John, Pender was the host.

No. 5, Arlington Street, up to a few years ago presented much the same appearance outside as it did when it was the residence of Sir Robert Walpole in the eighteenth century.

His son Horace, the author of the famous letters, also lived in this house from 1742 to 1779.

Within recent years the old brick front, or at least the lower part of it, has been covered with stucco, while the ground-floor windows have been altered and cut down. A not uninteresting survival of old London Street architecture, this unobtrusive little house might well have been left in its original condition.

Lower down the street on the other side was the residence of another Prime Minister—Lord Salisbury.

This house, with a huge nondescript addition projecting over what must once have been a courtyard or garden, is chiefly remarkable for being one of the ugliest buildings in the West End of London.

This probably disturbed Lord Salisbury not at all. As is notorious, he rather gloried in being called a Philistine, a term which he wittily defined as "being assailed by the jawbone of an ass!"

No. 19, Curzon Street, once the residence of his illustrious predecessor, Lord Beaconsfield, though not remarkable from an artistic point of view, is a more pleasing structure.

In the same street "Wharncliffe House," a pleasant-looking old mansion with a grass plot and trees in front, has been rechristened "Crewe House."

Londonderry House has also had another name, having formerly been Holdernesse House. Here, on occasions of great state, Frances Anne, Lady Londonderry, was wont to sit enthroned and be so haughty

in her manner that people would jokingly ask one another, "Are you going to see Lady Londonderry insult her guests to-night?" The ways of this lady indeed seem to have resembled those of a female potentate of an Oriental court. Old Dr. Fuller (the last known of the apothecaries) was once summoned to dislodge a fish bone from her throat, and when imperiously told to begin, was obliged to say that he was quite unable to get within many yards of her ladyship's throat in consequence of her crinoline forming an insurmountable barrier.

Gloucester House, as was inevitable, did not long survive its last occupant, the old Duke of Cambridge. Soon after his death it was demolished, a new building containing highly luxurious flats being built on its site. The ground floor is now used as a motor showroom of an elaborate description.

Apsley House, which was built by Henry Bathurst, Baron Apsley, and Lord High Chancellor in the eighteenth century, was originally red brick.

In 1828, however, it was faced with Bath stone, while the front portico and western wing with a gallery 90 feet long were added by Messrs. Wyatt. In other respects the old house seems to have remained intact. During the ferment consequent upon the introduction of the Reform Bill the Great Duke of Wellington put up bullet-proof iron shutters—these, however, were taken down by his successor in 1855.

There have been two Melbourne Houses—one Melbourne House, Whitehall, and the other Melbourne House, where the Albany is now.

The courtyard of this mansion was originally enclosed by gates, while behind was an entrance on to Savile Row, from a garden on ground now covered by the Chambers of the Albany.

At the end of the eighteenth century, Lady Mel-

bourne lavished large sums on the adornment of the house, to decorate which various artists were employed.

Cipriani painted the ceiling of the ball-room, while Wheatley embellished several other apartments. Biagio Rebecca, a well-known painter and associate of the Royal Academy, was also employed.

About 1790 the Duke of York, struck with the beauties of the mansion, and complaining that he was tired of Whitehall, Lady Melbourne, after obtaining her husband's consent, agreed to an exchange of residences, which much pleased her admirer.

Mexborough House in Grafton Street was demolished at the end of last century. Besides offices which extended down the hill to Berkeley Street there existed a cowhouse which was the last of its kind in the West End.

Ashburnham House, 30, Dover Street, which had been erected by James Brudenell in 1729, was purchased by the second Lord Ashburnham about 1759. A gateway and lodge entrance appear to have been provided in 1773, when Robert Adam was called in to make alterations.

Till its demolition in 1897 this mansion remained the town house of the Earls of Ashburnham.

Carrington House in Mayfair is a moderate-sized building with a somewhat curious front. One or two good ceilings are within, but no particular history appears to be attached to the building.

Round the corner in Carrington Street lived the celebrated Kitty Fisher, but the exact house in which this beauty lived has not been identified.

Her extravagance, according to contemporary chroniclers, appears to have been great. On one occasion she is said to have eaten a bank-note for a large sum placed between two pieces of bread and butter.

She is also said to have been rapacious, all of her noble friends being expected to leave a hundred guineas every time they visited her house.

On one occasion the Duke of York, brother to George III, left only fifty, upon which Miss Fisher gave orders that he was not to be allowed within her doors again.

In 1849, Chesterfield House was let by the sixth Earl of Chesterfield to the first Duke—then Marquess—of Abercorn. The sixth Earl of Chesterfield sold the house in 1869 for £170,000 to Mr. Charles Magniac, who by selling most of the garden, stables and out-buildings recovered practically the whole sum he had paid and had the house for nothing.

In the 'eighties it was acquired by the late Lord Burton from whose widow Lord Lascelles purchased it in 1920.

In the 'nineties the father of the latter, Lord Harewood, sold Harewood House, Hanover Square, to the Royal Agricultural Society, who used it and occupied it for some years till it was demolished, when a block of residential flats was erected on the site. At the time of the sale there was a great craze for doing away with barriers, and the one in Harewood Place, through which people without a key had only been able to walk, not drive, was removed.

The incursion of wheeled traffic which resulted from this change, in a great measure destroyed the amenities of living in the house, and no doubt contributed towards its ceasing to be a private residence.

The mantelpieces, together with a number of plaques painted by Angelica Kaufmann, were removed to Lord Harewood's new residence in Upper Belgrave Street, where the beautiful Adam dining-room was reproduced. The fanlight over the front door may be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum, while portions of the

highly ornamental stair-rail found their way into various private houses. The mansion, it may be added, was originally built for the Duke of Roxburgh, from whom it was acquired in a somewhat incomplete state by an ancestor of the last owner.

As was not unusual in great mansions, the stables and laundry occupied a good deal of space, stretching back as far as Oxford Street.

For some time the house with its splendid rooms was occupied as offices. Eventually, however, it was demolished, and on the site arose a big block of flats.

With the encroachment of business premises Hanover Square became less of a fashionable quarter, with the consequence that old residents gradually went elsewhere.

In 1900 disappeared the Hanover Square or Queen's Concert Rooms. Within its walls various forms of entertainment had rejoiced several generations. In its last days ventures of the gigantic club kind failed to succeed; as a matter of fact, the old place might have been said to have been "everything by turns and nothing long." Concerts, assemblies, lectures, readings and meetings had at various times sought to attract the public.

In the 'sixties, when the rooms were noted for the concerts given there, a monthly magazine of new music was issued entitled "Hanover Square."

On the cover of this magazine was a view of the Square, showing the Pitt statue and St. George's Church in the background.

Hertford House, which now houses the Wallace Collection, was once the French Embassy. Lord Hertford, it is said, desired to remove the pictures, but abandoned this scheme on account of the opposition of his tenant, who insisted that if it were carried out the whole house should be thoroughly redecorated.

The fourth Lord Hertford spent the end of his life in Paris, where he owned No. 2, Rue Laffitte.

Part of the house he let. His own suite of rooms, which was on the first floor, was said to be the most luxurious in Paris. It contained rooms furnished respectively in the styles of Louis Quatorze, Quinze, and Seize, the only flaw in this scheme of decoration being the fire-dogs or andirons in the Louis Quinze room, which experts criticized as being of the period of Louis XVI. Mr. Frederick Hankey, a collector, occupied the second floor.

In 1698, William III purchased Nottingham House for £20,000 from the second Earl of Nottingham, together with twenty-six acres of land. That is the origin of Kensington Palace and Kensington Gardens. William and Mary altered and added to the house, according to designs by Sir Christopher Wren, and laid out the gardens under the superintendence of Lenotre, who was gardener to the Tuileries. Anne reigned next, and continued to build, and added thirty acres to the grounds. George I added the great staircase and the Cube-room, being advised in these matters by Kent.

George II followed, together with Queen Caroline, and the latter increased the Gardens by assimilating a large portion of Hyde Park. This Queen was anxious to enclose St. James's Park, and asked Sir Robert Walpole how much it would cost to do that. "Only three Crowns," was the answer. It is to Queen Caroline that we owe the ornamental waters in Kensington Gardens.

George III removed his residence to St. James's Palace.

Baron Grant, a financial meteor of the late Victorian Era, purchased a large area of slum-land close to Kensington Palace, demolished the houses, and erected Kensington House—a big barrack of a place surrounded

by its own grounds. How many thousands Baron Grant paid for the site and spent in erecting and in decorating the house cannot be guessed; but Kensington House was only once used, and that on the occasion of the Bachelors' Ball, which was given there on Thursday, 22 July, 1880.

It is curious to note that according to a claim recently made in "The Times," by Messrs. Hampton & Sons, No. 7, Kensington Park Gardens was the first private house in London to be lit by the electric light. This was in the early 'eighties, and the arrangements for the installation in which the conducting wires were insulated in glass were arranged by the occupier—the late Sir William Crookes, O.M.

Though Holland House may be said to be in danger there seems to be no immediate fear of its destruction.

Here old Lady Holland at one time held a sort of "court." Owing to her elopement, she was never received at St. James's; nevertheless she was made a great deal of by the leading ladies of the Whig party, who used to crowd to her evening receptions, and her youthful escapade was in latter years almost totally forgotten or overlooked.

Lady Holland's dictatorial ways and passion for interfering with and upsetting everybody were notorious. At times, indeed, she was positively insolent. She was declared, for instance, on one occasion when a very shy young man was sitting next her at dinner, to have plunged her hand into his pocket, drawn out his handkerchief, and, with a sniff of disgust, given it to the servant behind her chair, with the words, "Take that to the wash!" In Count D'Orsay, however, Lady Holland met her match, for seated next him at dinner during the early days of his residence in England, she kept letting her napkin slip from her lap, expecting that the awestruck young foreigner would continue

to keep picking it up, as a commanding motion of the hand on each occasion directly indicated. Polite at first, he soon wearied of what he discerned to be no accident but a mere piece of impertinence, which was effectually checked by the words: "Should I not do better, Madam, to sit under the table in order to keep passing you your napkin more quickly?"

Scarsdale House, Kensington, was demolished a good many years ago, the site being occupied by Ponting's. Stratheden House, Knightsbridge, in which Lord Campbell wrote his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," was pulled down about twenty-three years ago.

In 1900 disappeared Harley, once Brunswick House, at the corner of Brunswick Place and Marylebone Road where once lived the Queen of Oude.

In its last years it had become the Convent of Marie Réparatrice, a chapel having been built in the grounds.

A block of flats now covers the site. As a matter of fact, the Marylebone Road has suffered more changes than most thoroughfares, Hospitals, Flats and Railway Stations having pretty well obliterated any picturesque features it formerly possessed.

It is now difficult to realize that within living memory districts now covered with streets and villas were purely rural, composed of farms and market gardens from which produce was sent into London.

By the middle of the last century, however, the farms close around the metropolis were steadily but slowly disappearing; London was spreading itself, and the area of supply for its needs was rapidly growing wider.

By the 'sixties the Deptford and Bermondsey gardens had been curtailed, those at Hoxton and Hackney covered with houses, while the Brompton and Kensington nurseries, the home of vegetables for centuries, had been dug up and sown with International Exhibition Temples, Italian gardens, together with the

beginnings of new streets, with the result that they would never grow another pea or send a single cauliflower to market.

During the earlier portion of the nineteenth century there were ten thousand acres of ground within four miles of Charing Cross under cultivation for vegetables, besides about three thousand acres planted with fruit to supply the London consumption. Gradually the growth of London pushed the market gardener farther and farther into the country, and as time went on the railway, to a great extent, took the place of the wagons which, for many generations, had made their way to Covent Garden.

Old salesmen of the market lived to see Guernsey and Jersey, Cornwall, the Scilly Isles, France, Holland, Belgium, Portugal and many other more distant places, competing with the remote outskirts of the metropolis; a staggering blow to such veterans must have been the first arrival of choice early peas from such a country as Algeria.

The old-fashioned Covent Garden porters were something of a race apart, having a strong taste for sport in its various forms. Often they were the owners of square-headed bull-terriers, which could give a good account of themselves in a fight. Quite a number of these men were experts with their fists, while others were ready to back themselves at running.

The packing of vegetables upon market carts is a special art; loads of lettuces and cabbages ten feet high being roped and netted down so tightly that when unloosened it seems marvellous that they should have been pressed into such a space.

Another feature of the market is the dexterity with which men bearing baskets and cases on their heads pass hither and thither, dodging one another in a way which is only the result of long experience.

The whole place is a veritable beehive, pervaded by an air of roughness, showing that buyers, salesmen, and porters are no respecters of persons, their motto being work first and politeness afterwards. Visitors who stand about watching what is going on have to keep a sharp look out lest in the scuffle and hurry they are not bumped against or even knocked over.

It has been said that the district known as Covent Garden has more literary and human interest than any other spot in London.

The Bedford Coffee Tavern, which stood at one end of the Piazza, was intimately associated with Garrick, Foote, Quin, and other notabilities, while at the north-west corner, where now is the National Sporting Club, was Evans', a famous meeting-place for men of wit and fashion. There once, it is said, as many as nine Dukes dined on one evening. The Piazza Hotel was one of Sheridan's favourite resorts. In long-past days Covent Garden was a highly fashionable quarter. Here in the Piazzas, between 1666 and 1700, resided the Duke of Richmond, the Marquess of Winchester, the Earl of Oxford, Lord Brownlow, Lord Hollis, Lord Newport, Lord Lucas, Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sir Peter Lely, and many others. King Street, Henrietta Street, and other adjacent thoroughfares also housed a large number of persons of quality.

Something more than two centuries ago, Covent Garden was a grand square or Piazza, and even to-day the fringe of houses which surrounds it are full of anecdote and history as is the gloomy old colonnade and what remains of the cluster of old taverns, once popular with the men of pleasure of a vanished age.

Covent Garden, indeed, though it had once been monastic property, attached to the Convent of Westminster, was at the latter part of the eighteenth century, a sort of English Palais Royal, full of roystering

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blades and pretty girls, while drink flowed in abundance.

A number of celebrated Anonymas lived close to the garden, while their humbler sisters went to seek admirers beneath the shelter of the colonnade, which to-day is about as gloomy and deserted as a Cathedral aisle.

Even as late as the 'twenties of the last century, Pierce Egan describes his heroes, Corinthian Tom and Jerry Hawthorne, as going to Covent Garden in search of nocturnal sport.

All that, however, is now a thing of the past and the whole place is as staid and solemn as the church which, with its churchyard full of mouldy but undying celebrities, occupies such a conspicuous position on one side of it.

From time immemorial Covent Garden—to-day the Vegetable, Fruit and Flower Garden of London—was always spoken of as an appanage of the Abbey of Westminster.

Stowe, in his "Survey of London," refers to the Garden as a possession of the Abbey; since time out of mind and as far as it is possible to judge, it would seem conclusive that the Garden had always been used by the monks and friars and by the clergy of Westminster generally as a burying-ground. It was far distant from the boundaries of this abbey and monastery as distance was reckoned in those days. Nevertheless in the space now bounded by houses and the Piazza the monks of Westminster grew their turnips, cabbages and carrots.

At one time the Covent Garden had been used as a burial-ground, but, fairly astute, the monks realized the value of the ground as a commercial centre. At the same time they were generous enough, and many a favoured servitor or the freedman of some serf-owner

who had paid heavy dues to purchase Masses for the repose of his soul, was granted the privilege of erecting a mediaeval stall outside the Convent Garden walls, where he made a living by the sale of fruit and vegetables.

As time went on, however, the monks began to realize that they needed the coin themselves, and for this reason the rents and dues of the fruit and vegetable costermongers outside the convent walls were recognized as a regular income.

In course of time came Henry VIII, whose reign was disastrous to English Monastic Institutions.

The religious houses were dissolved and their property taken away, the King's chief agent in this being Thomas Cromwell, a man with ideas and followers.

Among the latter was John Russell, the scion of a Dorsetshire family, and also a William Sissylt, an enterprising Welshman, who had attached themselves to his train ; and it is likely that the bright idea of inquiry into the monastic wealth emanated more directly from their brains than from that of Thomas Cromwell.

The fact remains that the monasteries and religious houses were raided and that the King got all the money he needed, and, further, that those who backed and supported His Majesty and his Vicar-General, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, were duly rewarded.

As was natural, a great scramble took place for the monastic spoils. The Russells at first had to be content with but a small remuneration, and this mostly in the country, where rents were moderate, but their services were not forgotten. The Duke of Somerset, uncle of Edward VI, had to be considered first, and he was the first secular owner of the Convent Garden.

The Earl of Bedford on the attainder of the Duke of Somerset was awarded the Covent Garden as a Crown gift.

For more than a hundred years after the Russells came into possession of the estate in 1552 they appear to have abstained from interference with old customs. The garden was preserved as a garden and the fruit and vegetable vendors who had been in the habit of occupying stalls outside its walls and of dealing with the old monks were allowed to pursue their occupations without disturbance. The only difference, so far as they were concerned, was that they bought from the Earl of Bedford's steward instead of purchasing from the porter or sacristan of the convent. There is no evidence even that the stall-holders were asked to pay any rent or dues for their privilege.

Rent, dues and tolls came later, but not until the Dukes of Bedford had recognized the need for a central market. London had by then grown all round the old Convent Garden, and the place had become the recognized place for the exchange of vegetable produce.

The Earls of Bedford levied both rent and tolls under the Royal Letters Patent granted to them by King Charles II in 1670, but there is little evidence to show that they regarded these as likely to form an important item in their revenue until the early years of the last century when the Duke applied for the new Act of Parliament, and was granted practically a fresh Charter on the 27th June, 1828. The Duke of Bedford then erected the present market buildings at his own expense, these being practically completed in 1831.

In 1856 was built the Floral Hall at the expressed desire of Mr. Gye, the operatic impresario. He had long cherished an idea for a huge central flower-market, which should supply the needs of all London, and so when the building was erected in 1856, simultaneously with the rebuilding of Covent Garden Theatre, after the fire, it received its name of The Floral Hall, though by the strange irony of fate it has become more a centre

for the wholesale fruit and vegetable trade, the florists and nurserymen being content to carry on their trade on the south side of the market square.

During the Great Plague most of the farmers and fruit growers near London became alarmed and fled, in consequence of which the sellers of Covent Garden had to enter into negotiations with distant growers and farmers who lived as far away as Hertfordshire, Kent and even Hampshire. In the Covent Garden of to-day there are persistent and numerous legends to this effect, every legend laden with a wealth of circumstantial detail, but one and all shadowy and vague.

All the legends, however, concur in one respect, namely, that there *are* certain growers who, as some recompense of their gallantry, were awarded the privilege of sending their produce toll-free into the market. It is even alleged that these said growers enjoy this privilege to the present day, and here and there one is told that Messrs. A, B and C are the owners and beneficiaries under the old grant. But that is about as much as can be ascertained. The Superintendent of the Market has heard of these privileges and desirous to discover whether they really exist has tried to trace the legend to its source. He is said to believe that at one time at least it was founded upon truth.

The rights, privileges or charters may have once existed and probably did so, but it is practically certain that they have all lapsed to-day, either through the death or disappearance of the heirs of the original owners, or else through their failure to keep their privileges alive.

St. Paul's, Covent Garden, on the western side of the Market, was built by Inigo Jones about 1633, the cost of its erection being borne by Francis Earl of Bedford. In 1727 it was repaired by the Earl of

Burlington. Totally destroyed by fire on 17 September, 1795, the church was rebuilt by John Hardwick, the plan and proportions of the original building being retained.

In front of St. Paul's hustings used to be erected at times when there was an Election—and here before the Reform Bill raged many a fierce contest in which Fox, Sir Francis Burdett and other popular candidates took part.

Not far away from Covent Garden another great market existed up to comparatively recent times.

It is hard to realize that almost till the middle of the last century the ground now occupied by Charing Cross Station was Hungerford Market, where great quantities of fish were sold.

The Market in question ran right down to the river, and smacks from Whitstable and other ports came close up to discharge cargoes of fish and oysters.

The latter were then not considered a luxury at all. Owing to their moderate price they were well within the reach of all classes. Dickens indeed said that "Poverty and Oysters" always seemed to go together.

Near Hungerford Market there formerly existed stairs for embarking on river-steamers or getting into the wherries which at that time were still to be hired.

A foot suspension bridge which spanned the river was removed when the present hideous railway bridge was built.

Re-erected at Clifton the former is now a conspicuous object for railway travellers leaving Bristol for the West.

VI

II. PASSING LONDON

PICCADILLY, "this radiant and immortal street," as Mr. W. C. Henley called it, has lost most of its brilliancy since the war, the ever-moving throng of well-dressed men and gorgeously apparelled women, who were formerly to be seen on the pavement during the season, having given way to a very drably arrayed crowd of passers-by. As far as the men are concerned, their dress is now much about the same as that worn in the Mile End Road.

Whatever may be said about the blessings attached to a Democratic Age, no one can maintain that it is conducive to the decorative or the picturesque.

In the 'seventies and 'eighties the streets of the West End were full of well-turned-out equipages and smartly dressed men.

The hideous cloth cap, the badge of modern Democracy, was scarcely to be seen at all and there was still some little sartorial difference between the classes. To-day, except for slight variations in cut and material, every one more or less dresses alike—it is the age of universal mediocrity which a cynic has said delights neither the eye nor the understanding.

Happily, there is still some diversity in ladies' dress; it is to be hoped that the horrible idea of a standard costume for women, which was mooted during the war, will never meet with success. Our

thoroughfares are quite sad looking enough without further efforts to rob them of the sparse patches of colour shown by gaily dressed girls and women.

The sartorial splendour which distinguished the loungers of a past age has no place in the hurry and bustle of modern life.

The last few years have witnessed the complete disappearance of the dandy who, under various names, was for generations one of the features of West End life.

Long before the Great War he had almost vanished, and the struggle in question drove him out of existence altogether.

Gone also the aged buck, who was not an uncommon figure in the West End during the Victorian Era. His disappearance, however, need cause no regrets.

At his best he was a dissipated old fop—at his worst a melancholy relic of days that had long passed away, resembling as he did a dismal ghost wandering amidst scenes where he and his contemporaries had once been the glasses of fashion and the moulds of form.

Though dandies, bucks and even typical men-about-town have passed away, here and there are to be found individuals who refuse to be entirely dominated by the levelling tide of democratic encroachment. Such a one was the resident in the West End who, whenever he had occasion to make use of a taxi, took care that one of his servants should clean it first.

Quite a modern feature of West End life is the invasion of Hyde Park by the proletariat. The great resort of fashion in the Victorian age, it was then full of well-dressed people at the correct hour on Sunday afternoons.

The amenities of the Park in question were in considerable danger at the time of the Great Exhibition,

when a number of the trees were very nearly cut down in order to make way for the huge building to be erected by Paxton.

The latter's great antagonist was Colonel Sibthorp, an honourable and gallant member of the House of Commons, who made a brave and successful fight against the proposed act of vandalism.

"Make what fuss you like about your modern ideas of industry," said the gallant Colonel, "but you shall not touch the trees; they are worth all your industry, and all your foreign knick-knacks, and free-trade and nonsense, and, indeed anything that ever came from Manchester."

Paxton's reply was, "Let the old trees stand, we will roof them over!" and he built his glass house one hundred feet higher in the middle, and thus made the transept. Then there was room for everything and everybody—men and merchandise, stray children and lost petticoats, bad coffee, clever pickpockets from England, France and Germany.

No capital in the world could boast such a splendid display of fine equipages as were to be seen in the Park during the Victorian Era.

The long sumptuous array of carriages, drawn by fine horses, went a good many years ago with the advent of the motor.

Piccadilly during the season was also a fine sight. There is now, however, no longer any "insolent parade" of luxury by the dwellers in Mayfair, most of whom find it a hard struggle to continue living there at all. To conjure up luxury and wealth one must think of the great company of shadows, who, in former days, lolled in their carriages or trod the paving stones in all the radiance which wealth or credit could provide.

Nor are the mansions in and around this district,

except in rare cases, any longer full of costly old furniture, plates and pictures with everything to contribute to the satisfaction of material desires.

Valuable pictures and *objets d'art* have, to a great extent, gone to Christie's, while the owners of great houses cannot afford to keep up the state for which such palatial abodes were originally constructed.

A number of fine old mansions have lost their ancient façades or have disappeared, but though altered in 1889 and again during the Great War, No. 139, Piccadilly, in Byron's day 13, Piccadilly Terrace, or the Terrace Piccadilly, as he sometimes called it, still stands. A number of changes, including a marble staircase and a lift, have however somewhat impaired the old-world atmosphere of the interior since the poet's day.

It was Hobhouse who arranged the lease for him, and got the Duchess of Devonshire to agree to a rental of £700 a year.

Byron's large bedroom on the first floor no longer exists in its original form, a drawing-room having taken its place. There used to be an old tradition that on certain nights the door of this room would open of itself, and those who had witnessed this declared that this was followed by an unseen presence making its existence felt. A strange patter of footsteps was also said occasionally to have been heard.

In the library it was that Byron, sitting moodily immersed in bills, found his wife standing before him.

"Do I bore you?" asked she.

"Damnably," was his reply, marking a very different state of mind from that he had been in when she had transcribed "The Bride of Corinth" and "Parisina" for her husband.

In this room had sat Moore, Sheridan, Leigh Hunt and Rogers, the banker-poet.

During the last alterations a mantelpiece which, though of a rather mixed style, possessed a considerable historic interest as having been in the house in Byron's time, was for some reason or other removed. A great admirer of the poet had years before more than once attempted to buy it from Lord Glenesk, who, however, refused all offers.

Taken away and stored at a housebreaker's, this relic, which seems to have escaped notice, was happily seen by a discerning lover of the Arts, in whose library at 17, Bedford Square, it has now found a fitting and appropriate resting-place.

Piccadilly, in which a number of well-known people have lived, is gradually losing its residential character.

The death of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, and the subsequent dispersal of the treasures contained in No. 1, Stratton Street, W., snapped a last link with Victorian days. Here his wife, the philanthropic Baroness, used, it is said, to let her friends know whether she was in or out by the position of a china cockatoo, which always hung in a front ground-floor window, and faced one way or the other according to a prearranged code.

The old box-like Georgian houses, which were so abundant up to the mid-Victorian times and later, were scarcely things of beauty, but there was a dignity about some of them which is not to be found in the palatial buildings of to-day. Covered with scrolls, pillars (generally supporting nothing) and uncouth statuary, very few of these erections attain any real artistic success.

On the other hand, modern architects are certainly clever in designing interiors, material comfort being well provided for, while considerable skill is shown in making the most of limited space.

Old houses, though often quaint and picturesque, are seldom very agreeable to live in.

A feature of the West End before the Great War was the abundance of flower-boxes which gave many a street quite a gay appearance.

Altogether there is not much brightness about the West End to-day. A depressing result within the last two or three years has been the number of discharged soldiers who are to be seen trying to make a few shillings by the sale of matches and other small wares.

No doubt a certain amount of these men are impostors, but it has been admitted that there is a good deal of distress among those who fought for us in the Great War.

This being so it would seem that the money subscribed to erect a number of monstrous monuments would have been better applied by going to swell a fund for the relief of poor soldiers and those dependent upon them.

What is the use of adding Lady Chapels to Cathedrals which are rarely filled?

Memorial crosses and stained-glass windows are admirable things in their way, but food and clothing for needy men, women and children are a great deal more necessary.

What a fine thing it would have been if 50 per cent. of all the money raised for War Memorials had had to be devoted to a fund for English sufferers from the Great War? The clergy might well have taken the lead in such a movement. Alas! that they should be so given to wasting their opportunities!

The fashion of ladies out for a walk having a footman to follow them was more or less a thing of the past as far back as the 'eighties, though a few old-fashioned people still adhered to it.

The practice of making footmen wear hair powder as well as knee breeches in the day-time, lasted far

longer; in fact, in some houses, they were to be seen as late as the end of the last century.

Practically all the small perambulating industries of Mayfair have disappeared. Here and there a flower-seller trundles his barrow, but street cries are prohibited and the halcyon days of his little trade are past.

Punch and Judy, who delighted countless generations, have been moved on by the hand of the law.

But a short time ago the present writer to his great delight came across one of these shows, a last survival possibly of a freer age.

The little stage had been set up on a large refuge at the junction of several streets and the performance was affording amusement to a number of small people, nursemaids and humble folk.

For a time a policeman forbore from making his presence felt. A scream from Punch, however, eventually roused his sense of official importance and in a few moments Punch, Judy and the rest of the actors (all of immemorial antiquity) were huddled in a basket and together with their little theatre wheeled away by their depressed impresario.

The whole scene was highly typical of modern London where anything, no matter how harmless, out of keeping with the scheme of life prescribed for us by our rulers, is ruthlessly driven out of existence.

The changes which are constantly occurring in a great city pass unnoticed except by the very few. During the last thirty years, for instance, large portions of Piccadilly and of the Strand have been pulled down and rebuilt, yet those who witnessed the alterations have scarcely any idea as to the appearance of the buildings which were destroyed.

Who now remembers the old Bath Hotel which stood up to the time of the erection of the Ritz or even

Long's in Bond Street which quite recently ceased to exist ?

Other old buildings in Piccadilly which disappeared many years earlier have entirely faded out of recollection. No one seems to regret the houses for years occupied by the War Office in Pall Mall or remembers that the statue of Sydney Herbert, which now stands side by side with Florence Nightingale near the Guards' Crimean Memorial, was once a prominent feature in a courtyard now covered by the Automobile Club ? Great cities cannot, of course, exist without change, but it is well that time-honoured buildings should not be allowed to pass unnoticed away. It is to be hoped that wherever possible photographic records showing their exact appearance have been preserved ?

For the last thirty years Piccadilly has been changing, but only within the last decade has its outward character undergone drastic alteration.

Huge blocks of buildings given up to offices, stores and flats, have taken the place of unobtrusive old houses which have become too small for modern commercial needs.

On both sides of St. James's Street, for instance, ornate and gigantic structures have arisen, while Walsingham House, itself a modern building, together with the old Bath Hotel, have been demolished to make way for the not undignified Ritz.

Across the way, the Berkeley, once known as the St. James's Hotel, besides having doubled itself in size has been crowned by an extra story. As for the old Egyptian Hall, the Home of Mystery, for so long identified with the magic feats of Maskelyne and Cooke, that has long given place to a huge mass of business offices beneath which a new arcade forms a not unpleasant means of communication with Jermyn Street.

The Burlington Arcade on the other side of the road

has changed little, except for having been heightened. The toy shops, where several generations of West End children have delighted to linger, are still there. On the other hand, the old place seems entirely to have lost a certain reputation for being frequented by pretty ladies and gay old dogs which clung about it as late as the 'eighties. The old time Lion Comique used to be rather fond of singing rather suggestive songs about the frequenters of the Burlington. To-day his allusions would be meaningless and out of date.

In former days newspapers used to be sold near the entrance, but this is now a thing of the past; a news-vendor, however, is generally to be found on the other side of the road at the corner of St. James's Street.

Modern Piccadilly has only two book shops—Hatchard's and Sotheran's—in its entire length. May and Williams, where are to be found papers and magazines, quite recently moved to a street not far away.

Piccadilly Circus, which had remained unchanged since Shaftesbury Avenue came into existence, has now fallen into a condition of architectural decrepitude, the south-eastern Quadrant being in a state of demolition.

In the middle of the last century the Quadrant was especially popular with foreigners wont to frequent the Colonnade. The latter, however, was alleged to be a meeting-place for undesirable characters which ultimately led to its being pulled down.

"The Quadrant has fallen—farewell to the shade
And the cabbage cigars of that cool colonnade,
There lap-dogs no longer are vended by thieves,
Nor Poles wear great stars, in which no one believes.

"The Frenchmen have fled to some other retreat,
With their quaint puckered trousers and *mal chaussés* feet,
And the scene, where their eloquence charmed us before,
Resounds with Republican *argôt* no more."

It is difficult to realize that up to some ninety years ago, Piccadilly was rendered picturesque by the multitude of coaches which left the White Horse Cellars or the White Bear, another coaching inn on the other side of the street, for various destinations.

Telegraphs, High-Flyers, Magnets and Independents, the Wonder and its rival, the No Wonder, both celebrated on the Western Road, the Devonport Quicksilver and many others all successively clattered along the old thoroughfare, where now horses are rarely to be seen.

North-country coaches started from other parts of London, which then sent out an infinite succession of teams all over the country.

One of the sights of London for country cousins in those days was to see the mails starting at 8 p.m. from the Post Office. The great day for this was the King's birthday, when all the guards wore new scarlet coats, and the horses' heads were all decked with flowers, one of those pretty and picturesque sights of which the secret has been lost to the dull drab world of the twentieth century.

There was indeed a good deal of colour to be seen in the metropolis even of the early days of Queen Victoria's reign. Happy-go-lucky days when London at night was policed by a number of very heavily great-coated watchmen, equipped with huge rattles and stable lanterns, old gentlemen, for the most part asleep in their boxes, and even when awake, not very formidable to professional evil-doers.

When the Post Office was built at St. Martin's le Grand, a great outcry was raised at the erection of such a huge edifice, so enormously larger, it was supposed, than could possibly ever be needed. Long before its demolition, however, it was found quite insufficient for the needs of a postal service which had

increased far beyond anything that at its inception could have been believed.

Ruskin declared that the English had always built rather for rats and mice than for men. Our insular architecture, full of small detail and rarely showing any great comprehensive plan, lends considerable colour to this view, though on the other hand the soaring genius of Sir Christopher Wren shows that one great English architect at least rises superior to such a judgment.

It is the evident striving after artistic effect which ruins the appearance of most of our great modern buildings. Dead mechanical accuracy has taken the place of the natural æsthetic sensibility which was the natural heritage of another age. The object of most modern designers would appear to be the exhibition of as many samples of ornament as possible. A haphazard choice of ornament and decorative mouldings seems dictated by a spirit sadly lacking in a sense of fitness or restraint.

The true beauty of a building lies in its perfect expression of function or else in the clear expression of an idea. In the work of the modern architect there is rarely a happy medium between the cruel efficiency of a mere workhouse or factory and the extravagant decoration of a luxurious hotel.

While great blocks intended for purely commercial purposes must of necessity be erected in a great modern city, they need not be made hideous by meaningless embellishments and meretricious adornment.

Within recent years some improvement is to be noticed in this respect. "Selfridges," in Oxford Street, is a good example of a huge edifice which though purely utilitarian has a certain dignity of design.

But what can be said of the audacious, ostentatious, nightmare hideousness of the railway arches, viaducts

and stations of modern London? Or of some of the Victorian hotels?

One of the most striking instances of architectural failure is the building known as the new Law Courts —a veritable example of pseudo-Gothic run mad.

Another architectural monstrosity is the Tower Bridge, which an artistic critic has described as "a dismal reminiscence of vague feudal memories covering up all sense of logical purpose and functional care, with the result that it produces nothing but a sense of pity or disgust."

As to our London statues, the less said about the majority of them the better!

One of the most costly to erect was the Duke of York's Column, at the head of the steps leading down into the Park. This was designed by Benjamin Wyatt, and put up between the years 1830 and 1833. The column is of Scotch granite, the statue of bronze at the top having been the work of Sir Richard Westmacott. The whole expense of this frightful erection was defrayed by public subscriptions.

The idea of erecting this unwanted statue was an absurd one, and cynics of the day said that it represented the Duke of York turning his back on his creditors.

The column itself is ninety-four feet high, and at one time jumping down from the top and being smashed on the broad stones at its base was a fashionable mode of committing suicide. It's a pity that none of the poor wretches ever thought of overthrowing and jumping down with the statue of the Duke of York.

One of the chief causes of disfigurement of public monuments in London is the staining of the stone by rain-droppings from the bronze ornaments—alas! too often disfigurements of which modern sculptors and architects are so fond.

A striking instance of what bad taste can do is the case of Russell Square, which up to not so very many years ago had about it a dignified eighteenth-century air produced by the sober Georgian houses which had remained pretty much the same as when built.

One fine day, however, those responsible for the management of the "artistic" Estate inaugurated a policy of wholesale barbarism with regard to the old façades, round the windows and doorways of which they affixed weird terra-cotta ornamentation quite out of keeping with the Georgian style, as well as ludicrous owing to their lack of proportion.

Nonsensical from an architectural point of view, the only possible reason which can have dictated such an alternative must have been a desire to convert these sober old houses into poor imitations of the gigantic Russell Hotel which dominates one side of the Square.

At the same time most of the old Georgian fanlights were replaced by *art nouveau* designs. The whole thing, owing to what has been well described as its "inherent beastliness," shows middle-class contempt for Art in its most extreme form.

The so-called *art nouveau* mentioned above seems particularly dear to the bourgeoisie, as well as to the Germans whose modern buildings often have an appearance of truly nightmarish horror.

In Russell Square, Bedford Square and Bloomsbury Square, once dwelt many Judges and legal luminaries, but even in the early days of Queen Victoria's reign the latter were moving westwards. The district indeed had been to some extent deteriorated in social estimation. This, however, during recent years, it has to a considerable extent recovered. There is a certain old-world charm about the whole region,

which with the exception of that part of Russell Square disfigured, as has been said, by meaningless and meretricious ornamentation, has changed less in appearance than other parts of eighteenth-century London.

Vandalism, alas! inseparable from the march of civilization as it appears to be, when routed in one place reappears in another.

Like the fabled Phœnix, it rises triumphant from its own ashes, and one iconoclast whose destructive schemes are rendered abortive is soon replaced by another.

In addition to the defacement of old buildings, there is the modern curse of advertisement which disfigures not only our great cities but the rural districts. Crude designs, vaunting the especial merits of some new purgative or pickle, impair the charms of green fields and meadow lands, skirting the railways of the country-side.

There are advertisers who it has been aptly said would not hesitate to affix their placards to the towers of Westminster Abbey, or to the Dome of St. Paul's —happily up to a certain point, the energies of these gentry are subject to a control, which posterity possibly will see fit to make even more severe.

The new electric advertisements, which at Piccadilly Circus in particular nightly rejoice the eye of the country cousin, come under a different category. While these ingeniously designed "fire pictures" are in some cases quite amusing, their constantly changing flashes of coloured lights impart a certain brightness to London at night.

From time to time schemes of a grandiose or rather monstrous nature are mooted with the idea of improving the metropolis.

Such a one was the design for a colossal Babylonish

Arch in commemoration of those who fell in the Great War.

Another was an elaborate plan for the rebuilding of a great part of Westminster as a colossal Empire War Memorial. This was the idea of the late Major C. J. C. Pawley, a well-known architect, who proposed to cover fifteen acres in the triangle between the Abbey, the Tate Gallery and Victoria Street, with buildings mainly devoted to purposes of education, science and art. The carrying out of this scheme would have cost some two million pounds or more. A Memorial Chapel to those who fell in the Great War formed part of it, besides which the interior of Westminster Abbey was to be freed from a number of statues. These were to find a permanent home in the new Chapel which was part of the plan.

The Abbey has no doubt suffered a good deal by the redundant amount of statuary with which it is filled.

Sir Francis Chantrey, the famous sculptor, did great harm there. Among other acts of vandalism he deliberately destroyed and carted away the greater part of a magnificent old stone screen in order to make room to introduce his abominable monument to James Watt! Not content with this, he scraped off most of the inlaid and painted work upon the monument over the remains of the Standard Bearer at Agincourt, in order to prevent these clashing with the dead white marble of the statue he had carved.

Quite a number of architects have tinkered with the exterior.

Dead buildings tell no tales seems to have been the maxim acted upon by Pearson when he practically rebuilt the North Entrance in 1892.

The tracery of the gable was then completely

destroyed, though it was said to have been one of the finest pieces of ancient work in England.

The ground upon which the House of Commons stands was originally covered with a number of picturesque old buildings.

It was, however, perhaps not a bad thing that fire should have rendered the erection of a new and palatial building necessary. Sometime or other the site would have had to be cleared and as a matter of fact the great edifice in which British laws are made is not unworthy of its magnificent situation by the banks of the Thames.

Pugin and Barry may justly be said to have proved equal to the task which they took in hand. The silhouette of the huge Palace at Westminster, with its towers and finials is neither disagreeable nor undignified.

As a reproduction of the Gothic style, the Houses of Parliament at Westminster are not above criticism; nevertheless the elaborate workmanship, vast amount of detail, and imposing magnificence of the whole pile create an effect worthy of great praise. During the time when these buildings were being erected, there was controversy between Sir Charles Barry and Pugin as to their respective shares in the design; the spirit of the latter, however, pervades all the details, while Barry's work is not so free or fanciful. The Victoria Tower, which is much higher than it looks, rather dwarfs that portion of the Palace in close proximity to it. Originally this Tower was intended to be higher, but in a fit of economy the House of Commons insisted on its being docked by some thirty or forty feet. The Clock Tower with "Big Ben" within was designed to have a pierced open top; the architect, however, found himself obliged to fill in the spaces with windows, which

produce rather a clumsy effect. "Big Ben," it may be added, received its name in compliment to Sir Benjamin Hall, the Commissioner of Works at the time when the great bell was hung. Though it has long been cracked, it has boomed over London effectively for very many years. The large hand of the clock connected with it is over fourteen feet long.

The plans for the Houses of Parliament were considerably hampered by Westminster Hall, with which the architects did not exactly know how to deal. Eventually it was turned into a sort of entrance hall to the two houses, and thus lost its significance as a separate work. The more modern exterior treatment carried out by Pearson in his own style has nothing very striking about it. Perhaps its greatest merit is the general plainness of these additions, which are quite free from the riotous ornamentation in which the same architect indulged in his so-called restoration of the northern entrance to the Abbey, when Wren's far more satisfactory work was ruthlessly swept away.

Barry, it may be added, conceived a plan for heightening Westminster Hall by raising the roof all through by hydraulic machinery. Happily this monstrous scheme was never put into action, and the wonderful old timbers, beyond having been judiciously freed from decay and repaired by the Office of Works, remain practically as they were when erected by William Rufus.

Unlike Paris, modern London, except for its magnificent Parks, suffers from lack of space. As a well-qualified art critic has justly said, "Portland Place is the only roadway in London that gives one room to spread the wings of one's civic consciousness."

The West End up to the latter part of the Victorian Era contained a number of old-fashioned shops, the

outside of which had remained unchanged since the eighteenth century.

Such a one was Lambert's, the well-known silversmiths, formerly in Coventry Street, a house with a quaint old-fashioned shop-front, which was only abandoned by the firm a year or two ago.

For a time before its demolition, the building formed part of the business premises of Messrs. Lyons.

About the only other old shop-fronts in the West End which now survive are Lock's, the hatter, in St. James's Street, and that of Messrs. Savory & Moore, the well-known chemists in New Bond Street (of a later and more ambitious type) and the well-known bowed front of Messrs. Fribourg & Tryer at No. 34, Haymarket.

The exterior of this famous tobacconist's has, it is said, remained practically unchanged since 1720, about which year the firm was founded by Monsieur Fribourg, a Swiss, whose entries in the first ledger (still preserved) were often made in French.

A feature of the interior is a very handsome Adam glass-panelled screen, with glass-panelled doors. This would appear to have been put up to separate the shop from a living-room, which, however, has long been put to other uses.

The original business of the firm was mainly the sale of snuff, which was sold in considerable quantities up to the middle of the last century.

A favourite snuff in old days was Spanish Bran, which cost £3 a pound.

Prince's mixture, as formerly supplied to the Prince Regent, was to be found in West End Clubs up to quite recent times.

Numbers of hay carts and wagons must have lumbered past the doors of this old shop in former days, for as late as 1830 hay and straw were sold in the

Haymarket which was originally so called, on account of the St. James's Market held here from the reign of Elizabeth till when, by Act of Parliament, it was removed to Cumberland Market, Regent's Park. The Haymarket was early built upon, and there is a token of "James Warren in the Hay Market," with the date of 1664, registered in Akerman's work on "Tradesmen's Tokens," but the street was not paved till the year 1692, previous to which date the hay and straw carts had paid no toll. At this time, however, sixpence was levied on a load of hay, and twopence on a load of straw.

In the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century a number of the nobility lived in the Haymarket, including Lord Scarborough, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duke of Dorset and others.

In a house on the east side of the street lived Pope's "Narcissa," the celebrated actress, Mrs. Oldfield—the great-great-great grandmother of the present writer.

George Morland, the painter, was also born in this thoroughfare, and here it was that his father, a worthless creature, set him to paint pictures while yet a child.

The famous little theatre in the Haymarket was built in 1720. This theatre, though at times it has had to struggle against great difficulties, has always been able to hold its own in competition with the larger theatres. A great number of the most celebrated actors and actresses have made their debut here. Mrs. Abington, John Edwin, Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby, Elliston, Liston, Henderson and Jack Bannister, all made their first bow to a London audience at this theatre. William Thomas Lewis, more generally known as Gentleman Lewis, acted here from 1776 to 1781. Macready

played here as did Sothern who drew vast crowds with his impersonation of Lord Dundreary. Its recent history has been more or less one of prosperity.

It is a curious fact, this theatre was not lighted with gas until April, 1853, owing to a prejudice of the proprietor, the late Mrs. Morris, who bound the lessee to continue the lighting of the house with oil.

Mozart, then a musical prodigy of eight years old, played at the little theatre in February, 1765, with his sister, who was four years older.

Not very far away in King Street is Christie's, which, though rebuilt some years ago, has changed little as a West End institution.

The original founder of the firm—Mr. James Christie—issued his first catalogue as far back as 1766. The offices of the firm then were in Castle Street, Oxford Street, and the "Great Room" where sales took place in Pall Mall. The business premises were next door to where Gainsborough, the painter, then lived, and Christie introduced to the latter some of his best clients. In recognition of this, Gainsborough painted a fine whole-length portrait of Mr. James Christie, still the property of the family. In 1897 an admirable marble medallion of the founder of the firm, sculptured by Mr. Brock, R.A., from a drawing by Rowlandson, was set up over the inner doors leading to the auction rooms in King Street, St. James's.

For more than one hundred and fifty years Christie's have been before the public as auctioneers. Not very long after the famous business was started it became a veritable London institution.

In its earliest days the firm in question was quite ready to sell almost any class of property: coffins, Sedan chairs, dripping-pans, barrel-organs, razors, and even pigs and poultry figure in some of the oldest catalogues.

In 1795, Christie's sold seventy-two tons of "excellent meadow-hay" to the Duke of Queensberry, who paid £247 16s. for it.

The practical monopoly of the sale of the finest pictures and *objets d'art* was gradually acquired. Property of incredible value, together with many famous and priceless collections, have passed through the famous firm's hands, indeed few of the great families of England have not at one time or other sent cherished possessions to the rooms in King Street.

It was at Christie's that Mr. Jones, the donor of the celebrated collection now at the Victoria and Albert Museum, acquired the knowledge which enabled him to accumulate that wonderful assemblage of French furniture and china which he bequeathed for the benefit of the nation in a will made some three years before his death. For a comparatively long period of time before he commenced to buy, Mr. Jones was in the habit of making a careful and constant inspection of the various *objets d'art* sent to these auction rooms to be put up for sale. In this way he refined his taste and became a fine judge of those particular forms of art which are so richly represented in the collection now at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

A great sale at Christie's is one of the events of a London season. The artistic possessions of many an old family have passed through the well-known rooms.

A notable sale at Christie's was the dispersal of the Eglinton jewels in 1894. These included a necklace, ear-rings, and brooch said to have belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots. They were of enamelled gold, set with rubies, emeralds and pearls.

According to tradition the necklace, together with the picture by Holbein in Eglinton Castle, were given by Mary to Mary Seton, one of the Queen's "Marys." The necklace and picture are said to have come to the

Montgomeries through the marriage of one of them with the heir of the Setons in or about 1611. It seems more probable that Hugh, the fifth Earl of Eglinton, made a settlement of the Earldom of Eglinton, together with the property attached thereto, upon his cousin, Sir Alexander Seton of Foulstruther.

The father of the possessor of the jewels was at the time of the sale said to have discovered the Mary Stuart necklace and the Holbein picture in the muniment room at Eglinton Castle. Another gem of the collection was a black pearl necklace, composed of six large pearls set in diamond clusters.

Though, as a rule, the value of the *objets d'art* put up is well understood by those attending the sales, from time to time astounding bargains have been secured. At the disposal of the Clancarty Collection, for instance, a picture was purchased for five pounds by a leading connoisseur peer which possessed an intrinsic value of almost as many hundreds. For some unknown reason it had completely escaped the notice of the professional experts.

At the famous Bentinck sale, the late Sir William Gregory, who was a first-rate judge, acquired for a few pounds a work of art which was really worth several hundreds. This was a Velasquez, one of the four very valuable pictures bequeathed by Sir William to the National Gallery, of which he was a trustee.

Occasionally a sale fails altogether, and the lots are withdrawn. Such was the case in 1908, when, with the laudable intention of founding a home for necessitous people, Mr. John Gooch sent a collection of old masters to Christie's.

The result, however, entirely failed to justify his expectations. For eleven of his Rembrandts only £899 17s. was bid; three pictures by Rubens fared even worse, the highest bid being £42 10s. The

climax, however, was reached in the case of a Murillo, for which but twelve guineas was offered; all further lots were withdrawn.

The most recent big sale at Christie's was that of the art treasures which had belonged to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

This lasted for seven days, and realized £142,280.

Other great sales, sold at the famous rooms during the last four years, have been that of Mr. Justice Day in 1909, which brought £103,546, Mr. A. Young's in 1910, £154,000.

A very large sum, no less than £350,000, was obtained in 1912 for the collection of Mr. J. E. Taylor, of the "Manchester Guardian."

A big art sale has an atmosphere of its own; there is a sort of suppressed excitement, something akin to that of a sporting crowd on the day of a classic race.

The excitement in question, however, does not seem to affect the great dealers, seemingly quiet, easy-going men who make their bids with a sort of automatic calm, quite devoid of ostentation.

VII

OUR MASTERS

IN common fairness, it must be admitted that politicians of to-day have to deal with far more difficult and complicated questions than ever confronted their Victorian predecessors.

The eclipse of several Great Powers, and the creation of a number of small states, has created an entirely new situation in European politics, while it has not conduced towards that stability which it should be the aim of statesmen to promote.

Though the problems are great, those who attempt to solve them seem light-hearted enough.

There was, for instance, a good deal of levity during the Conference at Cannes, the scene of the burlesque lesson of golf given to M. Briand which sent the latter into retirement.

Without any doubt the fall of the French Premier was due to the irritation engendered among Frenchmen at the sight of pictures of their Prime Minister on the links with photographers and cinematographers in attendance. Jazz bands, it was said, were a prominent feature of these Riviera junketings!

In Paris it was rumoured that the next Conference would take place at Chamonix, Mr. Lloyd George being anxious to teach Monsieur Briand how to toboggan.

The comments of the French Press on the picnic

at Cannes were scathing in the extreme—not that they objected to golf, but because the spectacle of one elderly Premier giving another elderly Premier comic lessons in the game seemed to them undignified as well as unseemly in connexion with deliberations of a serious and highly important character.

The English public, however, does not seem to be able to understand this point of view, and remains mute as a giraffe. Accustomed as it is to every sort of expensive extravagance on the part of its political rulers, this little comic interlude seemed merely inoffensive and cheap.

Think, however, what effect such proceedings as took place at Cannes would have produced on a former generation.

If at the Conference of Berlin Lord Beaconsfield had undertaken to teach Prince Bismarck to ride a bicycle and insisted upon running him up the street with photographers in attendance, the public of the day would not have thought it very funny.

"Autres temps, autres mœurs," however; at present almost any antics executed by people in the limelight are greeted with tolerance, if not approval.

For the present, however, it would seem that we are to be deprived of any further developments of what the French call "Cinema-diplomacy," those light-hearted, if not inexpensive gatherings of professional politicians, at which besides teaching some foreign Premier golf, Mr. Lloyd George, like a conjurer producing a rabbit, triumphantly extracts some vague resolution or other from the depths of his coat-tails.

Whatever he may produce from his own pocket the British Premier is certainly clever at making other people turn out theirs.

Never has the tax-gatherer displayed such ruthless rapacity as under the Lloyd-Georgian régime!

"Little Welsh Wizard!" said a sorely-tried citizen, ruefully looking through a pile of forms connected with the confiscation of a third of his annual revenue, under the name of Income Tax. "Little Welsh Blizzard" would be a better nickname considering the devastating activities of the Government over which he presides!

One great illusion under which English politicians seem to suffer is that any question, however serious it may be, or any friction between Nations can be effectually settled by the use of pens, ink and paper.

Treaties and agreements they think capable of creating a new heaven and a new earth. The bad faith of Germany in 1914 has apparently made no impression upon them at all.

It would be far better for the peace of Europe if these gentlemen would realize that as long as the world lasts individuals from time to time are sure to arise who will say, as Alexander I of Russia once said to Talleyrand: "You are always talking to me of principles. As if your public law were anything to me; I do not know what it means. What do you suppose all your parchments and your treaties signify?"

A modern English characteristic is an idea that human nature can be changed. In spite of the cold, hard lessons of experience we are perpetually being told that war is going to be ended and that all mankind is about to settle down to a perpetual peace.

The day when force of arms settles differences is (we are informed) about to pass away, nations in future willingly consenting to adjust all differences in a friendly manner.

"No miller ever turned the current of water from his own mill," and, except under compulsion, no nation will ever consent to conditions adverse to its own interests.

Politicians and philanthropists may prate about the

New Era, and cite the superiority of moral force to cannon, while Mr. Lloyd George reiterates his forecast as to the "golden dawn." When anything which really stirs one nation against another occurs the result as in the past will be strife—such is the law of Nature which no one can repeal.

The flabby attitude adopted by sentimental politicians does anything but increase the prestige of England abroad, where incalculable harm has been done by idle babble concerning self-determination and other fallacious nostrums.

Democratic institutions, no doubt, have come to stay for a while, nevertheless all the world does not agree as to their unqualified success.

Norway, for instance, proclaimed not a Republic but a Monarchy, because, in the words of Nansen, the Norwegians wished for domestic peace, alliances abroad and an economical administration at home—three things that are rarely associated with Republics.

In France the nation has practically recovered from the political fever known to history as the Great Revolution.

The English, on the other hand, are just beginning to be affected by that tremendous event, the aims and ideas of which most of them but imperfectly understand.

Incoherence not infrequently marks some of the movements promoted by persons carried away by what to them are new ideas.

Within recent years, for instance, a number of the clergy have begun to profess what they call "Christian Socialism." This is surely somewhat curious, if not irregular, behaviour in the servants of a state-supported Church?

The idea seems to be to capture the Proletariat, but it is unlikely that such methods will attract any

large body of intelligent workers. Socialism by its very nature must be more or less hostile to all Churches. The Revolutionists of 1789 dealt with priests in a most drastic way, and on the Continent advanced Radicalism never fails to proclaim its hostility to all forms of religion.

From the point of view of increasing the popularity of the established Church this is but another of a long series of mistakes made since the Oxford movement drove a large number of Low Church workingmen and labourers into the arms of the Nonconformists.

The Bishops, it is true, have hitherto not made any open profession of Socialistic tenets. They content themselves with loud clamouring for drastic laws and regulations to check the tide of intemperance and vice which their own teaching has apparently been totally unable to stem.

A more lamentable confession of failure than this it is difficult to imagine.

The idea that Socialism and Religion can go hand in hand is utterly fallacious. "The Democracy of which Christian Socialists profess to be so fond will probably not tolerate priestcraft any more than autocrats. Incompetent and corrupt Ministers are the ruin of Monarchs. Intolerance and claims to infallibility drive men out of the Church. God and Kings suffer for the faults of their servants."

Though laws, or rather their enforcement, are based merely upon the power to enforce them, our public men are always jabbering about the failure of physical force to bring about any desired end.

How they have the face to do this, in view of their constant practice of yielding to it, passes belief.

In small matters the slightest show of physical force frightens our Government so much that it invariably gives in almost immediately.

Women got the vote mainly, if not entirely, because they made themselves a nuisance to Ministers, who went in constant fear of assault.

The "Treaty" with the Irish Free State is an even more striking example, for, quibble and misrepresent as much as you like, it was in sober truth nothing but a triumph of the gunmen.

And now, in spite of the lesson which had to be so dearly learnt, here are our flabby humanitarians once more crying out against the French merely because the latter realize that unless they safeguard themselves Teutonic hordes will again be devastating Europe.

[1] "Blind, Blind, the dead your folly killed cry out,
Remember, now and ever, France sees clear!"

Certain public men go about ridiculing any idea of Germany wanting a revenge, and some of them actually have the impertinence to blame France for keeping up an efficient army.

These are the same sort of people who wanted to leave Poland (which the French eventually saved) to the tender mercies of the Bolsheviks.

And they go on prating about humanity and progress! English politicians however are not the only people who seem hypnotized by the idea that crimes connived at by individuals who have managed to seize the reins of government no longer count. The King of Italy, according to all reports, dined quite cheerfully with the Bolsheviks at Genoa, no thought of the poor murdered Czar having apparently spoilt his dinner.

The Monarchs of a past age took a very different view of that sort of thing.

Joseph II, Emperor of Austria, being on his way to Brest stopped a whole day to examine the fine

[1] From a poem by Clyde Furst in the "Forum."

harbour of Nantes in Bretagne. It was at the time of the insurrection of the United States of America and the ships were all dressed with their colours, in compliment to the illustrious visitor to Nantes. Among them the new flag of the insurgents, on which were thirteen stars, a symbol of the new constellation rising in the west, was pointed out to the emperor, but the latter turned away his eyes. "I cannot look at that," said he to Count Menou, the commander of the place, who attended him: "my trade is that of a royalist."

In spite of the unlimited bloodshed and murder of recent times, the idea of past generations that man is by nature perverse has been succeeded by a ridiculous theory that he is by nature something of an angel.

The real truth is that there are very good people and very bad people, the majority being something between the two.

Without being a cynic of the school of Lord Byron, who believed in the depravity of humanity in general, and of himself in particular, one may be allowed to express a doubt whether the majority of human beings are as perfect as a certain school of Radicals is always trying to make out.

The adjectival homage now so generally accorded to the Proletariat is purely modern—the old-fashioned idea having been that the common people had more than their fair share of original sin.

As a matter of fact all classes of the population, making allowance for the difference in their environment, are equally virtuous and equally vicious.

The inhabitants of the slums, however, whose time is fully taken up by a keen struggle to live, have neither the leisure nor the mental capacity to form sound and well-balanced opinions, which, after all, they can scarcely be expected to do.

For this reason they are apt to become an easy prey

to designing agitators who, knowing they will not be called to account, are ready to make every sort of extravagant promise.

An agitator harangued a mob of workmen from a smart motor.

"Comrades, you have got the eight-hour day; that's right enough, but only a beginning. You must have the six-hour day, working only five days a week."

"Hurrah!" cried the crowd.

"Naturally," continued the speaker, "your salaries will be doubled, and in a short time you will have the four-hour day."

The crowd cheered more heartily than ever.

"I may add," he went on, "that before long your infamous employers will be made to bring your pay to your houses."

Renewed cheering greeted this announcement, after which the spokesman sank into his cushioned seat and bade the chauffeur drive on. The latter, who, however, apparently had little sympathy with his master's sentiments, addressing the crowd as it made way for the motor, said:

"One thing I do know, which is that whatever happens, you men will always be made fools of."

Jabber about Democracy and Social Reform seems strangely to appeal to the modern mob, whose gullibility may some day undo the great work accomplished by an England which endured but did not gesticulate.

The twentieth century, according to the Press, is full of new movements and ideas, one of the chief of which one gathers is the "New Comradeship of the Sexes."

Exactly what this is seems to be obscure. As far as can be made out the ultimate result is usually the same as that of the older comradeship which has prevailed since the Fall.

The notion that the relations between man and woman have changed, or will ever change, is in reality so outrageously ridiculous that it is not worth a moment's discussion.

Social habits and customs may alter, but the immutable law of Nature, sublimely indifferent to such paltry matters, ever continues to exercise its ruthless sway.

A philosopher, who, unlike a number of his fellows, was possessed of a considerable quantity of commonsense, once said: "Man suffers from three great illusions—the first that happiness is to be found in this world; the second that it will be found in the next; and third and last that future generations will somehow attain it."

As a matter of fact, as far as human intelligence, which of necessity is finite, can divine, mankind appears to move within a circle the limits of which it is never allowed to pass.

This is why all chatter of new Eras is but idle babble. The great mainsprings of human energy and endeavour remain the same throughout the ages. When their tension slackens it will merely show that the vitality of the race is beginning to become exhausted and that man, a creature who in his time conquered all the animal creation and in some measure mastered the forces of nature, is about to vanish from the face of the earth.

The love of power, the love of woman and the love of money remain the most powerful incentives in the modern world as they were in the past.

The main purpose of Nature, as far as can be divined, is the unlimited increase of every species.

In the case of animals, insects and birds, various circumstances act as a check.

In the case of man, who has conquered all other

animals, a great number of natural checks have been removed, with the result that humanity is possibly heading for the greatest catastrophe the world has ever known.

There is no doubt whatever that in Europe one of the principal causes of poverty, misery, and social unrest, is the enormous increase of population, which has occurred during the last hundred years.

This is, of course, the real problem of the modern European world—without doubt it is responsible for much poverty and suffering and, without anyone having realized it, was one of the true causes of the Great War.

If a bowl be filled with water it will slop over after it has reached the brim, and no power on earth, secular or ecclesiastical, will ever stop it from doing so.

The world's food supply increases so slowly that except among the well-to-do classes only a small percentage of couples are able properly to feed more than three children.

Large families among the poor, who unhappily are the very people apt to have them, are in reality a source of national weakness rather than strength. Unemployment, social unrest, and misery are the direct outcome of such a state of affairs.

Curiously enough France, which is the only country which keeps its population within bounds—rather too much so as a matter of fact—is not infrequently called decadent on that account.

We hear little, however, about the small amount of unemployment which exists across the Channel as contrasted with the two million "out of works" in our own over-populated country!

It is unlikely that poverty and unemployment will ever entirely cease to exist. Socialism, Communism and all the other isms at best can be but palliatives

of an amateurish and ineffective kind. The one real remedy, which possibly some enlightened generation of the future may see fit to recognize, is the limitation of a country's population in proportion to that country's natural and industrial resources.

The subject of posterity opens up unlimited speculation, so much so, indeed, that anyone indulging in it is liable to the same rebuff as was once administered to a tedious speaker by Henry Clay. "You, sir," said the orator, "speak for the present generation; but I speak for posterity."

"Yes," was the reply, "and you seem resolved not to stop until the arrival of your audience."

Very few politicians present a genial appearance before posterity.

As a matter of fact, the majority of great men, or men who think themselves great, are too much occupied with what the world calls serious affairs to pay much attention to social amenities.

Samuel Pepys certainly does present a genial appearance, but then with all his merits he cannot be called "great."

It is the men of pleasure whose doings are deplored by their contemporaries who interest and amuse the generations which follow after them.

Casanova (whom I recently saw classed as a notorious criminal, a good instance of Anglo-Saxon ignorance or cant) has left a fascinating record of his adventurous life, which forms a human document of the highest interest.

Mr. Hickey, who rollicked about eighteenth-century London and other places, conveys an idea of unrestrained gaiety in his Memoirs.

Is there a student of human nature who would not prefer to spend an evening with either of the above mentioned two in preference to having a

solemn dinner with some great politician or lawyer of the past?

While politicians are far more in the limelight than literary men during their lives, the latter have their revenge as regards the estimation of posterity.

The letters of great statesmen, as a rule, fetch a very small sum, while those of celebrated literary men often command large prices.

As for minor politicians, their doings soon pass into utter and eternal oblivion, while the humblest scribbler stands a chance of being resurrected as a curious or interesting writer by some future age.

Most of our latter-day politicians are in their daily life scarcely such serious men as those of the past.

It was not natural for the latter to be frivolous, and the occasions on which they relaxed were rare.

Lord Derby said that Gladstone's "jokes were no laughing matter"; be this as it may, very few of them seem to have been recorded.

On one occasion, when being entertained by the head of a great condiment-making firm, he did, however, sum up the situation very neatly.

A long string of Colemans having been led up to be introduced to him, the Grand Old Man as he sat down to dinner said: "I see we are all 'mustard here.'"

The Grand Old Man had rather a limited vision as to the inhabitants of foreign countries.

Native Christians under Mohammedan rule, for instance, he always imagined as law-abiding, religious folk, leading much the same kind of orderly life as his own villagers at Hawarden, to whom he read the lessons every Sunday.

Though his opponents accused him of insincerity, he was sincere enough according to his own lights.

When he had doubts about the real merits of any

measure which it seemed advisable to bring forward, he always set out to convince himself first, and, invariably succeeding in the task, was then able to support it with real fervour.

Oratory in Gladstone's day counted for a good deal more than now, but then there were finer orators. At the present day there are few politicians capable of holding an audience enthralled.

Certain speakers rely greatly on the talents of the reporters; they mutter, they stutter, and leave out half sentences, and next morning at breakfast it is quite a pleasure to see what a lucid, reasonable, and consistent speech they have managed to deliver.

The best way for a speaker to ensure a good reception is, of course, that employed in Soviet Russia, where the art of riveting the attention of an audience is thoroughly understood.

Trotsky, for instance, always obtains an enthusiastic hearing, the method employed being for the "red sailors" accompanying him to fire a volley into the crowd should the great Humanitarian's remarks not be greeted with sufficient warmth.

As this is well known, the arrival of his private train is always the signal for extraordinary enthusiasm on the part of those unfortunate enough to find themselves in the railway station.

This train, by the by, though the exterior is adorned with brightly coloured scenes of workers enjoying the blessings of Communism, has an interior rather more luxurious than that used by the murdered Czar.

* * * * *

One of the tragedies of modern England is the insignificant result produced on the people in general by our elaborate and extravagant system of education.

There are three kinds of ignorance. Ignorance

pure and simple—miscomprehension of what one does know and the wrong sort of knowledge.

The second, it would appear, is most prevalent among the general public. The great mass of the populace only see as far as the end of their noses, and cannot realize that the study of the past is useful because it enables mankind to understand the present and future.

One's whole lifetime should be an education. We ought to learn everything we can from how to talk to how to die.

A fair estimate of the educational progress of the British people can be formed from occasional visits to Museums.

Mr. Raikes, a Postmaster-General of the 'nineties, once declared that a member of the Cabinet, being curious to see how the public appreciated the £180,000 a year voted to encourage science and art at South Kensington, one fine day paid a private visit to the collections on view there. Room after room and gallery after gallery contained no visitors at all, but at last he came to a man at a desk who was earnestly reading. Peeping over his shoulder the Minister found that the object of the visitor's study was the "Sporting Times" or "Pink 'Un."

As a matter of fact, the study of history and of the past seems antipathetic to the modern English mind. Even those whose lives are passed in places identified with famous events and people are apt to pay slight attention to historical accuracy.

When King Edward VII,[1] then Prince of Wales, visited Canterbury on 29 May, 1897, the Dean is reported as having referred to Edward, the Black Prince, as the Prince's ancestor. As a matter of fact, both the Black Prince's sons died childless.

[1] "Notes and Queries," 8th Series, 24 July, 1897.

The Mayor of another city in Kent paid much the same dubious compliment to Queen Victoria, who he said was descended from Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary I, neither of whom had any legal offspring.

Considering the slight value that the majority put upon intellectual merit as compared with proficiency at games or athletics, it is really surprising that the huge sums squandered without any adequate return do not arouse more serious protests.

A peculiar feature about the modern Englishman, however, is his partiality for expensive schools. Though he himself may never open a book, he will nevertheless expatiate on the necessity for other people doing so.

Every one seems to want every one else to be highly educated, especially at the public expense.

Amiable "Highbrows," such as that expensive Minister for Education, Mr. H. A. Fisher, who, having passed his early years eagerly acquiring knowledge, thinks that everyone else should be made to do the same.

When compulsory education was introduced some fifty years ago, high expectations were entertained as to its wonderful results—these expectations have not been justified.

Enormous sums of money have been absolutely wasted, whereas, had a sound policy of simple common-sense teaching been followed, the populace would not have remained as hopelessly ignorant as it is to-day.

It is notorious that very few children leave an elementary school with sufficient knowledge to read a daily paper with intelligence.

We have the faddists to thank for this, as for many other costly idiocies perpetrated in the name of progress.

The enormous sum expended upon education includes £43,800,000 for the salaries of elementary teachers alone during the present financial year (1922), nor does this take into account the amount which will eventually be required for their pensions.

In 1913-14 only £16,416,000 had to be spent in this way. It will thus be seen that the elementary teachers in question cost £27,384,000 per annum more than they did before the war.

Fisherism, and the somewhat dubious system of education which it stands for, is very costly, and the unfortunate taxpayer may well be allowed to inquire whether the ever-growing expenditure which he has to support yields any adequate results.

The results of allowing intellectual wastrels to spend enormous sums of the public money on their peculiar fads are anything but satisfactory, as a thorough and impartial investigation would show.

Quite a large number of children leave school just as ignorant as when they first entered it. In January, 1921, a manager of the West End Chobham school moved a resolution against paying a man £10 a week to teach children of 14, who, if given a paragraph in a newspaper to read, were unable to do it!

The experts of the Board of Education declare that children learn nothing during the last three years of the elementary course.

"And that," tritely remarked an astute critic, "is why they want to create an immense and expensive network of secondary and continuation schools to make good the shortcomings of the elementary ones!"

What children do learn is in many instances the very opposite of what a proper system of education should inculcate. The school medical officer for Rutland, in a recent annual report, said that he had

heard a schoolgirl of 13, who had been told to go on an errand by her mother, coolly inform the latter that such work as "running errands" was illegal under the Act of Parliament governing the employment of children out of school hours!

If our modern educational system has failed to justify the hopes of those who first started it, it has, at all events, more or less abolished the cockney twang and the habit of putting H's where they are not wanted and vice versa. The speech of all classes has been assimilated, while phrases and locutions which were peculiar to certain callings have been swept away.

Formerly the Universities had their slang, just as the costermongers had theirs.

A special kind of slang was used by the inner circles of the fashionable world. The specialities of all these various idioms, however, were not interchangeable, nor, for the most past, intelligible outside each particular set, which made use of them.

Incidentally, popular education has practically swept local dialects away; here and there something of the old intonation may linger, but of the old idioms and phraseology little or nothing remains.

There appears to have been some few changes in pronunciation since George the Third was King.

"Oblige" was then certainly pronounced "obleege," which after all is merely what it is in its original French. "Gold" seems also to have been called "gould," and "James," "Jeames," while the "a" in "danger," "stranger," and the like, appears to have been sounded as it is in "man."

On the whole, however, the difference between the English spoken then and that spoken now was probably not very great.

Walter Savage Landor always dropped his aspirates

and habitually spoke of 'and, 'ead and 'ouse! He was, it is said, the only man in his position in life who did so; considering his genius and culture such a lapse seems very strange.

The cockney habit in question has now to a great extent disappeared. In its palmy days it occasionally produced complications.

A certain well-known Bishop whose name began with L, having one day arrived at Paddington, could not find his luggage in spite of the fact that his name was clearly to be read on every article of it.

This he attempted to explain to a porter, who was very busy bustling about the van. "Oh! that's your name, is it," he understood the man to say, "then the best thing you can do is to go to hell."

The Bishop, who was very pompous, was, perhaps not unnaturally, much upset at this and determined to report the porter to the authorities, who in due course assumed a very sympathetic attitude towards the complaint of the indignant divine, the offender, whom they assumed to have been drunk, being ordered to furnish his explanation.

"Well, sir," said he to the chairman of the Board before whom he appeared, "what could I do? I was very busy at the time and when the gentleman told me his name was Luscombe, I thought the best thing I could do was to tell him to go to L for his luggage. He'd have found it there all right."

It was indeed, as the Bishop eventually agreed, a case of a misplaced aspirate, special spaces marked with the letters of the alphabet being reserved for passengers' luggage. The authorities, while explaining the man's mistake, regretted that their porters, who were rarely anything but civil, seemed quite unable to learn how to say L correctly.

VIII

STIGGINS, CHADBAND & CO

THE contention that no one should criticize his or her own country, besides being absurd, is unpatriotic.

Protests against tyranny of no matter what kind, either serious or comparatively insignificant, have never done a country anything but good, and as at the present time England is suffering from a recrudescence of that Puritan fanaticism which perpetually calls for needless laws and regulations, it is a positive duty to denounce the faddists who have already obtained dominance over their somewhat lethargic countrymen.

Every faddist, of no matter what kind, is at heart a tyrant, and as such deserves the hatred and contempt of those who have the slightest conception of, or regard for, the rights of his fellow-citizens.

Across the Atlantic social liberty now scarcely exists. The Statue of Liberty in New York Harbour has become a humiliating sight for any thoughtful American on his return from a country like France, for he must realize that as it comes in view all real liberty is left behind.

In England things as yet are not quite so bad. Nevertheless fanatics are everywhere and always demanding laws preventing people doing things of which Puritanism disapproves ; if our so-called Social

Reformers are allowed to have their way, England will be made about as "free" as it was in the days when people were burnt for their religious opinions.

When the present writer attacked modern British hypocrisy in "Mayfair and Montmartre," certain critics declared that his view was an exaggerated one.

Speaking of this to a well-known business man, moderately fond of amusement, the latter agreed that the extent of modern English hypocrisy was almost unbelievable. "Think of this," said he, "if I, who am fond of a pleasant evening, go to a Bohemian supper-party or to a night-club, a day or two later a number of my business colleagues are sure to be informed of it, the news, typewritten as a rule, being underlined in red."

There is little social freedom in London, every one is afraid of every one else.

Owing to a certain inclination to allow matters to slide, the Londoner of the present day good-naturedly ignores interference with his liberties, the result of which is that those who spend their time curtailing them are emboldened in the "Killjoy" crusade.

Any one who protests is also liable to be denounced as a supporter of vice.

The distinction between state-imposed virtue and the natural growth of civilization is not obvious to people who do not trouble their brains about the principles of ordinary freedom and justice.

What should be the work of the Priest has become that of the Policeman.

Nevertheless, no permanent improvement of a nation's habits or morals can be effected by physical force. The withdrawal of the guardians of law and order, notwithstanding all boasts of social progress, would certainly be followed by an outburst of dissipa-

tion such as would astonish the easy-going, comfortable class which is ready to believe that the wayward passions of humanity can be effectually stifled.

An example of this occurred during the police strike, when some astounding scenes were enacted in certain parts of the West End.

Notwithstanding that the streets are once more well lit, London is sadder by night than it was in the days when the old hansom cabs plied for hire. Unlike Paris, where the possibilities of nocturnal adventure are great, and where people are free to stay up as long as they like, there is a sort of smug "won't do to be late" kind of feeling in the air.

For some inexplicable reason early hours are more or less imposed upon the Londoner whether he likes them or not, it being the opinion of those who watch over his life and morals that to go to bed late is not "respectable."

The modern English, indeed, believe in plenty of sleep.

Sleep indeed! Our Solons are always talking about sleep! And the time we can snatch from slumber is so short!

Goodness knows, all of us in the natural course of events will get enough of it—twenty-four hours round the clock without stopping, which is all the more reason to get a little fun and amusement out of life while it is still possible for us to be awake.

London probably is the only capital in the world where out of war time the authorities would dare to make early going to bed compulsory.

At the beginning of May, 1922, Scotland Yard was pleased to announce that it had decided to grant no more special permits for the extension of the drink hours at West End Restaurants on two nights a week; a privilege which for two years had been a popular

feature of West End life was thus, for no particular reason, withdrawn.

This shutting down of places which are recognized as having always been well conducted is typical of the way in which Londoners are bullied into virtue!

The smartly turned out mounted policeman with his Prussian cap is truly not an unfitting symbol of the modern spirit which has dragooned London into an austerity which would have considerably astonished citizens of the 'sixties or even the 'eighties.

Dora dealt a severe blow to what is called the night life of London, and though to some extent restrictions have been relaxed the sitting up habit which, whatever its evils, conduced to good fellowship and conviviality, has not been revived. The West End indeed seems to have entered upon a permanent phase of dullness.

The convivial licence which prevailed in London some sixty years ago can hardly be realized to-day. It is all very well to say that such a state of affairs was really nothing but the leavings of the "Tony Lumbkin age," it was something more than that. The Cider Cellars in Maiden Lane, the "Coal Hole" in the Strand, and a number of kindred resorts, may not have furnished a very elevating form of entertainment, but they were the expression of a certain side (not the best) of the English character, and as such were of greater interest than the milk and watery songs of to-day which nine times out of ten are the expression of nothing at all.

Over-regulation, apathy and a certain heaviness of mind, have now banished anything like spontaneous gaiety from the metropolis. Ultra-respectability, the great fetish of modern England, is violently hostile to anything but purely conventional enjoyment.

This state of affairs is to some degree caused by

climate and race, the main reason for it, however, is the state of mind of the inhabitants.

That London was formerly almost as gay a city as Paris we know from the chronicles of the eighteenth century. Even in mid-Victorian days open-air pleasure resorts were accessible to all.

The average Englishman, except in very rare cases, can no more forget his respectability than he can get rid of his shadow.

The word "improper" is the badge of his slavery. Let anything, however natural in itself, be tabooed by having this sacred label fastened upon it, and he will shrink from it as from an object tainted by the plague.

Highly courageous, from a physical point of view, he is too often a moral coward, fearful of what the world, and more particularly his neighbours, will say or think.

Owing to his three meals a day, abundance of slumber, and lack of imagination, originality is not his strong point.

From a conversational point of view he is usually quite lamentable.

On the other hand, his judgment is said to be good, but it is not astonishing that anyone who so rarely dares to give his views, should not often be wrong?

The Frenchman, on the other hand, while often insincere and devious in his ways, almost invariably has the courage of his opinions.

Sceptical and highly tenacious of personal liberty, he cares nothing for what others think. Endowed with a very active imagination, his tongue easily runs riot, when the most unrestrained utterances flow from his lips.

"Are you married?" asked an English lady of a vivacious Parisian.

"No, Madame," was the reply, "I am only a poacher."

The Parisian accustomed to the freedom of his own beautiful City cannot understand how a civilized people can allow themselves to be bamboozled by fanatics whose idea of progress would seem to consist in the early closing of restaurants, the suppression of night clubs, and the hounding of wretched women from pillar to post! It is to be hoped that when our very costly system of national education does make a real impression upon the people, they will take drastic means to put an end to all this ill-considered and unnecessary solicitude for their—"Heaven save the mark!"—moral welfare.

At present harassing regulations and unnecessary ordinances, which would not have been tolerated before the war, scarcely arouse hostile comment. The most ridiculous theories are allowed to pass unchallenged, while the faddist, with his useless and gloomy schemes for producing an impossible, if ideal, world, stalks abroad unchecked.

There is an explanation for this which may be true.

The French and Germans have been accustomed to fight one another almost from immemorial antiquity; the Great War for them, therefore, was merely a bigger one than those which had gone before. On the Continent warfare indeed is far more of an ordinary incident of existence than for the English, who in such wars as they waged in the past, generally sent but a small number of troops—a sort of football team—to stiffen and strengthen the nation or nations which they wanted to win.

In the Great War, however, for the first time, the sanguinary actualities of warfare were brought home to England, while all its young manhood had to take up arms.

The result, though the English are naturally unwilling to acknowledge it, is that the whole nation more or less is unconsciously suffering from shock.

This is possibly why the people put up with so much which their forefathers would have bitterly and actively resented.

As a matter of fact, there is no doubt but that from the point of view of intelligence and common sense the modern English are inferior, not only to their forbears, but to our allies of the Great War across the Channel.

An English resident in Paris who had not been in London for five or six years, after spending six weeks in the latter city, said: "The thing which strikes me about modern London is its childishness. A sort of infantile love of control for control's sake seems to dominate the metropolis."

One of the results of this mania was the creation of the Women Police—that strange body of females, one of whose chief functions, according to a cynic, was

"To spy
On those who gave the gladsome eye."

Speaking in the House of Commons, the Home Secretary, Mr. Shortt, said:

"The fact of the matter was that wherever they had employed policewomen, they had been obliged to employ policemen to protect them in case of need. He was stating facts."

As a result of an inquiry by experts it was found that the pay, uniform, rent and establishment charges in connexion with a force of a hundred women constables and their officers cost nearly £50,000 a year.

The authorities, after a thorough and lengthy trial of the women patrols, became convinced that while not a necessity, they were too expensive to maintain as a luxury.

In this view they were supported by the Geddes Economy Committee, who in their report stated that the utility of women from a police point of view was negligible. It might have been imagined that anyone possessed of sense would have known this without the help of Experts and Committees. Nevertheless, in order to please the faddists, no serious protest against this scandalous waste of public money was ever made—indeed, a certain section of cranks wished to increase the number of women doing work for which women by nature are totally unfit!

If the metropolis is in certain respects curiously Puritanical, its life is wild and rollicking compared to that led by people in the provinces. The provincial spirit fairly revels in restrictions and regulations, while a peculiar narrowness permeates such amusements as it is good enough to permit.

No one has spoken out more sensibly on this subject than Mr. Nevinson, that gifted artist, who possesses a courage deserving of all praise.

Nothing could be better than his denunciation of bourgeois Puritanism as exemplified in the black monstrosity of Manchester. We are always hearing about the joys of the higher life. The highbrows of Manchester, says he, have produced nothing but intellectual stagnation—and "Manchester."

What can be more dreadful than the Provincial Sunday, that triumph of middle-class bigotry and intolerance?

Though few realize it, the strict observance in question is of purely Jewish origin.

Extreme dullness being not a natural part of the religious theory of a Christian Sunday, the strictness so dear to Nonconformists and others is not really due to any religious convictions, but part of the homage which the Middle Classes delight in paying to that

unknown divinity, who decides without appeal what is and what is not improper. It is the same kind of subservience which produces that love of superficial decorum and represses every spontaneous impulse likely to lead to momentary breaches of the strict observance of propriety.

"A curious and amusing thing among you Christians," said a clever Hebrew, fond of studying various faiths, "is your adoption of our Sabbath, which you quite wrongly believe to be connected with your own religion, whereas in reality it belongs to us."

Not content with dominating London, our self-constituted guardians of morality have lately been extending their energies farther afield.

Last year Ex-Councillor Clark very kindly undertook to supervise the bathing at various watering-places, while more recently an explosive moralist, "Councillor Grimes," the representative of Staines on the Thames Conservancy, expressed himself "scandalized by the disgraceful river scenes and abandoned river-goers who sully the fair Thames from Staines to Maidenhead."

English watering-places are especially apt to be dominated by the Sabbatarian. A typical example of this is Eastbourne, the streets of which abound in preternatural virtue as well as trees.

No rowdy tourists invade the precincts of this seaside resort, while the whole place exudes an air of decorum calculated to overawe any Bohemian pleasure-seeker who may have strayed into one of the principal strongholds of British respectability.

Bathing here on Sunday is prohibited after noon. Formerly you might not bathe after nine!

The most riotous form of recreation permitted on the seventh day, is a walk or drive up to Beachy Head

—this, I believe, has not yet been decreed to constitute a Sabbath desecration?

To be fair it must be admitted that for persons in delicate health or with weak nerves, Eastbourne is a restful retreat.

The strange confusion of mind which causes a large section of the English bourgeoisie to imagine that the strict observance of the Sabbath is part of the Christian faith was recently exemplified at Leeds, where the City Council forbade Sunday golf on the municipal links.

It is possible, of course, that a preponderant number of the Ædiles in question were of the Semitic race, in which case their action was quite logical. If, on the other hand, they claim to be Christians it was utterly absurd—the ancient Rabbinical restrictions on work or play during the Sabbath day having nothing whatever to do with Christianity.

Since the rather wild but merry old days of the eighteenth century, Provincial towns for the most part dominated by the middle-class spirit which is so hostile to gaiety cannot be said to provide many social amenities or amusements.

It is, however, not entirely fair to say that out of London there is little intellectual ambition. There is indeed a good deal, but those affected by it are seldom content to remain out of London, which sooner or later becomes the permanent abode of most of the abler men.

As for the mass of the inhabitants of provincial towns, they are content to get their intellectual life down by the train in letters from London correspondents, which generally give a very fair idea of what is going on in the world in general. As a matter of fact, many of the most successful Pressmen have graduated

in the provincial Press, a large section of which is now admirably conducted.

From the point of view of social freedom British colonies appear to be just as narrow-minded as provincial towns, which is probably partly why the great City of the Thames exerts a wonderful charm over those who by force of circumstances are obliged to live far away.

"I just long to get back, my mind can never keep away from London, although over 7,000 miles away," wrote a charming lady from a somewhat remote region of the African veldt.

"Somehow when you've lived in it, felt it, when you've heard it, seen it, smelt it (glorious motor-buses, etc.), it's London calling every day! I conjure up imaginary things in this sullen, sleepy silence and heat —thoughts of my friends, thoughts that thrill, thoughts that set me longing for the music of the traffic in the streets."

Exiles in such places hear dull old London calling to them month by month!

In the Colonies, Puritanism has of late years put forth fine luxuriant growths. Johannesburg, where in the 'nineties a good deal of ultra-Bohemianism prevailed, allows no Sabbath amusements at all. Every cinematograph show and every bar is closed; the only relaxation allowed being semi-sacred concerts at certain clubs.

No wonder a correspondent branded the Johannesburg Sunday as being deadly dull.

On weekdays no night clubs exist, the nearest approach being a very respectable so-called "Cabaret" show on Friday nights at the Carlton Hotel.

Altogether the Middle-Class spirit seems to have done its work very thoroughly in this mining town, erstwhile reputed to be a centre of gambling and

hectic gaiety—now more Sabbatarian than Paisley.

This "dullification" of Colonial towns, though preferable to the lawless state of affairs which it in some cases supersedes, without doubt acts as a deterrent to true colonization.

It is only natural that those who have accumulated wealth in South Africa or Australia should sigh for more social freedom. No wonder that the moment a man's pile is made he loses no time in hastening back to the more unfettered life of great European cities.

Some little time ago the "Brighter London Movement" came into being. This, according to its manifesto, among its other aims seeks to make London less dull. One of the first efforts of its promoters was a mild petition to the Licensing Magistrates beseeching that august body not to rescind its decision to allow certain Hotels and restaurants to supply alcohol with supper. This began:

"We, the undersigned, wish to express our gratification to the Licensing Magistrates of the area covered by the theatres for their very kind interpretation of the recent Licensing Act . . . and respectfully urge that the concession thus granted may be made permanent."

Thus might a body of slaves address an Oriental Despot!

It seems a pity that the Brighter London Movement should have adopted this cringing attitude towards a number of Magistrates who while (unlike some of their colleagues in other districts) deserving of some praise, in reality did nothing more than carry out the spirit of an Act of Parliament which was passed specially to accord a very moderate measure of social liberty to London citizens.

Considering that it is an acknowledged fact that many thousands of Americans and visitors of other

nationalities have been driven away from London by harassing regulations (with the result that vast sums of money are spent abroad instead of here), it surely was not necessary to adopt such an abject attitude as regards this matter ?

Timidity is the great fault of modern English defenders of Liberty, who rarely exhibit vivacity or dash.

Contrast this attitude with that of the Puritans, who meet their opponents with the cry of " A ' Brighter ' means a ' Tighter ' London."

With unparalleled impudence one of these people wrote to the papers claiming that London to-day, with all its restrictions, is a much brighter city than Paris !

A more ridiculously mendacious statement than this it is impossible to conceive ! As a matter of fact, what has been somewhat unctuously described as " the sobering discipline of the war," has quite blotted out the former as a pleasure city !

If those responsible for the Brighter London Movement really mean business, they should first of all study and then copy the methods of the other side, which have been so eminently successful in producing a Duller London.

Pious resolutions about beautifying the North and South Side of the Thames Embankment will not curb the activities of Teetotal fanatics !

What is wanted is a common-sense programme of war to the knife against Prigs and Puritans, whose machinations should be ruthlessly exposed on every possible occasion.

The energies of those concerned in the Brighter London Movement have been well directed in making the London Council consent to allow Sunday games in the Parks. A number of senseless killjoys

having hitherto prevented the public from making use on Sundays of 2,500 acres, every inch of which is paid for by the people. Anything more monstrous than this it was impossible to conceive!

A characteristic contribution of the L.C.C. towards the "brightening" of London was its demand for powers to control any flags and banners suspended across the streets.

Compliance with a number of tedious formalities is just the thing to encourage people to decorate their houses on gala occasions, and the result of this new development will probably lead to no flags being exhibited at all.

The Puritan spirit in its most obtrusive and narrow form indeed permeates a number of the restrictions and ordinances for which the L.C.C. is responsible.

Its ridiculous action with regard to the Midnight Follies, and the admission, or rather non-admission, of children under 16 to cinematograph performances, are recent instances of the extreme to which narrow-minded bigotry is capable of going.

The Cabaret idea, by the by, is not a new one, having been in full swing in Paris during the early part of the last century. The famous "diners du Vaudeville" held at the Rocher de Cancale attracted numbers of people to that restaurant. So great was the crowd that private rooms, from which the songs could be heard, were booked two months in advance.

Nor is the craze for dancing a novelty in the metropolis.

In the late 'forties of the last century much the same kind of mania gradually seized pleasure-loving London.

Travellers came back from France with bright legends of the joys to be found at the Chaumière, with its bosquets and Montagnes Russes; of the guinguettes on the outskirts of Paris; of the Chateau

Rouge ; and lastly, of the glittering Bal Mabille, with its palm-tree lights and trellises of bronze vines. Much was written and heard of the ruling spirits of Terpsichore, whose names were known all over Paris—"Mogador," *la grande brune*, the graceful Frisette and Rigolette, of the veteran Chicard and of the inimitable student Bridid—*le moulin perpetuel*, as he was called in the Quartier Latin—whom no one could approach in his wonderful gyrations.

From time to time we hear a good deal about the beneficent effects of the County Council policy in the way of having improved the morals of London. In all probability the morals of London are in exactly the same condition as if the County Council had never been brought into existence. Nothing, however, will ever induce our Killjoys to recognize this. The most discreditable exploit in the way of moralization upon which the County Council ever embarked was the sending of paid spies to secure evidence against doubtful massage establishments. The expenditure of public money upon such a purpose was too much for one of the London magistrates, who did anything but congratulate the Council upon this disgusting, if novel, method of attempting to secure convictions.

The activities of the L.C.C. are not by any means limited to poking its nose into cinema palaces and massage shops.

Sated with pornographic investigation and discussion, some of its members want to invent new methods of impeding the traffic.

In February, 1922, the Ministry of Transport refused the requests of the Highways Committee of the London County Council to forbid vehicles from being driven between stationary tramway-cars and the kerb, because of the danger to passengers.

Wonderful London !

In justice to the County Council, however, it must be admitted that of late years it has ceased to indulge in philanthropic enterprise resulting in little but increased taxation of the ratepayers.

One of these forgotten but expensive ventures was "the Farmfield Colony for Drunkards."

This interesting social experiment in an existence of ten years cost the ratepayers £100,000 without, of course, materially affecting drunkenness.

Only 19 per cent of the six hundred cases dealt with proved amenable to treatment—whatever that may mean,—the percentage of cures was a good deal less.

To return to the subject of the fabled "night life" of the West End—that nocturnal carnival of the underworld which has long ceased to exist!

After twelve o'clock at night there are comparatively few people in the streets of the West End, the only creatures freely allowed to amuse themselves after that hour being the cats. The latter have enormously increased in numbers within the last few years.

Certain thoroughfares are full of them, indeed these feline wanderers and their loves bid fair to become almost as much a feature of the metropolis as pariah dogs formerly were of Constantinople. According to a competent authority there are no less than 250,000 cats in the metropolis and their number continues to increase unchecked.

Though a great fuss is made by the authorities as to granting an extension of hours to restaurants, a few well-conducted Clubs are occasionally allowed to remain open till two.

Of these, Ciro's and the Embassy easily distance all their rivals, both of them, in addition to dancing and first-class bands, providing excellent food, equal if not better than that to be found at the best restaurants.

It is a far cry from such decorous institutions to the old Gardinia, or to the slightly more decorous resort of night birds, named after the games inaugurated by Sisyphus, the founder of Corinth in honour of the sea-god Melicertes, for centuries annually celebrated on the "Corinthian Isthmus."

The name "Corinthian," the Tom and Jerry associations of which had been made famous by Pierce Egan, it is curious to note, was once rejected as the appellation of a social Club for men of the Universities as "Conveying a meaning of licentious fastness and extravagance which no public-school man could afford to countenance."

The Parliamentary Committee of the London Licensing Justices in April became much concerned about night clubs against which they wished active measures to be taken. It is earnestly to be hoped that no fuller powers will be extended to these gentlemen, whose narrow-minded Puritan policy is a greater menace to London than any night club can ever be.

One of the objections urged against these resorts was that they were places of refuge for women of a certain character, a good instance of cruel middle-class cant in its most unchristian aspect!

Goodness knows local justices, who are not elected and therefore have no mandate from the people, have done too much harm already by their abominable interpretation of the Licensing Act to be allowed any further opportunities of enforcing their Puritan fads.

At the present time there would appear to be a tendency towards even further interference with freedom.

Licensing justices, owing to the careless drafting of the Act of Parliament which was designed to restore something of the liberty enjoyed by Londoners before

the war, have been cutting down the hour of serving alcohol to 10.

The deliberations of the justices of the County of London as to the closing of licensed premises show what sort of people preside over our so-called liberties.

Speaking on 29 October, 1921, one of them, Mr. Henwood, said there would be a " general demoralization " of London if the closing hour were fixed at 11 o'clock.

Another, Mr. Atwood, who was so good as to suggest 10.30, declared that the Justices had been " stampeded into the question of later hours by the theatre proprietors."

Mr. Atwood's amendment, however, having been lost by 60 votes to 6, a resolution was passed that the hour of closing for the whole of London should be 10 p.m.

The most suitable comment upon these proceedings is the remark of a Frenchman who, having been asked if any restrictions of this kind were likely to be adopted in Paris, replied: " Our forefathers did not make the Great Revolution in order that we should indulge in such buffoonery."

The " drys " scored a victory on 14 November, 1921, the Marylebone licensing justices deciding that the closing hour for the borough should be 10 p.m. on week-days and 9 p.m. on Sundays!

A phalanx of clergy, led by the Bishop of Willesden, was heard in opposition, though why the narrow-minded views of these men representative of a class which should not interfere with such matters carried any weight it is difficult to understand.

While these Solons devote serious consideration to the question of whether respectable people shall be allowed to consume alcohol with their supper or whether a particular district shall have its licence curtailed,

unrestricted drinking goes on all night in certain parts of London, the alcohol consumed being of the worst and most fiery kind possible.

The petty and harassing restrictions dear to social reformers have produced a great number of more or less secret resorts run by undesirables for undesirables.

In some ways our Puritans could not more effectually have increased vice had they deliberately set out to do so.

One consequence of drinking restrictions is the "Moonshine party," often an occasion for unrestrained dissipation of a reckless kind.

In order to be able to arrange these parties, people take studios which are solely devoted to purposes of pleasure. Meanwhile, artists who take their work seriously, unable to pay the exorbitant rents cheerfully agreed to by the invaders, have to do the best they can in a converted shed or stable.

For the existence of the "Moonshine party" the Puritan Social Reformer is directly responsible. With the increase of this sinister individual's activities, there has come into existence a great deal of hidden debauchery and private vice.

Ignorant of the world and its ways, such people imagine that anything can be done by laws and regulations. You can restrict the hours of public drinking, suppress suppers, and harry all outward manifestations of illicit love, but there is one thing you cannot suppress, and that is human nature, eternally impatient of restraint.

It would be well if the public could be convinced that too often the self-constituted guardians of British temperance and morality, living as they do in a world behind the looking-glass, make statements which bear no relation to actual facts. Even when shown to have been entirely wrong they continue to persist in the

wild theories which are so dear to the unbalanced mind.

As a matter of fact, realities mean nothing to people who are always propounding schemes for Utopias of an uncomfortable and impossible kind.

The pity is that so much energy should be wasted in all sorts of fantastic crusades to improve the world at large while so little attention is devoted by Social Reformers to their own families and the persons with whom they are in immediate contact.

This is why the children of Philanthropists and Humanitarians are apt to go to the bad. While their parents are lecturing and pushing their fads on others, their own offspring gets into all sorts of queer ways owing to being left to run wild at its own sweet will.

While a number of Puritans are quite sincere, instances of their leading double lives are not by any means unknown.

Awkward revelations sometimes take place, and relatives of defunct Social Reformers are apt to be sadly disillusioned—even shocked!

"Some time ago a disconsolate widow ordered a very elaborately carved memorial to her late husband, upon which, amid a wealth of elaborate carving, was to be engraved:

"'Rest in Peace'

"The stone had been set up for some months when the lady again appeared at my office. 'I want you,' said she, 'to have that inscription erased from my husband's tomb. In view of certain circumstances which have come to my knowledge since his death, the words in my opinion are inappropriate.'

"The monumental mason pointed out that considering the elaborate character of the ornamentation such a proceeding would be little short of an act of vandalism.

"The lady thought for a while and then inquired, 'Is there room to add anything then?'

"He told her there was.

"'Well,' she said, 'make the inscription run like this,' and taking a piece of paper she wrote:

"'Rest in Peace
—Till I come.'"

There is in England a certain class of person who is too apt to believe that anything can be done by Acts of Parliament.

Something seems to them very unjust or very hard, and they immediately invoke legislative interference to stop it.

It is no doubt very unjust that the male Praying Mantis should form the wedding breakfast of his terrible mate, and it is certainly hard that the drone who is the successful wooer of the Queen bee should, as an immediate result of his nuptials, meet with a peculiarly unpleasant death; nevertheless laws and regulations are quite powerless to prevent these tragedies from taking place, as they are to stop human beings from doing a good many things which are morally indefensible.

It is all very well to say "this shall not be" when uncontrollable forces decree the contrary. Certain Legal prohibitions, though pleasing or profitable to those who draft them, are, owing to the nature of things, bound to be ineffective.

Humanity cannot be dragooned into virtue.

The leopard cannot change its spots, or the Ethiopian his skin. Man with his craving for strong emotions will assuredly find means of gratifying them, and it is mere hypocritical rubbish to assume that in the future milk and water is to be the elixir of life.

Social Reformers when attacked are very expert

at sheltering themselves behind fine phrases—while expressing disapproval of personal freedom which tends towards licence, they claim that their goal is "the larger liberty of devoted service to others," which in reality merely means that they desire to impose their own narrow ideas upon other people.

At the Newington Sessions in February, 1922, Canon Durell said that "the object of licensing restrictions was to secure greater freedom." This statement deserves much the same comment as that made by Napoleon on a speech of the Abbé Sieyés.

A prominent supporter of restrictions on personal liberty is the Bishop of London, who is always calling out for legislation to prevent drinking and other things of which he does not approve. Having succeeded in closing up the music-hall lounges and thereby hounded a number of unfortunate women into the streets (where they do ten times as much harm than before), he now heads protests against respectable people being allowed to obtain alcoholic refreshment with their supper.

The whole thing is pathetically ludicrous, and could only be taken seriously in a country where personal freedom has become little more than a tradition of a vanished age.

A noticeable feature of several licensing sittings has been the obtrusive attitude of the clergy, who in some cases have gone so far as to sing the Doxology on hearing that their restrictive efforts have proved successful.

The Pendulum indeed has visibly swung towards social repression.

Pendulums, however, never fail to adjust themselves in the end, and no doubt in due course a reaction will occur.

Meanwhile, however, London seems likely to remain

not only the dullest City in Europe, but also the greatest centre of triumphant intolerance and cant which Europe has ever seen.

This, while seemingly rather to the taste of its inhabitants, has a most repellent effect upon foreign visitors, which is why Paris, once again full of life and free, if somewhat expensive, amusements, literally seethes with foreign visitors ready to spend money.

Of late (June, 1922) various articles have appeared vaunting the attractions of London as compared with Paris. "There is more life in London than Paris. There are better shows in the theatres, better and cheaper goods in the shops."

The latter statement is true, but what on earth have shops got to do with the joy of life?

As for the other contentions, they can only have been made on the Coué principle of "every day London is getting brighter and brighter."

The whole thing is ridiculous; how can the metropolis, a city where you may not buy cigarettes after eight, besides countless other restrictions, have any chance of being as gay and amusing as Paris where anyone within reasonable limits is free to do exactly as he or she likes?

Who but a madman indeed would in these days come to London for a pleasure trip?

Music-halls, owing to the triumph of Puritanism, have practically ceased to èxist. The lounges where men from all parts of the world were before the war wont to meet old friends have been improved out of existence.

In addition to this, there are no lively supper resorts as on the Continent, while a number of ridiculous restrictions, apparently devised to goad otherwise sober people into drinking as much as possible in a limited time, harass and annoy anyone accustomed

to the social freedom of the other side of the Channel.

"What do I think of London?" said a vivacious French lady; "I will tell you. Most of the people in the street look as if they were going to a funeral. Watch and see how many smiling faces you will see during a walk—scarcely one. As to a laugh, I fancy that is absolutely forbidden by one of your many laws."

Anything likely to assist their cause is at once seized upon by Temperance cranks, who show very much more activity than those who profess themselves in favour of liberty.

A poor woman commits suicide, and in the course of the investigations which follow she is found occasionally to have visited night clubs.

Immediately a howl is raised as to the demoralizing character of such places, and, should the poor creature (like hundreds who do not frequent restaurants or night clubs) be proved to have been addicted to drink, we are at once told that this was owing to the extension of hours.

If certain reformers have their way, life in England will hardly be worth living at all.

In an article in that excellent monthly the "Nineteenth Century," a writer not very long ago gravely put forward a plea for a particularly noxious extension of the censorship of public entertainments. "Why," said he, "should it not be possible to make vulgarity a misdemeanour equal in gravity to indecency and subject to the same penalties and pains?"

On the same principle it might be asked why should the "bourgeois" apostles of narrow-minded Puritanism, who are responsible for the intellectual stagnation now prevailing in England, not be thrown into the Thames?

The English have become so accustomed to interference with personal liberty, that, provided they are

accompanied by slimy protestations as to the promotion of morality and the like, restrictions, however ridiculous, leave them unmoved.

It is not so with the French. "Ah," said a little Parisienne, to whom the writer had been trying to explain that the closing of restaurants in London at midnight was supposed to promote godly life, "your law-makers think, no doubt, that they will go to the '*ciel.*' But let them make no mistake, the Bon Dieu does not want *canaille* of that sort up there. He likes cheerful, lively people and not '*ces sales empêcheurs de danser en rond,*' who seem so popular in your country.'

The *Bon Dieu* she spoke of, however, was not the unforgiving, austere God of the Puritans but the lenient Deity who, according to the poet Bérenger, does not grudge his moonlight to amorous couples courting beneath great trees and in sequestered glades.

Such doings, however, are not at all to the liking of our Puritan rulers, and London parks are places better left alone by persons of an amorous disposition, for within their sacred precincts demonstrations of affection are frowned upon by the authorities. We are a long way from the jolly, easygoing England of Rowlandson's day when public osculation, as the artist's drawings show, went on unchecked.

On 24 January, 1922, a parson (parsons seem very unfortunate in the parks) was brought up at Marlborough Street charged with an offence in Hyde Park. His defence was that the girl charged with him had merely been sitting on his lap. "We were not doing anything except kissing. I don't see any harm in kissing; everybody does it," he added.

Nevertheless the poor man was fined five pounds, and the girl two.

Clergymen of amorous disposition will be wise to

avoid the parks for their love-making—but in view of the elaborate and costly moral spy system of modern London it is difficult to see where the poor things are to go!

The frequency of these Hyde Park police prosecutions seems curious.

In quite a number of cases, men have been convicted and their innocence afterwards been vindicated on appeal.

On 11 February, 1922, a daily paper which has begun to do good service in defending the much-threatened liberty of the individual said: "The whole thing is becoming scandalous. A couple of policemen, often a hundred yards away, accuse a perfectly respectable citizen of unseemly conduct, and haul him off to the police-station. No evidence other than theirs is offered; the magistrate (so hard of hearing, it would seem, that he cannot even catch a request for an adjournment) disposes of the case in ten minutes, and fines him."

The very day this article appeared, Mr. Mead, saying that the evidence of two constables was inconsistent, dismissed a charge of insulting behaviour in Regent Street.

A highly respectable tradesman of fifty-two had been arrested on a charge of insulting young women, none of whom however, as the police admitted, had made any complaint!

The alleged insult, it should be added, was walking round women and peering into their faces. There was no corroboration and the whole thing would appear to have been an outrageous case of excessive zeal.

As matters stand at present, it is obviously dangerous for any man to walk in the Park alone. If he so much as looks at any woman, he may be handed over to the tender mercies of the Marlborough Street

Magistrate. It is not adequate compensation to be acquitted on appeal.

As for the unfortunate Traviatas of the streets, the poor creatures, in defiance of laws supposed to guarantee the liberty of the subject, besides being hunted from pillar to post, are liable to arrest by plain-clothes officers, in reality merely *police des mœurs,* who haul them off before magistrates not apt to show undue leniency towards feminine frailty.

The introduction of this special body of moral spies into England seems to have been allowed to pass unnoticed by the Press. It used to be a proud boast of the Briton that the continental system of a *police des mœurs* should never be allowed to defile this country; nevertheless in the West End of modern London their activities are in full fling.

The whole question of whether police disguised in plain clothes should be allowed to arrest women (*when no complaint has been made*) should be thrashed out —as matters stand now, the poor creatures are entirely at the mercy of the latter, who are naturally anxious to convict, in return for the money expended upon the force to which they belong.

All this sort of thing cannot fail to impair the well-earned popularity of the London Police, hitherto rightly considered to be a force beyond reproach.

That this still applies to the vast majority of its members is undoubtedly true, all the more then should this precious reputation be safeguarded by not resorting to methods which in other countries have made the police loathed and despised.

Surely it cannot seriously be maintained that London wants a body of plain-clothes men to act as what is little else than morality spies?

The functions of the police should be to keep order and prevent crime.

Anything beyond this is totally opposed to the ideas and traditions of an England which, let us hope, is too proud to copy the doubtful methods which have led to so much trouble in other countries.

Democracy, as understood by the modern English, consists in levelling everybody down to a special standard of mediocrity, whereas true democracy should be the result of an exactly contrary process.

The fact is that, as the French have noticed, the English but dimly comprehend what democracy means, while they completely ignore its inevitable limitations.

The idea, for instance, that it is necessary to enforce drink restrictions upon West End Clubs where no one drinks to excess, merely because a few people are apt to get drunk in Public Houses, is pathetically absurd.

Modern England in its new democratic garb resembles a savage chieftain, when for the first time he assumes European dress and puts it on all wrong. The French, on the other hand, having gone through various phases of democratic turmoil and strife, have ceased to be carried away by Utopian ideas of a nonsensical kind such as find ready acceptance in England.

Attempts to put down the over-indulgence of a degraded few, by a corrective application so sweeping that the whole nation is branded with the insulting imputation of being unfit to enjoy liberty, cannot fail to weaken respect for the law, which above all things should be founded upon justice and common sense.

Though a number of the night resorts of Paris remain open all night, drunkenness is very rarely found in any of them. And why? Because the French will not tolerate it and have no sympathy for drunkards, whom they despise.

Here we put restrictions upon sober people, while

drunkards, whom every one rather pities, are always able to obtain as much alcohol as they like!

The placid acquiescence of the English in ridiculous restrictions on their personal liberty is quite modern.

The old English would not tolerate anything of the sort; witness the fate which, in the 'forties of the last century, befell the efforts of a certain Scotch fanatic, Sir Andrew Agnew, who asked Parliament to coerce the nation into his own notion of the virtuous and the godly. His attempt to control the morals of the people by State and police machinery evoked a storm of sarcasm and ridicule, and he and his programme were literally snuffed out of existence by a song more coarse than comic, the burden of which throughout all broad and independent England was, "This is the song of Sir Andrew Agnew." But it answered the purpose, and well, for it put the whole army of hypocrites to the rout.

Would that something might be done to curb the energies of the latter to-day.

Acts of Parliament and County Council ordinances, though claiming to purge London of vice, and delighting Stiggins and Chadband, have, in reality, done nothing of the sort. They have merely driven it out of sight, into more dangerous and noxious forms underground.

The morality of London has certainly not been improved by the modern rule of excluding Cyprians from restaurants and music-halls, an arbitrary and cruel policy which has merely filled certain streets of the West End with a horde of wretched women scuttling from spies and police like frightened rabbits on a summer's night.

However, the Puritans are pleased, and as their susceptibilities are considered more important than the general well-being, it is likely that for some time

at least a sane policy dictated by experience and common sense will not be allowed to prevail.

The so-called "cleansing of London," instead of effecting any improvement, has positively made things a good deal worse, for the closing of the lounges and the drink restrictions are in some degree undoubtedly responsible for the spread of dope and disease.

The ruthless harrying of unfortunate women has made a number of them reckless, with the result that they have become perambulating agents for the sale of cocaine.

In a lounge or promenade where they are known and their energies strictly controlled such women are comparatively harmless, but hunted from pillar to post and reduced to the level of despised social outcasts, the poor creatures soon become the prey of unscrupulous Asiatics and other wretches by whom the traffic in cocaine is mainly kept going.

There is no doubt that a number of Chinese have accumulated what to them are large sums by dealing in dope.

It should be realized that the sale of one little packet brings in as much or more than a Chinaman at home would earn in a year.

Cunning to a degree, he has innumerable methods of smuggling the drug into England. Who is to know that the pretty Chinese paintings in his possession have a thick coating of a white compound, mainly composed of cocaine, spread over the other side of the rice-paper? Once safely in London the cocaine is easily removed and converted into powder. There are many other equally ingenious ways of evading detection.

Even if a Chinaman be detected and sentenced to imprisonment, he finds nothing much to grumble about.

To begin with, the accommodation and food are

probably much more luxurious than anything he has been accustomed to in China.

Six months or a year in an English prison are rather like a free six weeks at the Ritz to a clerk from the suburbs.

Also he is able to earn a little money, and as he is invariably well behaved, he soon obtains a number of minor privileges which he does not fail to put to a profitable use.

Imprisonment will never stop Chinese from dealing in drugs; the only remedy is to deport them to their own country.

A favourite rendezvous of cocaine sellers appears to be the Cavell Memorial, in the neighbourhood of which a brisk traffic in little packets of the drug is said to prevail.

Contrary to what might be imagined, this is not merely because the monument in question has an aspect likely to make a special appeal to those addicted to stupefying drugs, but because the number of streets which here converge afford convenient means of escape to vendors who may have reason to think they are observed.

The prominence given to cases of drug taking and selling in all probability tends to increase the evil. Sensational articles dealing with the subject arouse curiosity, with the result that a certain class of reader becomes not disinclined to try what dope is like?

According to a Parisian writer who made an inquiry into the sale of cocaine, the vendors of that drug in Paris may be divided into several categories. To begin with, there are the importers who furnish themselves with supplies in Germany, which are retailed by waiters and loafers in second-rate restaurants as well as by a horde of disreputable persons of both sexes ready to make money no matter how.

In addition to this, a certain number of doctors who are themselves victims of the drug are not too scrupulous as to enabling their patients to obtain it, further facilities being also afforded by a number of so-called chemists who cannot resist the temptation of making a larger profit out of one packet of cocaine than is yielded by the sale of a thousand bottles of *eau minérale*.

The greatest number of victims of the dope fiend according to those in a position to know are fashionable women, actresses, singers, dancers and girls belonging to the *demi-monde*. All of these carry on an active propaganda among their friends and acquaintances, for all who take cocaine have a mania to induce others to follow their example.

A number of so-called intellectuals, a class which includes poets and painters dabbling in all sorts of so-called art, are also to be found in the growing army of drug takers.

For such as those mentioned above, Cocaine becomes a religion, and that being so has its apostles and martyrs, for which reason prosecution and imprisonment is too often powerless to abate the evil which it seeks to combat, an additional reason for which is that drug vendors are themselves often victims of the scourge by the sale of which they live.

According to certain Chauvinists, Germany does all she can to further the sale of cocaine in France, a number of German agents having received instructions from Berlin to sell as much of the drug as possible to the French, profits not to be taken into account, provided a sufficiently large number of the hereditary enemy are reduced to a state of demoralization. German soldiers lost the last Great War, but German chemists may win the next.

Nor can the multiplication of laws and regulations

be said to have acted as an effectual check on drugging. It is indeed rather doubtful whether it has not made the evil worse, the sale of cocaine in England bringing in far larger profits than in any other country.

The best method of stopping drugging would be the incarceration of anyone addicted to the vice in a home for six months, the home in question to be as uncomfortable as possible, consistent with treatment calculated to restore the offender to his or her normal condition.

The idea of making persons addicted to dope or drink thoroughly uncomfortable does not, however, seem to commend itself to social reformers in this country.

They prefer to close up resorts which they think are responsible for the evil, and to make people who *do not* dope or drink uncomfortable, which ridiculous policy is responsible for most pieces of so-called temperance legislation. It would be better to take a leaf out of the book of our allies across the Channel. As has before been said, the French dislike drunkards and are not given to crying over them as we are. An habitual inebriate indeed has an exceedingly bad time among them, whereas in England he can go rolling about all over the place with very slight chance of being subjected to any great personal inconvenience.

Every one is more or less sorry for him, while teetotallers regard him as a valuable adjunct in their campaign to stop the world in general from taking alcohol.

There would be a great deal less intemperance if those addicted to it were treated with ruthless severity and roughly hurled out of any resort as they are in France.

Though for a time the Press took up a very sensible attitude as regards the need for doing away with

restrictions and thereby producing a Brighter London, the death of a dancing instructress who was said to have taken cocaine, immediately produced a sensational campaign against Night Clubs, in which the Puritans naturally joined.

Something between a hymn and a howl was immediately raised by the more emotional daily papers, night clubs were denounced and more drastic legislation demanded.

One justly popular illustrated weekly, hitherto not given to sensationalism, came out with a full-page article attacking night clubs. What particular good was intended to be done by this, it is difficult to see?

No doubt there are a number of bogus night clubs, but if such places are rigorously suppressed, it merely drives the vice which they shelter into more secret, and therefore more dangerous places.

It is no use saying, as the writer of the article somewhat hysterically said, that the night club is but "a hovel of unbridled licence, a scandal that cries aloud to high heaven, and a perpetual shame, a mockery, a crime."

There is nothing particularly new about such places. Ever since great cities came into being they have existed, and they will probably continue to exist as long as insensate Puritanism drives all open nocturnal amusement underground.

It is the Puritan, and the Puritan alone, who is responsible for the illicit drinking den with its accompaniment of vice and disease.

It is urged against the lower kind of night clubs that they harbour women of the town—of course they do. Provided the poor creatures behave with propriety, there is no reason why they should not seek the shelter of such places, when they are hounded and harried about the streets by plain-clothes police!

While not the slightest sympathy is ever shown for any of the wretched women who, driven into the streets, are hustled about from pillar to post, much emotional gush is lavished over any girl who happens to be murdered or meets her death by cocaine.

"Another beautiful butterfly lured to her doom by London's night life" is the sort of description applied to a victim of this kind once she is dead—alive she is spoken of and treated merely as a social pest. If the intolerant, unchristian fanatics, who make it their own especial business to watch over the morality of London, did not insist upon these poor women being hounded out of well-conducted resorts such tragedies would far more rarely occur. Indirectly, our Reformers have a good deal to answer for.

The humble Cyprian, after all, has as good a right to live her life in peace as the sanctimonious humbugs who have managed to impose their cruel and unchristian ideas upon an unthinking and gullible people.

When, however, one of these fits of sensational Puritanism sweeps over London people seem to lose their heads.

The result of the anti-night club agitation was that a few women were hunted out of rather undesirable resorts, some of which, for a time, were closed.

In addition to this, there was a good deal of "wailing" at the idea that anyone should want to dance after midnight.

This for some obscure reason was supposed to promote "dope."

The whole agitation was pathetically absurd.

Though strong efforts are made to check drug taking in Paris, no one there has been so foolish as to suggest that the all-night resorts of Montmartre should be suppressed.

The Parisians, however, are not silly people—nor

are they carried away by sensational newspaper articles as are their neighbours on the other side of the Channel.

The so-called cocaine revelations (which probably indirectly increased the number of those taking the drug) of course afforded a splendid opportunity for a fresh outburst of Puritan intolerance.

A lady connected with the Women's Auxiliary Service, after stating that in her opinion it was not an advantage that public-houses should be kept open later than ten, declared that what was wanted was a band of women who should be positive geniuses as detectives to ascertain what goes on in Night Clubs.

The idea of these female guardians of morality was no doubt inspired by a clause in an American Bill recently promoted by Assemblyman William Duke, of Alleghany County.

This ridiculous piece of meddlesome legislation seeks to enforce the appointment of matrons who are to see that there is at least four inches between partners dancing at licensed dance halls.

These dragons of virtue are also to take care that the regulations prohibiting "hugging" and "cheek to cheek" dancing are rigorously enforced.

Another lady, apparently much moved by sensational accounts of doings in dancing resorts, wrote an impassioned article against Night Clubs which, in her opinion, not only demoralized female frequenters, but also contributed towards depopulation by producing a class of female not given to having a family.

The war, she said, had killed off a great number of men who would not be replaced if the Night Club evil were allowed to rage unchecked!

Considering that over-population has become a serious problem in this country, overcrowded as it is with people who every year find it more and more

difficult to live, if such a statement were really true the Night Club would almost have a right to be considered one of the most beneficent institutions in England.

Unfortunately, however, the number of females frequenting such places is too small for any sterility on their part to influence the birth-rate. In addition to this, careful investigation would show that a great number of them are already mothers, dancing resorts being far more popular with married women than with innocent young girls who, for various reasons, are not generally to be found in such places.

If those who make it their business to supervise other people's amusements would only realize that neither howling about social evils, nor seeking drastically to repress them, has the slightest effect in abating the vice of a great city, we should be a good deal nearer a solution of certain pressing social problems, such as the prevention, if not the extirpation, of disease which now, thanks to the idiotic policy so triumphantly advocated by Puritans, is more rampant in the West End than in the days when a more tolerant and sensible policy prevailed.

Though the life of the Metropolis has been seriously changed by what Stiggins & Co. unctuously call "the sobering discipline" of the war, the young man-about-town is probably no better and no worse than his predecessors.

Making allowances for the alteration in manners and fashion, the vast majority of the well-to-do youth of to-day remains much the same as that which flourished in the freer and more joyous London of fifty years ago.

It must, however, be admitted that the rough, vulgar, sporting type seems to have become more rare than in the past, when foolish young men thought it

fine to talk about adultery and the Turf, though most of them, as a cynic said, "knew nothing about either." Some of them, however, though pretty tough customers, prided themselves on their refinement.

Such a one was the young fellow who said, "Though I'm known for my Louis Seize manners, don't you run away with the idea that I'm taking any damned 'No' for an answer."

Elaborately and carefully dressed, these young sparks might be seen strolling down Piccadilly, or at Long's or Hatchett's. Foreigners were rarer then than they are to-day, though some few were well-known figures in the West End. Also there were a number of broken-down sporting men, who, with more of a past than a future, eked out a precarious livelihood by betting and making themselves useful to the gilded youth of that careless age. All this sort of thing has now disappeared.

Where there is so much folly to deplore it is pleasant to know that the English, though they seem to have lost a good deal of that old independent spirit for which they were once renowned, have not in any way lost their love of sport.

A glance at the daily Press is sufficient to convince anyone of this. Year by year the public would appear to grow more interested in games and racing—no newspaper which ignored the latter has any chance of success, a fact which has been brought home to a few individuals who have attempted to exclude all news relating to betting.

Football within recent years has achieved enormous popularity. Even ladies risk the inevitable discomforts of an enormous crowd to be able to see some well-advertised match.

Sir Claude de Crespigny, a recognized authority, whose varied sporting experiences cover a considerable

number of years, fully agrees with the opinion expressed above.

Writing to me on this subject he says: "Judging by the number of gun licences taken out, and clubs for athletic and other sports, one must conclude people are more sporting now than they were in the past, though, of course, there are a large percentage of slackers except at the cocktail bar."

He is not of opinion that there has been any deterioration in glove contests, the popularity of which has so greatly increased among every class.

"Boxing, as distinguished from fighting," says he, "has vastly improved since my youthful days.

"It is, however, enough to make Tom Sayers turn in his grave to think that a Frenchman could extend an Englishman, much more beat him."

IX

BOHEMIANISM AND GOOD CHEER

A NOTICEABLE feature of modern London life is the almost total eclipse of Bohemianism, which beyond question makes life brisk and lively, besides breaking the monotony of industry and checking the excesses of cant. While its evil side generally brings its own punishment, that which is good about Bohemianism tends to invigorate the world, which it cheers and enlivens like a draught of moral champagne.

It is impossible to identify Bohemianism with any system of opinions or any condition of existence.

Charles II and Louis XIV were both on a par as regards their morality, but Charles was an out-and-out Bohemian, while the Sun King delighted in conventionalism and etiquette.

Dr. Johnson, though a champion of Church and State, had Bohemian leanings. Fielding was an almost typical Bohemian, being perfectly happy as long as the means of immediate enjoyment were before him.

The unfortunate thing about men of unconventional life and ideas is that they have a way of dying off as they draw towards middle age. They may, it is true, see a good many people under the table, but the latter get their revenge by seeing them under the sod.

The classical Bohemian who was often met with in

a past age has now completely disappeared. Not a few of them held not only that a knowledge of ancient literature atoned for everything, but that the want of it was fatal to all other merit.

The modern world for some reason or other is not favourable to the development of individuals with original or amusing idiosyncrasies, the constant interchange of ideas and similarity of life in the present time tending to produce a community of character while reducing every one to pretty well the same level. People's angularities are quickly smoothed away, and like flints which have had their edges and corners rubbed off, many become akin to pebbles which cannot be distinguished one from the other.

Writers and artists of past days were apt to be careless about their personal appearance.

One celebrated and picturesque figure in the literary world, it is said, seldom had his hair cut. Fond of reading by candlelight, he declared that he depended upon chance burnings to keep it at a convenient length.

Bohemians of the old school indeed were often eccentric in their appearance. The majority were rather untidy, but some few went in for clothes of an elaborate and striking kind.

Such a one was Horace Mayhew, who is described as having usually worn a mulberry-coloured frock-coat, with velvet collar and cuffs, a frilled shirt, protruding from a low waistcoat, fawn-coloured trousers and highly varnished boots. His nickname was " the wicked Marquess," it being said that he was the only Bohemian writer who thoroughly represented " the man-about-town."

Mayhew it appears was also noted for always being late.

He got up late, breakfasted late, supped late,

went to bed late, and finally married when of mature age.

Charles Keene, the famous "Punch" artist, belonged to quite another school. He was the old type of Bohemian who could not understand how anyone who made their living by Art or Literature could be waited upon by servants in livery, possess a carriage or horses to ride. Thick boots, an overcoat and wallet, together with a stout stick and an old pipe, were practically all the outfit he considered necessary for a trip into the country.

Perhaps the Bohemian of Bohemians was the caricaturist Carlo Pellegrini, whose limited knowledge of English and peculiar expressions made him the most amusing of companions. In addition to this, he possessed much natural wit which, when necessary, he could exercise to excellent effect.

Though extremely talented in his own line, Pellegrini never succeeded in making any large sums of money; indeed, he died poor, having been, like most Bohemians, a man of improvident habits.

A Bohemian artist of the 'sixties, Matt Morgan, an original but rather unequal cartoonist, first attracted attention by his work for "Fun."

While on the staff of that then amusing little publication he would unblushingly trace likenesses of public characters from Tenniel's cartoons—a habit he playfully called "founding himself on Tenniel," but later on when employed upon the "Tomahawk," he developed a distinctive style of his own.

A good deal of the letterpress in the "Tomahawk" was daring and Matt Morgan followed suit in his cartoons.

One of the latter which was interpreted as an attack upon Queen Victoria while she was still mourning the death of the Prince Consort attracted a good deal of unfavourable attention.

"The Empty Chair," showing a vacant throne, conduced, it was said, to the end of the "Tomahawk's" existence.

Nevertheless much of Matt Morgan's work was clever and to the point, his satire upon the Turf and its victims being trenchant in the extreme, while he showed considerable power when dealing with various political questions.

The only member of the staff of the "Tomahawk" now alive would appear to be that well-known and clever writer, Mr. T. S. Escott.

"Fun," it may be added, the external appearance of which was got up as a sort of imitation of "Punch," was started by H. T. Byron and others in the 'sixties. Its original price was a penny, and a number of clever writers, including W. S. Gilbert and Sir Francis Burnand, were among the contributors.

On Wednesday nights the latter, following the example of "Punch," dined together in a tavern near Temple Bar.

At that time "Fun" was extremely bright; but in its last days (it would seem owing to a dearth of humorous writers) this weekly like others of its kind ceased to be amusing, with the result that it died a lingering death.

The "Man in the Moon" was another journalistic venture brought out by Albert Smith, owing to a quarrel he had had with "Punch."

Albert Smith, it is said, was entirely in the wrong, but nevertheless he was always having a hit at his antagonist. Indirectly, however, the "Man in the Moon" contributed towards "Punch's" prosperity, for from its staff came Shirley Brooks, who at Douglas Jerrold's invitation joined that of the older paper.

During the Victorian age there were quite a number of men who made a living out of writing sensational

stories for various publications. That most excellent little publication "Notes and Queries" recently had a mention of Mr. Edward Viles who, though apparently a prolific author, wrote only the titles of sensational novels published under his name.

Notwithstanding a weakness to pose as an author, Mr. Viles was a most kindhearted and generous man ever ready to assist writers who were in trouble and save their homes from the bailiff.

According to a contribution of "Notes and Queries," Robert Louis Stevenson called on Viles with the MS. of "Treasure Island," which he left with the latter.

A week later Viles wrote to the young author to say that he "did not think much of the stuff, but was willing to purchase the tale to be rewritten by a more competent hand."

Stevenson called for the return of his manuscript, which, when eventually published, achieved such a deservedly great success.

Readers of MSS., like readers of plays, often fail to perceive when there is a gold mine within their reach.

While the England of to-day is vastly different from that of the 'sixties, there still exist people who pride themselves upon their unconventional lives, while styling themselves Bohemians. Formerly, as has been said, a certain number of London actors, artists and literary men really did lead free and easy lives, but all that has now long been over. As a matter of fact, the only Bohemian life the modern English really admire is that of other countries as pictured in plays and books.

The French say: "Les Anglais aiment la vie de Bohème quand elle n'est pas de chez eux."

This is why people gush about Villon and Verlaine,

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both of whom led lives calculated to scandalize the average Englishman.

In Paris, however, where complete social liberty prevails, Bohemianism still flourishes, though not so much perhaps as in the early 'eighties when the Chat Noir was a great resort for writers, poets and artists with unconventional views.

A gifted survivor of this little band is the artist Adolphe Willette, whose clever and fanciful studies of Pierrots are a delight to the eye.

The main characteristic of most real Bohemians is that whenever they achieve anything good it is by their own innate cleverness rather than by application. There appears to be a narrowness in professional pursuits which is alien to their disposition, and they are rarely able to overcome their antipathy to long hours and regular work.

In the old easygoing days there were quite a number of Bohemians in the army and a few in the navy, in which service such officers were known as Q.H.B.'s, that is "Queen's hard bargains." Men of this sort, after being paid off after a long voyage, would often not trouble to go and see their family, having a vague impatience of the paternal roof which caused them to spend their leave at the Union at Plymouth, the Quebec at Portsmouth, or at Hatchett's in Piccadilly, at all of which hostelries they consumed a good quantity of champagne. This was in the days before the rank of mate had been supplanted by that of sub-lieutenant, beyond which some of the old school never rose. They may be said to have staggered through life good officers, but rough in their ways, quarrelsome but honourable messmates, with a now long extinct nautical prejudice against military men, with whom some of the oldest had fought duels.

Not a few after retiring from active service fell upon evil days, the most inveterate topers among them, when overtaken by impecuniosity, being apt to claim friendship with anyone likely to stand drinks.

"We are old friends," said one to an acquaintance who had often helped him in the past, "we have drunk a great deal of brandy and water together." "Yes," was the reply, "that is true enough. You drank the brandy and I drank the water."

In these days many actors prefer Society to the Bohemian existence to which so many of the old school were partial.

Not a few of the latter were full of original wit, notably one who died a few years ago, after a long and honourable career on the stage, with which his family had been connected for several generations.

During the reign of Queen Victoria, the Income Tax officials once pressed him rather hard.

Eventually he sent them a cheque.

"Here are your dues," wrote he, "but please inform the 'Berkshire widow' that she is not to rely upon me as a permanent source of income."

It was the same humorist who, at a Bohemian Club one evening, considerably frightened a couple of young Guardsmen who had recently been elected.

Sitting on each side of him at dinner they entered upon an animated conversation upon the subject of dress. Having exhausted hats, clothes and hosiery, they finally came to boots—the old actor could stand it no longer.

"Young men," said he in the peculiar sing-song voice in which on occasion he was wont to indulge, "we do not care to hear when or where you buy your boots."

Solemnly tapping his head he continued, "Brains, not boots, is what we want here, and if you haven't

got them, the sooner you go elsewhere the better we shall be pleased."

The Guardsmen, thoroughly cowed, never dared talk of clothes or boots before the old man again.

The last of the literary Bohemians was that delightful character, Mr. Joseph Knight, a bibliophile who, in addition to a great amount of other work, at one time edited "Notes and Queries," that excellent and interesting little weekly which it is pleasant to see flourishing once again, as it was wont to do before the Great War.

A most amusing companion, when in congenial company, even as an old man, he never seemed to want to go to bed.

Mr. Joseph Knight, though quite at home with young people, belonged to another age than the present, and his like will probably not be seen again.

Another typical Bohemian was the late Mr. Frederick Warre, who died some fifteen or twenty years ago. As a young man he had been in diplomacy, but at the end of his life he lived in one of the old Bloomsbury Squares, in a house filled with curiosities of every kind, together with odds and ends of no particular value. Among other things he possessed a copy of every number of the "Daily Telegraph" ever since it had been started. Several wagon-loads of paper were removed from his cellar after Mr. Warre's death, for besides the "Daily Telegraph" he had accumulated a great deal of other printed and written matter.

As an old man he dined every night at a small Bohemian Club, where it was his invariable practice to note down who the other diners were, together with what he had for dinner. Hundreds and hundreds of these slips were found after his death, which occurred at a very advanced age.

Mr. Warre even when getting on for eighty kept very late hours, but as he generally stayed in bed till the evening, it did not affect his health.

Some others who, turning night into day, burnt the candle at both ends, probably shortened their lives.

"Poor So-and-so," said a friend to W. S. Gilbert, "I fear he is in a bad way."

"Why, what's the matter with him?"

"Oh, every sort of thing—appendicitis, colitis, besides which he sits up too late."

"All-nightis, I suppose," said Gilbert, who was as quick and happy in ordinary conversation as he was in his carefully written plays.

People were fond of making presentations to each other in old days, but occasionally owing to lack of funds some of these tributes rather missed fire.

A distinctly original note was struck by one spokesman, who, addressing the individual whom it was desired to honour, said: "We are aware that as a likeness there is considerable room for improvement. As a matter of fact, we had hoped to have got a first-class artist to paint it, but as the subscriptions failed to come up to expectation we had to do the best we could."

"I hope you will realize that no stone was left unturned. All your friends were written to, and great trouble was taken to make the proposed presentation generally known."

"The result, it must be confessed, is distinctly disappointing, nevertheless we hope you will accept what, in spite of its artistic mediocrity, is a very tangible testimony of general esteem and regard."

A forgotten Bohemian of the old school who, though he had once, as a novelist, made a fine income, died in March, 1890, at New York.

This was John Frederick Smith, a writer of sensa-

tional fiction. For years he wrote serials for the "London Journal," some of which were illustrated by woodcuts drawn by Sir John Gilbert.

In 1855 he became a member of the staff of "Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper," and wrote novels in it during ten years, at the end of which he rejoined the staff of the "London Journal."

Mr. Smith's methods, when writing, were highly original, his work being strictly limited to the weekly instalment expected of him.

On a certain day (the office boy having received strict instructions not to allow the writer to leave the premises before the requisite amount of copy had been delivered), Mr. Smith was shut up in a room at the office of the Journal, together with a bottle of port. Here, pipe or cigar in mouth, he would complete a week's instalment of any tale upon which he might be engaged, and when this was finished, taking it to the cashier, he would draw his pay and not return again till the next week.

Though at the height of his popularity receiving a good income, he lived at a boarding-house in Bloomsbury, where, it is said, he made no friends among his fellow-boarders.

The amount of work he produced was prodigious.

A few of his novels have survived, and it is said are still popular to-day.

In mid-Victorian days, literary men were apt to be unconventional in their ways and habits.

The original staff of "Punch," for instance, was largely tinged with Bohemianism. The vivacious weekly in question took its second name, the "London Charivari," from a French daily sheet which has now, I think, ceased to exist.

The word signifies "marrow-bones and cleavers," by which the rough music which formerly greeted

unpopular married couples was produced. The "Charivari" often took physical defects as the subject of its caricatures. It is said that the discovery that the head of Louis Philippe resembled a pear, by Philippon, one of the caricaturists of the "Paris Charivari," annoyed Louis Philippe more than the attempt upon his life by Fieschi, and that his famous "law of September," against the Press and pictures, was due to the "Pear-portrait."

Many comic papers have come and gone since those days, but "Punch" has seen them all out. Moreover it is probably better written and more witty to-day than at any previous time during its history.

Another flourishing survival of other days is the "Pall Mall Gazette"; the first number which appeared on 7 February, 1865, cost twopence. Its leading article, written by Mr. Greenwood, the editor, dealt in a sympathetic manner with "The Queen's Seclusion," whilst a long letter by Anthony Trollope made a strong appeal on behalf of the North in America. It also contained the first of a series of letters from Pitt Crawley, Bart., to his nephew, Pitt Crawley, about to enter Parliament—this was the work of Sir Reginald Palgrave.

The name "Pall Mall Gazette," it should be added, was chosen in allusion to the journal that Thackeray invented for the benefit of Arthur Pendennis.

A discreditable Victorian venture in Society journalism was "The Queen's Messenger," edited by Grenville Murray, who possibly had been one?

The existence of the publication in question was ended by the appearance of a scurrilous article from the editor's pen in which Lord Carrington's father was attacked.

As a result Grenville Murray was charged with perjury, fled the country and never returned.

A clever enough writer could he have curbed the acerbity of his pen, the latter, at one time, had actually been part-proprietor of "The World."

Grenville Murray who, in addition to a good deal of journalistc work, wrote quite a number of books, died in Paris at the end of the nineteenth century.

There was a good deal of Bohemianism about several of the Victorians connected with journalism, though most of them became staid enough as time rolled on.

The death of Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles during the present year passed conparatively unnoticed considering the brilliant abilities which he had possessed. Besides being a Parliamentarian with an unrivalled knowledge of procedure, Mr. Bowles had been connected with more than one journalistic venture, notably "Vanity Fair," which at one time had a number of distinguished contributors.

Among these were the late Mr. Fred Clay, the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, who did the occasional musical criticisms; the late Duke of Marlborough, then Lord Blandford; Sir Hubert (then Mr.) Jerningham, who, as an attaché at the British Embassy in Paris, contributed the weekly "Paris Letter"; and Mr. Labouchere, who at intervals wrote vigorous and startling notices on City and financial subjects. He it was who originated that now popular form of criticism on mercantile speculations. Shortly after the first appearance of "Vanity Fair," the late Carlo Pellegrini commenced his long series of inimitable caricatures in that paper.

The latter was in course of time succeeded by the late Sir Leslie Ward, whose recent death was lamented by a large number of friends.

A gifted caricaturist, Sir Leslie contrived to catch a likeness in an extraordinary short period of time.

The great success of "Vanity Fair," published at a shilling, suggested the idea of the sixpenny Society paper, and caused Mr. Edmund Yates, in connexion with the talented if unscrupulous Mr. Grenville Murray, to produce "The World." In this, for the first time, the journalist proper took a prominent part in the actual writing of Society journalism. Up till then contributions for such publications had been mainly, if not entirely, drawn from the ranks of Society itself. In time, for the sum of £3,000, Mr. Yates bought out his original partner, Mr. Murray, and became himself the sole proprietor. A difference between Mr. Yates and Mr. Labouchere subsequently prompted the latter to produce "Truth," which is practically the only Society paper which has survived. Victorian poets were less Bohemian than the journalists.

Though Swinburne, before he retired to the Pines, Putney, was at times very irregular in his habits, the end of his life was most respectable.

Tennyson would never have been called a Bohemian, and Mr. Alfred Austin was most domestic in his habits.

He was a good writer of prose, and for years wrote very excellent leading articles in the "Standard." A strong Conservative, he was an ardent advocate of Tory principles.

As a platform speaker, however, he was somewhat handicapped by his stature, the smallness of which was apt to detract from a somewhat grandiloquent utterance.

On one occasion, in the midst of an impassioned speech, he was considerably discomfited by a flippant voice calling out, "Them dwarfs are so sarcy!"

The Poet Laureate in question was rather fond of reciting his own poetry which not every one appreciated.

A leading light of the Scottish Bar, discussing the profits of authors, after dinner once said, "From a

material point of view, Mr. Austin, I suppose you do pretty well? "

"Well, I manage to keep the wolf from the door!"

"Not by reading him your poetry, I hope?" was the somewhat cynical retort, which sent the author of "The Garden that I love" away to bed.

Literary men with Bohemian tendencies used formerly to have several meeting-places in London, one of the best known of which was Bertolini's Hotel. It stood in St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, and was demolished twenty-two years ago.

As late as the middle of the nineteenth century it had been a noted resort of writers, actors and musicians. Tennyson and Albert Smith were at one time regular frequenters.

In a parody of "She wore a wreath of roses," the latter wrote:

"He dined at Bertolini's
The night that first we met;
A single pint of port there was
Upon the table set;
His dinner had the lightness
And his voice a humble tone,
Of one to whom a shilling
Was not intimately known."

Curiously enough the late Mr. Wheatley, who rarely missed any building of interest, makes no allusion to Bertolini's in his description of St. Martin's Street in London, Past and Present. The late Mr. Austin Dobson, in an article he wrote entitled "A House with a History," confused Bertolini's with No. 35, St. Martin's Street, where Newton and afterwards Madame d'Arblay lived.

It was left to that most valuable little publication "Notes and Queries" to correct all this.

Attached to the Cider Cellars in Maiden Lane

was a room used by members of what was called the Cider Cellar Club. Here were wont to foregather a number of actors, authors and men-about-town. Thackeray was an occasional visitor here, as he appears to have been at other Bohemian resorts. Notwithstanding this, he has not much good to say of Bohemians in general in his books. As a matter of fact, he is generally rather severe on the somewhat unrestrained amusements of the London of his day. A pity he did not live into the present age when every one's pleasures are regulated and restricted, and Rabelaisian wit is at a decided discount.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were a number of *restaurateurs* in the neighbourhood of Manchester Square on the north side of Oxford Street. Such were Parmentier, confectioner to the Prince Regent, Signor Romualdo, and Monsieur and Madame Morin, at whose establishment excellent wine was to be found. "Mohammed," described as a native of Asia, kept an eating-house much frequented by nabobs and connoisseurs of Oriental cookery.

A few years later a French cook named Jacquier provided first-class French dinners at the Clarendon. To Fladong's in Oxford Street went naval officers, while Stevens Hotel in Bond Street, a fashionable resort of military officers, and men-about-town, was so exclusive that strangers were seldom lucky enough to secure one of the tables which solemn waiters generally said were already engaged.

Bertolini's was only one of several small foreign restaurants which existed in London long before the days of the Carlton and the Savoy. Others were Epitaux's in Pall Mall, which was still in existence in the 'eighties, Rouget's in Leicester Square, and Grillion's where the Grillion Club met.

It was here that one April evening, in 1883, Mr.

Gladstone, who had been a member since 1840, dined, and according to an entry in the Club book was served with one bottle of champagne. Lord Houghton, who was the Poet Laureate of the Club, celebrated the Grand Old Man's lonely dinner in verse, the two first lines of which ran :

> Trace me the workings of that wondrous brain
> Warmed by one bottle of our dry champagne.

As late as 1875, with the exception of the Café Royal and a few small restaurants of the type mentioned above, London was comparatively poorly off for public dining-places.

Country cousins, foreigners and clubless bachelors were indeed very badly provided for, the chop-houses and antiquated hotels of the Covent Garden quarter being for the most part expensive as well as bad. A dinner from the joint and a pint of inferior wine usually cost something not far short of ten shillings!

As for the more modern flashy and pretentious dining-room with cheap gilding and fly-flecked plate-glass mirrors, an execrable dinner was about as expensive as the meal it presumed to imitate taken at a first-class restaurant on the Boulevards.

A good dinner, on the other hand, could be procured at certain hostelries on the river. Lovegrove's East India Dock Tavern, for instance, was still popular with West End diners in the 'seventies. This, the Ship, and the Trafalgar at Greenwich, as well as the Ship at Gravesend, were all famous for their whitebait.

It was then quite common for hostelries to be noted for some especial dish. The proprietors of several prided themselves upon their beef or mutton, gourmets belonging to the old school being very particular about the quality of their meat.

Old-fashioned gastronomists declared that scientific

breeding had improved mutton really worth eating off the face of the earth. Immature meat killed at two years old was a different sort of thing altogether.

George III knew what he was talking about when he said that very little venison was equal to a haunch of four-year-old mutton.

A gourmet of former days who lived near Lewes in Sussex used to eat mutton with an almost religious ceremonial, a little silver saucepan being placed by his side when the leg of mutton, or two little legs, appeared in a dish before him. After the meat had been cut the abundantly flowing gravy was transferred to the saucepan, a couple of glasses of tawny old port and a sufficient quantity of currant jelly and cayenne were added, after which the whole was warmed in the dining-room and resulted in the production of a chocolate-coloured sauce very different from the watery looking pink gravy which accompanies mutton in modern days.

As the nineteenth century drew towards its close, a new kind of foreign restaurant began to make its appearance.

The original Romano's in the early 'eighties was a very Bohemian resort in high favour with the staff of the "Sporting Times," Pitcher, Shifter, and the more serious but equally attractive Dwarf of Blood.

Most of the frequenters knew each other very intimately and strangers were sometimes subjected to a good deal of chaff.

"How are the other bridesmaids?" was the greeting received by an over-dressed young dandy who on his first visit looked like giving himself airs.

Romano's, though a rather more staid resort than in the old days, still flourishes. Here in former days the *maître-d'hôtel* was Luigi, who has since made the Embassy Club such a conspicuous success.

The Blue Posts in Cork Street, where a good old English dinner could be obtained, was still going in the 'eighties; while the Bristol, in the same street, was a very favourite dining resort. Every evening it was filled with men-about-town, many of them in company with ladies. Compared with restaurants of to-day, it was quite an unpretentious place, there being no foyer or entrance hall, but merely a small room for guests to wait in.

There was a set dinner at 10s. 6d. a head, which was quite good, while the champagne and other wines were excellent.

The female portion of society was, as a rule, but poorly represented; ladies did not go much to restaurants in those days. Sporting characters, however, abounded, and there was always a sprinking of the burlesque stage, which gave the place a pleasant and vivacious appearance.

For some years the Bristol remained a popular dining place. There was then, indeed, nothing in the West End to compete with it except the still flourishing Café Royal, but the late Mr. Ritz altered all that.

He it was who first realized the fact that there was a public ready to appreciate the attractions of well-designed and spotlessly clean surroundings, together with accessories of the table, such as linen, china, glass and plate of good quality and design.

The opening of the Savoy at the end of the 'eighties inaugurated a new era in English restaurant life.

The private rooms named after various Gilbert and Sullivan successes were considered a great novelty; nevertheless, only some forty years before rooms in hotels, especially in Lancashire, were frequently named after statesmen and distinguished soldiers and sailors such as Wellington and Nelson.

The Savoy was the first restaurant to provide music

during meals—a fashion which has now become more or less general.

The curious thing is that while so many people declare that they dislike a band at lunch and dinner, the most flourishing restaurants are those which have one.

An amusing story with reference to this was given in some recollections of that vivacious traveller Mr. Harry De Windt.

Mr. G. R. Sims, the clever writer and unrivalled authority on London life, while strolling along the Thames Embankment one summer's evening, stopped to listen to the strains of a Hungarian band, which could be heard through the open windows of the brightly lit Savoy.

On a seat near him he saw a dishevelled hag—one of the ragged homeless outcasts, whose wretched existence seems to be an insoluble problem of great modern cities.

The woman was mumbling and moaning and Mr. Sims offered to relieve her hunger or distress.

"Oh, it ain't 'unger nor yet pain," was her reply. "It's that beastly band up there what plays like this every night up to all hours and prevents a body getting a wink of sleep!"

"You can't do nothink to stop it, it's the *lore* what's at fault!" And the angry old hag, drawing her rags around her peevishly, turned on her seat as a Park Lane millionaire might turn in his luxurious bed when disturbed by a barrel organ.

On the whole, Mr. Ritz's career was one of wonderful success, for after he had left the Savoy he made the reputation of the Carlton, the name of which is synonymous with luxury and comfort throughout the civilized world.

His great success as a hotel-keeper was without

doubt largely founded upon his favourite maxim "le client n'a jamais tort."

The trifling loss entailed by changing dishes a visitor does not fancy, or paying attention to even frivolous complaints is more than compensated by the increased attendance which results from such a policy.

Another favourite expression of this great hotel-keeper, which he was apt to make use of when a decision had to be taken, was "Let us take the beef by the corns," a somewhat free translation of the French phrase, "Prendre le taureau par les cornes."

A man of immense energy, sometime before he died he had an idea of building a gigantic hotel in the Alps, the hall of which was to be decorated with scenes illustrating his career, showing among other incidents his early life as a poor Swiss boy, as a waiter, as manager of the Grand Hotel, Monte Carlo, as proprietor of the Hotel de Provence at Cannes, and finally his triumphs at the Savoy and the Carlton.

The idea of this somewhat original method of decoration was probably taken by Mr. Ritz from that carried out by M. Scribe, the celebrated playwright, in a house he once fitted up for himself in the Rue Piagalle.

In the study were five panels, on which were pictures representing the history of his life. The first showed an old shop in the Rue de la Cordonnière, with the sign board—"Scribe, cloth dealer." This was his father's home. The second panel represented "the entrance to the Gymnase Theatre," which was the home in which M. Scribe attained his celebrity. The third was called "Happy Days," and was a picture of his country home at Sericourt. The fourth was called "Honours," and showed the portals of the French Academy, to which M. Scribe belonged; and

the last, entitled "Repose," represented a comfortable brougham going along the streets of Paris with the dramatist reclining inside it.

Mr. Ritz has been dead for some years, but the movement he inaugurated endures, and to-day hotels exist practically in every Capital in Europe, which provide everything to make life comfortable.

The "tipping" nuisance, however, still continues, and there is little likelihood that it will ever disappear.

From time to time the question of "tip or not to tip" arouses discussion. Among the warmest partisans of a non-tipping system are waiters and other persons who benefit by this form of recompense.

Their idea seems to be that a fixed charge should take its place. That is to say that 10 per cent or more should be added to dinner and hotel bills.

As a matter of fact, such a reform would merely result in the public being made to pay more while obtaining no compensating advantage in return. Before long, almost without doubt, tipping would again be the order of the day while the fixed charge would remain.

No one will ever stop people from rewarding others for civility or special attention.

Increased taxation and cost of material since the Armistice has hit first-class hotels very hard.

The enormous amount of money which one of these establishments is obliged to disburse before making a profit, may be gauged by the amount annually expended in replacing broken glass and crockery as well as silver-plated goods which have disappeared.

At the Ritz Hotel the total sum allotted to these purposes is now not far short of £4,000 per annum; at the Savoy, which is or course much larger, the expenditure on such items is probably double as much.

At the Carlton Hotel during the year 1920-1921,

the money spent on repairs and renewals alone came not far short of £45,000.

All this has naturally led to increased charges: no one under the circumstances would object to a reasonable rise. In some cases, however, restaurant prices have become outrageous, everywhere lunch and dinner are far more expensive than before the Great War.

A good dinner with champagne and liqueurs could then be procured at a first-class restaurant for something like £2 10s.; to-day the same dinner would cost about £4.

The price of food, notwithstanding recent falls, is still higher than it was in 1914; but there is no excuse for minor items, such as potatoes, which should now be quite cheap, being often monstrously dear.

As for the wine, which in many cases has doubled in price since pre-war days, there is also cause for criticism, though various reasons have rendered the situation in this respect more difficult for restaurant keepers.

Good clarets, except the most expensive brands, have virtually disappeared, and the white wines quoted in modern lists are at present rarely of first-class quality.

Champagne but a short time ago was at a ridiculous figure; though very gradually decreasing in cost, brands even of no particular repute are still priced at a figure which eight years ago would have been deemed absurd.

After the Armistice £2 10s. was no uncommon price for a bottle of very mediocre wine, while well-known brands were down, in many a wine list, at a far higher figure.

The great wine-selling firms are now beginning to deplore the high price still charged for this sparkling wine, well knowing, as they do, that the restaurants are seeking to make an exorbitant and unreasonable profit.

With justice, they fear that the champagne habit may disappear altogether, a thing which looks extremely likely at the present time.

Various circumstances seem to foreshadow a number of unprofitable years for Rheims and Epernay, which have already suffered grievously through the war.

The only sane policy for champagne growers to adopt is to stipulate that those purchasing their wines should give a guarantee not to seek an undue profit upon their retail sale. Should this be done and prices come down, the satisfactory pre-war situation may eventually be restored.

Though a good deal of money has been made by the retail sale of champagne at an extravagant price, the present position of the trade is not encouraging.

Anarchy in Russia, the impossibility of doing any business in Germany, Austria, Roumania and other countries, together with prohibition in the United States, restrictions in Sweden, Norway and Canada, together with quasi-prohibitive duties in England, Spain and Denmark—all this does not look very hopeful for the poor peasants and vine growers, while the shippers declare that unless things improve, they and every one else connected with Champagne will have to face inevitable ruin.

At dinner-time, before the Great War, not a few club members regularly took their pint of wine:

> "While champagne in close array,
> Pride of Rheims and Epernay,
> Not in bottles, but in dozens
> (Think of that, ye country cousins),
> Stood of every growth and price
> Peeping forth its tubs of ice."

All that, however, is now a matter of the past, the sparkling wine in question being now only drunk on special occasions.

A good instance of the decrease of champagne drinking is afforded by the amount consumed at Westminster. In the first year of the present Parliament one member in every three ordered champagne with his dinner, whereas at the present time but one in thirty ever takes it.

There is no doubt that "champagne" played a part in contributing towards the defeat of the Germans in the Great War.

When, as a result of the battle of the Marne, the latter were in retreat, numbers of their men were put out of action owing to the amount they drank while passing through the champagne district. Happily they did not have time to get down into the cellars, but they drank every bottle on which they could lay hands above ground, with the result that the French came upon whole bodies of troops who had been rendered incapable by deep potations.

Champagne also played an important part in the defence of Rheims; large numbers of troops defending that city being lodged in the cellars, where neither aerial bombs, nor poison gas could harm them.

Under the circumstances it was no wonder that an enormous number of bottles were emptied; the soldiers, indeed, took what they wanted.

It was not, however, the amount they drank which did the greater part of the damage, but the amount they smashed.

A regiment fresh from fighting would come down to rest, and the tired and thirsty men would seize bottles from a mass piled one on top of the other, and break the top off, the quicker to get at its contents. Every bottle that was pulled out generally caused three or four others, which lay on the top of it, to be smashed, consequently the amount of breakages was enormous.

The French soldiers, what with what they drank and what they smashed, got through a very large quantity of champagne, but it must be remembered that they were defending Rheims for four solid years, and during that period were always sleeping in close contact with piles of bottles or rows of casks full of the best wines.

What men under such circumstances could have resisted the temptation ?

A great many regiments composed principally of troops trained for attacking (*troupes d'assaut*) were in turn quartered in the principal cellars. The latter were also used for resting the soldiers after a stay in the trenches—the firm of Pommery always had between 1,000 and 1,500 men quartered in their establishment.

Moreover, the military authorities took possession of the place to store their ammunition, established subterranean telephone communications with the front French lines and with Head-quarters.

In spite of all this and during the worst phases of the bombardment, the firm of Pommery carried on its principal work. Old men, women and children lodged in the cellars where there was even a school for the little ones.

All tried hard to maintain the economic activity of the establishment of the buildings of which, when the Armistice arrived, nothing remained but ruins.

The cellars of the great champagne firms suffered severely, but, as a compensation, they realized that Rheims had been saved largely owing to their champagne.

After the invader had been beaten off, General Gouraud entertained a large number of his brave soldiers at a lunch, the main feature of which was a profusion of salmon mayonnaise washed down by copious draughts of champagne.

Up to 1870 dry champagne was hardly as much drunk as sweet, but after that date the first named triumphed all along the line, while the famous vintage of 1874, as far as England was concerned, caused many people who had been used to the sweeter champagnes to alter their view.

The Cuvée of Messrs, Pommery Brut, 1874, was especially remarkable. It was, as a matter of fact, the late Mr. Hubinet, who was agent for this famous firm, who was the real introducer of dry champagne into this country.

The still white wine known as Sillery was the most popular form of champagne during the eighteenth century. Sparkling champagne existed, but owing to primitive methods of production, had great drawbacks.

It had to be drunk quickly, being apt to lose its limpidity, and if decanted its effervescence. There were then no labels of any shape or form and every wine merchant sold whatever kind he could get hold of under his own name and on his own responsibility. Champagne glasses were thin, tall and tapering, the very opposite of the saucer-shaped ones so popular in Victorian days.

At the middle of the last century "Sillery" was still imported by certain West End wine merchants, but its popularity was then well on the wane. The still Sillery of 1857 was, however, in considerable request; some of this vintage as late as 1900 fetched 140s. per dozen at a sale at Christie's. At the same time Ruinarts' still Sillery, 1865, was sold for 145s., and some 1868 vintage from 180s. to 255s. per dozen. These high prices, it may be added, were due to the fact that still Sillery had then become a scarce wine.

Sillery was a popular champagne in the eighteenth century, when it was brought prominently into notice by the Marèchale d'Estrées of the family of the Brularts,

Marquises of Sillery and Puisieux, to whom the estate on which the vines were grown belonged.

The social position of this lady enabled her to secure recognition of the Vin de la Marèchale, as it was called in most exalted quarters—the famous château of Sillery, where Madame de Genlis declared that she had spent the happiest days of her life, long ago passed away from the Brularts. During the last century its gateways, turrets and drawbridges were thoroughly restored.

A Marquis de Sillery is said to have first introduced the wine of his name to the roués of the Regency.

At one of the famous suppers at Anet, twelve pretty girls, in the light attire of Bacchanals, at a given signal placed flower-wreathed bottles of this champagne upon the table. Henceforth, Sillery was an indispensable adjunct at the *petits soupers* which were so fashionable at this period.

The secret of producing sparkling champagne was discovered by a worthy monk of the order of St. Benedict, who in 1688 was cellarer at an Abbey dedicated to St. Peter four or five miles from Epernay.

Dom Perignon, as this monk was called, being fond of good wine, after having substituted pieces of cork for the flax dipped in oil, which had up to that time served to close up bottles, one day conceived the idea of " marrying " the produce of one vineyard with that of another, and in the course of further experiments, found out a way, too, of making an effervescent wine, dainty to the taste and exhilarating in its effects.

In due course, the new wine, named champagne, found its way to Versailles, where the Roi Soleil is said to have recovered a modicum of his youthful vivacity under the influence of the creamy flowing vintage.

As far as can be ascertained Dom Perignon, and those who took up his discovery, never exactly understood how the effervescence of champagne was produced.

The majority held that, to a great degree, it depended upon the time of year at which the wine was bottled. Others, however, ascribed it to the influence of the moon and various other causes of an astounding kind.

Good old Dom Perignon, whom we should all remember with gratitude, died about 1715, his remains being laid beneath an inscribed stone in the chancel of the Abbey Church of Hautvilliers.

The brotherhood has long disappeared. In its day it had given twenty-two Abbots to various Monasteries, as well as nine Archbishops to the See of Rheims, besides which, all lovers of good cheer should remember the old Abbey as having been the cradle of champagne.

In the chancel of the church there is, or was, a black marble slab, setting forth the merits of Dom Petrus Perignon, and another in the central aisle, to the memory of Dorn Theodoricus Ruynart, one of the ancestors of the Rheims Ruinarts well known in connexion with their champagne.

A picturesque gateway tower, together with other buildings, were destroyed by fire during the vintage of 1878, when Messrs. Moët & Chandon of Epernay, to whom the remains of the Abbey and certain of its lands belonged, lost several thousand pounds worth of champagne.

The Great Napoleon would appear to have been interested in champagne, for over the entrance to the cellars of Messrs. Moët & Chandon, at Epernay, a black marble tablet was erected stating, in gilt letters, that on the 26th of July, 1807, Napoleon the Great, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, and Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, honoured commerce by visiting the cellars of Jean Remi Moët, Mayor of Epernay, President of the Canton, and Member of the General Council of the Department, within three weeks of the signature of the Treaty of Tilsit.

X

ACROSS THE CHANNEL

ALL things considered, the Cross Channel journey between England and France has changed comparatively little since the day of the old sailing packets—the narrow gangways on which unfortunate passengers are huddled when going from ship to shore or shore to ship, indeed, are merely relics of that vanished age. Another quite unnecessary survival, and one which causes delay, is the practice of shipping and unshipping luggage, piece by piece, manual labour being employed. The railway trucks containing baggage should be swung on to the ship and off it by means of cranes, which effects a great economy of time. This is already done on certain journeys, but it might well be extended to more.

Passengers on at least one Continental train a day should be allowed only a minimum of hand baggage. The modern habit of carrying suit-cases, which are really trunks, in the hand is responsible for an enormous amount of trouble and discomfort.

While the effects of the Great War have undoubtedly tended to prevent people from going abroad, a number have done so merely to profit by the rate of exchange.

The curious situation produced by the varying value of paper money some little time ago actually caused a traveller to make a profit out of assaulting the police.

An Austrian who went to Spain on business in

1919, having got into a quarrel, ended by striking a policeman.

Having been arrested, he was released on bail, fixed at 5,000 pesetas. For these he had to pay 12,000 Austrian crowns, against which he energetically protested owing to loss by the exchange.

Spanish justice is dilatory and only two years later in Seville was the case tried, the assailant being fined 1,000 pesetas.

The remaining 4,000 pesetas were consequently returned to the Austrian, and, owing to the difference in the rate of exchange, he was able to get 1,840,000 crowns for them. A profit of 1,828,000 crowns thus accrued to him from his assault on the guardian of law and order.

It was just about a hundred years ago—on 22 January, 1822—that the mail from Calais to Dover was, for the first time, carried on a vessel propelled by steam. The difficulty in those days appears to have been the inadequate space provided for fuel.

There have been many routes between London and Paris, in the 'forties of the last century there were indeed no less than seven.

The shortest, quickest one in 1843 was via Shoreham and Dieppe.

London to Shoreham by rail, thence to Dieppe by steamer. From Dieppe to Rouen by diligence, the rest of the journey to Paris by rail. Time about twenty hours—cost £2 18s. 6d.

The Dieppe route in spite of the longer sea journey is at the present day as good as any other. The quaint old Norman town has much which should interest visitors from across the Channel, some of whom it is to be hoped realize what we owe to that part of France.

As an admirable historian, Professor Haskins, has

pointed out in a recent work,[1] "It is in England that the most permanent work of the Normans survives. The English central Government is their creation, their customs shaped English society and jurisprudence, while their Kings and nobles were the dominant class of the country.

"The Norman strain indeed exerted an influence out of all proportion to its numerical strength—without William the Conqueror, the English would not be 'themselves,' whatever else they might have become."

"The English, their colonists, and the Americans, are all heirs of the Normans, inheriting the talent for political organization and State building which were among the endowments of Duke William, who, in addition to being a warrior, was statesman, diplomat and leader of men."

During the Napoleon wars contempt for the enemy across the Channel was not unnaturally promoted by those at the head of affairs.

Fox-hunting squires laughed at the unsporting tendencies of the frog eaters of France. They did not realize that the customs of the chase and Tally-ho itself had been introduced into England by the Normans.

Tally-ho indeed is merely "Taillis en haut," a hunting-cry of Duke William's men.

Englishmen, however, look upon the Norman as just as much a foreigner as the native of any other country.

The ancient Grecks spoke of all other nations on the face of the earth as "barbarians"; and for a period they were quite right. It used to be said, probably with some degree of truth, that every Englishman thanked God in his morning prayers that he had not been created a foreigner. "He is a foreigner, but a

[1] "The Normans in European History."

very nice man!" "A very gentlemanly foreigner, indeed!" "What a pity he is a foreigner!" Offensive compliments of this sort fell very frequently from British lips.

The old English aristocracy, though most of them openly professed their dislike for the French, nevertheless derived a number of their qualities from Normandy, that fair province of France just across the Channel.

Pride of birth, tenacity, and love of sport were all of them characteristics of the Conqueror's knights and though many of the families founded by the latter had long been extinct, their influence unconsciously swayed the more modern nobility which had succeeded them. To return to the Channel passage.

Another route in old days was via Shoreham and Havre. This took about twenty-four hours and cost over three pounds. The other routes were via Havre, Calais and Boulogne.

From London to Boulogne by steamer and thence to Paris by diligence was said to be the least fatiguing way of reaching the French capital, the sea journey generally not taking more than five hours. Passengers might expect to reach Paris in thirty-three hours and the cost was only £2 8s.

Boulogne is an interesting old walled town, and so is Calais, though since the demolition of its ancient defences, including the gate which Hogarth painted, the place has lost much of the charm it possessed for English people fond of relics of the past.

Calais and the district surrounding it, one should remember, for a considerable number of years was English soil, and the ruthless destruction of the gate alluded to above took place, it is said, because it bore the arms of England with which country the French (it was a good many years previous to the Entente) were then not on too good terms.

In old days the Englishman who had crossed the Channel often felt himself at a considerable disadvantage owing to his ignorance of the language, but to-day when so many Frenchmen are well acquainted with English, whatever may be his linguistic shortcomings, he may feel quite at his ease.

Provided that he be well equipped with funds, " Banco " and " Je t'adore " are about all a wealthy pleasure seeker requires to exhaust the joys of fashionable casinos and the night life of Paris.

Once well launched upon a round of enjoyment in that gay city it does not usually take him long to become fairly proficient in Parisian slang.

There is no mode of instruction so thorough as what the French call " la grammaire de l'oreiller," a form of learning the language very popular with admirers of the fair sex.

Every one more or less is now well acquainted with the journey from the coast to Paris, the main features of which are a series of long level plains ; Amiens and the glorious forest of Chantilly, some thirty-five minutes after passing which the traveller sees the towers of the Sacré Cœur perched on the summit of Montmartre, dominating the great city so intimately connected with pleasure, history and romance.

Close by the great church still stands the Moulin de la Galette, the only survivor save one of many windmills which in past ages crowned the summit of what was then a rural spot.

Up to 1884 it was still working, but to-day its sails no longer revolve, possibly because, as a poet said, they are too heavy with souvenirs of the lovers who have lingered beneath their shade. Nevertheless the vivacious heart of la Bohème still beats in the old mill, the ground surrounding which has for many years been a well-known dancing resort.

Only in 1830 did Montmartre begin to lose its rural character. About that period public balls began to make their appearance. At one of these order was maintained by a veteran of the Napoleonic wars, who with a sword by his side ruthlessly ejected anyone not dressed in suitable fashion.

At the barrière Rochechouart, close to the wall which then separated Montmartre from Paris, stood the Lion d'Or, where, besides a dancing hall, two rooms were provided for clients who did not dance. One of these rooms was open to all, but the other was rigorously reserved for old clients who liked to eat and drink in perfect peace.

On the walls of the former was inscribed in large letters, "Chambre des Deputés"; on those of the latter, "Chambre des Pairs." As a chronicler of the day said: "The results of this arrangement were very much the same as occurred in the edifices where legislators decided the fate of France, everything sooner or later resolving itself into smoke."

In Montmartre till 1882 stood the Château Rouge. In its last days it had become a cabaret and dancing resort of no great repute, but three centuries before its walls had sheltered the loves of Henri IV and Gabrielle d'Estrées who had been sumptuously lodged there by that vivacious King, who would no doubt have been scandalized had he foreseen that the home of his beautiful favourite would one day re-echo to the heavy tread of the coalheavers and butchers of modern Montmartre.

It is not inappropriate that the memory of "Le Vert Galant," so fond of the fair sex and pleasure, should be so closely connected with "la butte," to-day the head-quarters of those facile pleasures which Henri IV loved so well.

When this King of joyful memory was beseiging Paris, the Abbess of Montmartre, according to the custom of

the time, was a young girl of rank, Marie de Beauvilliers, aged sixteen and extremely good-looking.

Ever susceptible to the charms of beauty, Henri IV fell in love with her and, taking his staff with him, established his head-quarters on "la Butte."

In consequence of this things became very lively, and it was a long time before the Archbishop of Paris succeeded in restoring austerity among the nuns.

The famous windmills of Montmartre, once thirty in number, but now reduced to two, were originally built to supply the wants of this Nunnery, founded by Queen Adelaide, wife of Louis le Gros.

Within the last sixty years Montmartre has lost its rural character and become part of Paris.

Nevertheless there are still some quaint little streets full of creameries, little millinery establishments, and pawnshops where many souvenirs of facile love have found a resting-place.

Appropriately enough Henri Murger—Bohemian of Bohemians—lies buried in the cemetery of Montmartre. Born just over a hundred years ago, in Paris, he died, worn out by poverty and hard work, before he was forty.

It is pleasant to know that his Centenary did not pass without a celebration at his tomb. Here, after some appropriate oratory, a lady recited "La Chanson de Musette," and the Muse of Montmartre laid a spray of flowers on the earth beneath which the author of La Vie de Bohème sleeps his last sleep.

Adolphe Willette, gifted artist and true Bohemian, has many stories to tell of Montmartre in the 'eighties. In those days many writers and artists had their abode there. It was then that Willette painted for Rodolphe Salis of the Chat Noir, the clever and curious picture called by the artist "Parce Domine."

This was painted in the Chat Noir itself where on

many an evening the artist with Rabelaisian songs ringing in his ears carried out his idea of picturing a ghostly crowd of pleasure-seekers eternally doomed to sorrow hovering over nocturnal Paris with their piteous appeal of Parce Domine ! Parce Domine tuo !

The son of an old Bonapartist officer, Willette, in his interesting book " Feu Pierrot," tells how, having taken his mother to see this picture one morning, at an hour when the more unconventional frequenters of the Chat Noir were not likely to be about, the celebrated Colonel Lisbonne, who had been a well-known figure during the Commune, burst in. He wished to find a second for a duel with one of his old enemies, a Versaillais who had boxed his ears.

The youthful Willette, after some conversation, got rid of the old Communist, but his mother, deeply shocked that her son should be on speaking terms with such a man, would listen to no explanations but sadly made her way back to the last resting-place of the great Emperor, over whose tomb watched her husband, Colonel Willette, who, since his retirement from active service, lived with his family at the " Invalides " where he occupied an official position.

In spite of plaints as to Pierrot and Pierrette having been driven from Montmartre by modern commercialized pleasure it certainly remains the head-quarters of nocturnal gaiety, all vestiges of which have been banished from a London wrapped in the heavy slumber of intolerant Puritanism.

At the same time the high prices prevalent at its more fashionable resorts, together with the obligatory champagne at from seventy to ninety francs a bottle, have rendered these establishments impossible for Bohemians with only moderate means. What would the heroes and heroines of Murger have thought of expenditure on such a scale ? The money spent in

one evening's amusement in Montmartre by a pair of modern lovers would have kept Rodolphe and Musette in luxury for a month!

In Paris itself, besides a quantity of amusements which appeal to the pleasure-seeker, there are fine buildings, relics of the past and of the great Revolution. A number of great architectural interest connected with that tremendous event have, however, disappeared, notably the Temple where the bestial cobbler, Simon, is supposed to have tortured the poor little captive, Louis XVII. The Princess, who was afterwards Duchess of Angoulème, was the last Royal prisoner immured here; and in 1811 Napoleon had the *donjon* razed to the ground. The King of Rome had just been born; and the proud and exultant father somewhat too sentimentally observed that in demolishing the Temple he wished to throw into oblivion all memory of a place in which a Royal child had suffered so much dire anguish.

Scarcely a trace of the damage done by German Zeppelins or aeroplanes is now to be seen, but the Municipal Council has affixed commemorative tablets on buildings where shells or bombs fell during the Great War.

The first of these tablets was placed on the Maternity Hospital in the Boulevard Port Royal, others may be seen in the Rue du 4 Septembre, the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie and in the Rue Antoine.

Near the Porte St. Denis in the Rue de la Lune is another. Here a shell fired from "Big Bertha" took off the top story of a house at the corner of the Boulevard.

The Rue de la Lune, it may be added, possesses a certain historic interest on account of No. 38 having, in the days of the ill-fated Louis XVI, been the headquarters of the crack company of the Royal Guard.

It was at the junction of this street with the Boulevard that the Baron de Batz (concerning whom Lenotre has written a fascinating book), with several companions, made an attempt to save the King while the latter was being taken to the guillotine.

As was only to be expected, this wild escapade failed, all who took part in it, with the exception of de Batz, being disarmed and made prisoners.

At the Rue de la Lune are a number of very thin buildings; the narrowest of all, and probably the narrowest in all Paris, is a house dividing the Rue de Cléry from the Rue Beauregard.

Here is to be seen a tablet, not a record of a German bomb, but a reminder that in 1793 it was the abode of André Chenier, the poet.

Most Englishmen, ignorant or unmindful of the fact that Paris is a city containing people who work very hard, look upon it as being mainly given up to pleasure and amusement.

The idea that the French are a purely frivolous nation is to a great extent produced by the difference between the two races.

While the English are lethargic, the French are excitable—not so much perhaps in these days as in the past, when under certain conditions even high-placed officials were known to get into a positive frenzy of excitement.

Not so very many years ago, when the attitude of the natives in an Eastern Capital had become threatening, the French Representative, for some reason or other, suddenly concluded that everything was lost.

"Nous sommes trahis," he exclaimed, and burnt all his Archives.

Nobody else did, and when the trouble had passed away, endless trouble and confusion confronted the officials at the French Legation, who had reason to

envy the calm shown by the representatives of other countries.

The French mentality and its natural indifference as regards the rest of the world is well illustrated by the following incident.

On the outbreak of the Great War, in July, 1914, a French military attaché, talking to a Dane with political influence in his own country, concerning the effort France was about to make to recapture Alsace-Lorraine, said:

"Now is the time for you Danes to strike a blow and recover Schleswig Holstein which the Prussians tore from you in '66."

"Yes," replied the Dane, "that's all very well, but for you defeat, after all, only means the loss of a couple of provinces or so, for us it means 'everything.'"

"Yes," said the Frenchman, with a shrug of his shoulders, "but your everything is so small."

This kind of thing of course does France no good, and produces a mistrust of its inhabitants which a number of them do not deserve.

The French, on the other hand, are often doubtful whether the English who declare they like France are entirely sincere.

"It is to be feared," said a cynical Frenchman, "that the love for France, which some Englishmen are fond of expressing, is too often prompted by appreciation of good dinners in Paris—a liking for the amenities of wintering on the Riviera with the prospect of a gamble at Deauville or other pleasant French summer resort!"

Foreigners in Paris are very apt to say that the French only think of one thing. This impression is certainly encouraged by some of the theatrical announcements.

During one week, for instance, the playbills of the Comédie-Française ran as follows:

"Sunday: Le Cocu imaginaire; Monday: Aimer; Tuesday: Aimer; Wednesday: On ne badine pas avec l'amour; Thursday: Aimer; Friday: l'Amour médecin; Saturday: Aimer."

The posters of plays and *revues* are usually less restrained in design than is the case in London.

Usually, however, they convey a fair idea of the sort of entertainment provided at the theatre or music-hall which they advertise. Nevertheless English visitors to Paris are constantly expressing their surprise or disgust at what they have unwittingly gone to see.

Of recent years many have contracted a habit of going to places such as the Casino de Paris or the Folies Bergères, and then leaving because of the nudity displayed in certain scenes.

Considering that absence of clothing has always been a feature in Parisian *revues*, which every one knows or ought to know, such a display of prudery is very much out of place.

The Parisians themselves merely laugh at such foolishness, remarking that those who frequent such entertainments know very well what to expect.

English abroad have always had a mania for advertising the great delicacy of their moral susceptibilities.

Speaking of a new *revue* at the Folies Bergères a critic said:

"One cannot but hope that if this house wishes to retain the English and American patronage, on which it has so long thrived, this ineffably vicious scene will be withdrawn and something that leaves a less nasty taste in the mouth substituted."

As a matter of fact, scenes such as this are staged mainly because they are known to attract Anglo-Saxon visitors. The French though not shocked by nudity are quite indifferent about it. Leaving a theatre in a state of outraged propriety has no

effect upon Parisian *revue* writers, while impassioned denunciations of the vicious doings and dances to be witnessed on the French stage are capital advertisements for certain music-halls.

The production of real *revue* as given at Parisian theatres is out of the question in London.

The censorship regulations as to interpolating dialogue, together with the law of libel, effectually render anything of the sort impossible.

Apart from the elaborate productions mentioned above, there are always several clever and amusing pieces to be seen. The French excel in the *revue*, which in Paris is usually a witty summary of current events and not mere inane hotchpotch of childish turns graduated to suit the susceptibilities of the suburban mind.

The Jardin de Paris so popular with several generations of English visitors disappeared some little time ago, the municipal authorities having restored the ground it occupied to the Champs Elysées. The bandstand, around which so many well-known dancers footed it, still remains, reminding those who knew the spot in the 'eighties and 'nineties, of La Goulue and Grille d'Egout, of La Sauterelle, Nini Patte en l'Air, Jean Avril and many others whose memory has long faded from Parisian life. Though it never possessed the brilliancy of Mabille, the Jardin de Paris was pleasant enough on a warm summer night with its lights glimmering among the trees, and something of the semi-rural air which distinguished kindred resorts of other days, such as Vauxhall and Cremorne. Though there are more dancing places in Paris than there were twenty years ago, its disappearance leaves a void, which may before long be made larger by the abolition of the Café des Ambassadeurs, not far away, the site of which is, it is said, also to be once more

formed into the pleasure-grounds of which it originally formed part.

The quadrille eccentrique or can-can which was the speciality of the dancers at Parisian public balls has lost a good deal of its popularity, having been supplanted by the Jazz. Nevertheless it is still danced at the Bal Tabarin and other haunts, so its tradition is not likely to die out.

Known as *la quadrille eccentrique* in France and the "can-can" in England this curious form of dancing achieved immense popularity in the 'thirties of the last century. A strange individual named Le Battut, the son of a rich Frenchwoman of good birth and an English chemist, first introduced that dance into Parisian balls. Up to his time it was unknown outside low suburban resorts, but gradually growing more popular it became at one time quite a feature of the Opera Balls.

The Café Concert like the London Music-Hall seems to have seen its best days.

It is curious how the lapse of years invests even the most frivolous things with a certain mysterious pathos. A short time ago, was given in Paris, a review of the old Café Concert songs sung in the 'eighties of the last century, taken from the repertoire of Judic, Duparc, Théo, Libert, Paulus, and others.

For a few brief hours, as it were, the vanished voices of these stars were heard once again, and the effect of both the comic as well as the sentimental ditties was described by a critic as having something strangely moving about it. The compositions in question, though not very highly esteemed in their own day, seemed to possess delicacy and taste. The sentimental ones had not lost their subtle fragrance nor the comic their flavour.

At one of the former places of amusement in the

Champs Elysées a school for golfers was established a short time ago. Here those desirous of becoming proficient on the links could come and take lessons from a professional who, I believe, made quite a good thing out of his teaching.

Sport in France, which formerly was taken by the English as a sort of joke, has latterly come to be looked upon by the French as something of a National asset, a Ministry of Sport having been established, which has already done excellent service.

Proficiency in games or with the fists is now highly esteemed across the Channel. When any Frenchman takes part in a big fight away from home, an official is told off to attend, while official congratulations are offered to all who comport themselves in a manner likely to reflect credit upon their country.

The result of this Government patronage of games and sport must be highly gratifying to its inaugurators. The prowess of Carpentier and a number of French Boxers is generally acknowledged, while this year (1922) for the first time the match of Rugby football played between France and England was a tie.

As for racing, on the race-courses in the vicinity of Paris it seems to have taken a new lease of life since the war.

The flat racing at Longchamps in the spring and summer is always delightful, while the Grand Prix, though the enclosures are dreadfully crowded, is one of the great events of the Parisian season.

The first Grand Prix was run in 1862 when it was won by the Ranger. A good many vigorous protests were made in England against the race being run on a Sunday, but by these the French declined to be swayed. As a matter of fact, notwithstanding Anglo-Saxon plaints at the iniquity of Sunday racing, the beautiful courses at Longchamps and Auteuil are very

popular with visitors from across the Channel on many a fine Sabbath day.

It was the great Emperor who first introduced racing into France. Probably with an eye to the horsing of his cavalry, he decreed that there should be races, and races of a sort there were, chiefly in the Department of the Orne and at a hippodrome at Le Pin, the seat of a Government stud established by Colbert in the days of the Roi Soleil.

The château still exists, together with a horse-breeding establishment. Both are well worth a visit.

Auteuil race-course was first opened to the public on 10 November, 1873, those responsible for the venture having been a small group of members of the Cercle de la Rue Royale.

The names of most of the founders, it may be added, are perpetuated in the titles of various important races.

In the early days an attendance on a grand steeplechase day was about 20,000 people ; but within recent years, owing to the huge crowds, the enclosures have become inconveniently crowded.

According to the terms of the new lease granted to the Auteuil steeplechase race-course by the Paris Municipal Council, the rent paid is to be a hundred instead of fifty-thousand francs for a further period of fifty years.

Improvements, which will cost about £400,000, are to be carried out during the ensuing year, the spring and autumn fixtures being transferred to Le Tremblay during the alterations. The hurdle and steeplechase tracks will be newly laid in a manner suitable to modern requirements, new stands built, and the paddock enlarged.

The idea is to make Auteuil, which is to be reopened in 1923, as up to date and attractive as is the far-famed flat race-course at Longchamps.

The reconstruction of the stands at Auteuil is to commence after the Great Steeplechase week in June. Meanwhile, owing to the vast sum required for the alterations, the Société des Steeplechases has had to make drastic reductions in stake money during the present year.

A curious incident occurred at Auteuil in 1920, of which no newspaper report ever appeared.

It was a very wet day, and that part of the stand reserved for ladies was very little filled, only about a dozen being present.

Just as a race was about to be run, about 200 men climbed over the railings and occupied the vacant places, taking no notice of the uniformed attendants, who tried to prevent them.

When the race was over, the raiders filed down the stairs in quite orderly fashion. They never appeared again and, during their presence in the stand, did not molest the ladies, who, however, were very much frightened.

The explanation of this mysterious incursion would seem to be that the invaders held Bolshevist ideas and wished to make a public protest against a few ladies monopolizing a spacious and sheltered stand, while a number of the general public had to stand out in the wet.

The reason why they never returned probably was that police agents who had observed their incursion cautioned them against doing so. These men were respectably dressed. They carried no race-glasses, and it was evident that they were not regular frequenters of the Turf. As has been said, they were probably a band of extremists who thought they might arouse feeling against what they considered an unjustifiable privilege.

The Pari Mutuel, or totalisator, as installed on

French race-courses, was invented by M. Joseph Oller, who died aged 83 in April, 1922. He it was who founded the Nouveau Cirque, the original Moulin Rouge and the now defunct Jardin de Paris. The system first came into operation in 1874, at an office on the site of the present Olympic music-hall, in addition to which vans with their betting apparatus attended Parisian race-meetings.

The authorities, however, disapproved of the venture, and in 1875 M. Oller was tried and punished, after which the Pari Mutuel was not heard of for a good many years.

Some thirteen or fourteen years later, however, an attempt was made to suppress betting altogether. The lists and bookmakers' stands on French race-courses were removed, and anyone found making a bet arrested.

The result, as might have been foreseen, was most unfortunate.

Racing without betting is impossible, and for about ten days irate crowds booed and hissed as races were run. A considerable number of troops, cavalry as well as infantry, were required to keep order on the courses. The situation in short became impossible.

Monsieur Goblet, the Minister of that day, who was held responsible for the suppression of betting, was said to go in fear of his life—some declared that he had been compelled to hide!

Serious dissatisfaction prevailed, to put an end to which the Government eventually announced that though bookmakers could not be tolerated, the Pari Mutuel would at once be installed. From that day to this that particular form of speculation has prevailed on French race-courses.

A certain percentage of the money taken goes as a tax, the proceeds of which are applied to charity,

horse-breeding, and the support of racing. Before the war, when this tax was fairly moderate, the receipts were very large. Since the Armistice, however, the percentage having been somewhat unduly increased, a rather smaller sum has been taken. Illicit betting also largely increased a short time ago with the result of further curtailing the money passing through the machines, but in this respect matters now appear to have somewhat improved.

Though M. Oller had nothing to do with the Pari Mutuel after it had been established by the Government, the tickets connected with it were, and are, printed at a factory at Putaux which he had built for his original venture; this is now managed by his nephew, M. Henri Oller.

While there has been a good deal of discussion as to the possibility of doing away with betting altogether, experience shows that the evils of gambling are best mitigated by regulations which while making people lose their money under fair conditions at the same time benefit the poor. In this direction the French Government, it must be admitted, has achieved a fair measure of success, for, owing to the tax or percentage levied upon baccarat banks and bets on race-courses, a very large sum is now annually available for charitable purposes and for hospitals.

It is a pity that such a view has not been adopted by Government in England. Unfortunately and unreasonably though Stock Exchange operations, no matter how speculative they may be, are regarded with complacency, a very considerable number regard betting as being disreputable if not positively wicked.

This was perhaps never better shown than at the death of the ill-starred Marquess of Hastings, upon which occasion a great London daily, whilst very severely criticizing the defunct nobleman in its largest

type, had a column and a half in equally large type, dedicated to the praise of Baron James de Rothschild. The Baron was a prudent speculator, not a rash gambler—he had also been successful and in England much is pardoned to success!

From time to time all sorts of ridiculous laws intended to prevent the public from indulging in betting on horse-racing have been proposed by Puritan busybodies. This particular form of cant, though hitherto defeated in our own country, meets with more success across the Atlantic.

In October, 1921, a Bill passed through the American House of Representatives which sought to prohibit the transmission by mail of newspapers publishing betting odds on horse-racing, prize fights or other contests of strength, speed or skill!

In England while not exactly liking to make betting a crime those responsible for the laws affecting it have merely placed a premium upon dishonesty.

Anything more iniquitous and ridiculous than the state of affairs produced by what is known as the betting-by-cheque decision it is indeed impossible to conceive.

The judgment in question was to the effect that any or all money paid by cheque in settlement of a betting or other gambling debt can be reclaimed by the loser, his heirs or the trustees of his estate.

Naturally it cuts both ways, if a backer is able to sue for money paid to a bookmaker, the latter has the same right to sue a layer.

The Act under which the Law Lords gave their decision curiously enough says nothing about horse-racing. It was passed to protect people from losing large sums in the gaming houses which flourished during the earlier part of the nineteenth century.

The best criticism of the absurd and unjust state of

affairs produced by this judgment was that passed by the "Daily Express," which said:

"All gambling and betting may be wrong. It may even be more wicked to risk money on a fallible horse than on an equally fallible rubber or oil share. But it is certain that the whole system of gambling legislation in Great Britain is a mass of inconsistency, absurdity and hypocrisy."

Whether the *pari mutuel* will ever be seen on English race-courses is a doubtful question. To begin with it seems at present extremely unlikely that legislative sanction would be ever accorded to such a form of speculation in this country. In addition to this, the introduction of the Totalisator might be resented as an innovation by habitual votaries of the Turf. Its introduction would certainly be resented by bookmakers.

Adversity makes strange bedfellows, and the opposition of the latter to the legal toleration of such a new form of betting would probably receive strong support from Puritans.

Once the Grand Prix is over all Paris flocks to the country or to the seaside.

Rural France is most attractive, besides which many now go to see the battlefields of the Great War.

The traveller must, however, expect to put up with a certain amount of discomfort.

English country Inns are too often miserably bad, with their stuffy, ill-decorated coffee-rooms and poor fare, but there is a lot of nonsense talked about the wayside hostelries of the Continent.

The golden omelet, about which travellers are apt to go into raptures, is in these days too often compounded of Chinese eggs, while the meat and fish are not infrequently beneath contempt.

English Inns usually have a supply of fairly good

beef and mutton. The pity is that those responsible for the management seem totally ignorant of the art of serving food in an attractive manner.

A fortune is awaiting any enterprising *restaurateur* who devotes his energies to remodelling the hostelries along the great motor routes in both England and France. Absolute simplicity, spotless cleanliness, together with careful attendance and good simple food, would attract numbers who, warned by unpleasant experience, take care never to stop except at large towns.

For the French a visit to Verdun with its famous Tranchée des Baionettes, where a whole company of soldiers sleep their last sleep, with their rifles and bayonets still sticking out of the ground, forms almost a sacred pilgrimage, but many English and Americans wend their way there too. For the former, indeed, the old fortified town, quite apart from its magnificent defence, should possess a peculiar interest.

To Verdun during the Napoleonic War the Emperor sent a number of English prisoners who, being on parole, were allowed to spend quite an agreeable time. They could lose their money at Roulette and make love to the local ladies, privileges of which many of the younger officers availed themselves to the full.

Not a few romances originated from their period of captivity at Verdun, of which most of these prisoners seemed to have had a pleasant souvenir.

The view of the old town with its quaint towers and waterwheels was painted on the spot in 1811 by Philip, son of Mr. P. C. de Crespigny, M.P. for Aldborough, when a prisoner of war. It is now the property of his sporting kinsman, Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny.

Never did the French soldier fight better than when defending Verdun, the old fortress originally built by Louis Quatorze.

A fine tribute to him is the poem quoted by Monsieur Francois Déchelette in his "L'Argot des Poilus":

"C'est l'archer de Bouvines, et le dragon d'Iéna,
C'est un monde, un époque, un symbole, une aurore,
Un rayon prodigieux, un astre, un météore;
Un beau rêve enchâssé dans du cuir et du fer,
C'est parfois un sourire, et parfois un enfer,
D'Artagnan dans Brutus, Kléber dans Cyrano,
Un poilu, c'est une âme avec un numéro."

The modern Frenchman really loves the land of his birth, and it is a well-known fact that numbers of young soldiers died with the words "Vive la France" on their lips.

Though no doubt just as patriotic the English have not such a keen, all-embracing love for their native soil as animates our Allies across the Channel.

The reason is not far to seek. France is really a pleasant country where liberty is something more than a mere word.

Also it is an old country full of ancient historical memories and souvenirs well known to most of its inhabitants. Besides this it has a spirit of romance which, though the troubadours who sang it have gone, still endures.

And Liberty and romance, though our prigs may sneer, are fine things capable of inspiring real and ardent affection.

The conservatism of the French in country districts is great and they still retain phrases in vogue hundreds of years ago.

The Maid of Orleans in her lonely dungeon, after she had been captured and imprisoned, proudly said to the Earls of Warwick and Stafford: "You think when you have slain me you will conquer France; but that you will never do. No! Although there were a

hundred thousand more 'Goddams' in this land than there are now."

During the late war in certain districts the peasants still alluded to the English soldiers as "Goddams," which expression had evidently come down to them from the days of St. Joan of Arc.

The French peasantry are a frugal people with their own peculiar usages and ways. An English officer who during the war had rendered a service to a small French farmer, was asked by the latter to come and take a meal in his house.

When the Englishman arrived at the farm-house and had sat down to lunch, he found himself in a low-ceilinged room very simply furnished, with white-washed walls, the only attempt at ornament being one coloured picture which hung just above his host's seat. In the course of the meal at which the whole of the farmer's large family took part, there was a good deal of talk concerning the merits of "notre grand père," who the Englishman learnt had been a wonderful old man of impressive appearance.

"Look for yourself," said the host, "there he is above my head." The Englishman did look and to his amazement perceived the features of Mr. Gladstone. With great tact he spoke of the extraordinary resemblance of the picture to the deceased English statesman. "Well," said his host, "the fact is we were going to have a portrait of le grand père painted from a photograph, when my wife, who was shopping in our little country town, happened to see this picture. As it was a good likeness and cost very little, she decided to buy it and we all of us like it very much."

This portrait of the Grand Old Man originally published by some English Weekly still decorates the little French farm-house.

Since the Armistice the popularity of the French

"plages" has once more revived. At the same time a great change has come over the pleasant little resorts which are now too expensive for those of moderate purse wont to spend their holidays there previous to 1914.

At French watering-places public gaming is rather more general than it was before Deauville, Biarritz, Aix-les-Bains attracted the wealthier players. At Deauville in particular high stakes are the rule during the height of the season.

Looking back at some notes of the past I see that in 1909 one player alone—a very rich gambler fond of high stakes—lost a million francs.

During the present year a wealthy English gambler lost at baccarat no less than eight millions of francs. This, of course, represents much less than it would have done in 1914; still it is about £150,000!

The loser of this large sum, however, being of a certain age and well used to play will probably recover some of his money in the end. Anyone who takes big banks at baccarat must be prepared for serious losses in addition to which the cagnotte in course of time becomes a serious tax.

"Every great city is the embodiment of a great idea, every town of pleasure," once said Lord Beaconsfield, "should be the expression of a caprice."

The average French watering-place with its Casino and unfettered amusement is, more or less, the expression of a caprice—the English seaside resort never.

The most agreeable one in England is probably Brighton.

Without going so far as an ultra-enthusiastic admirer who wrote that all who have gazed upon the beauty of that Sussex town have remained her lifelong captives, it must be admitted that London-by-the-Sea has more luxury and attractions than most English watering-places.

Old Brighthelmstone had its days of romance—there is little of that about it now, but a good deal of solid comfort.

Though singularly devoid of trees it has the great advantage of being encircled by the green glory of Downland. This inspired the enthusiastic praise of so keen a lover of the country as Richard Jefferies.

Oliver Wendell Holmes described Brighton as "A magnificent city built for enjoyment," and according to our insular ideas he was not altogether wrong.

Nevertheless, were the town run on Continental lines (which it never will be) Brighton would become far more enjoyable. The absence of a Casino with its numerous attractions here, as at all seaside resorts, places Brighton at a great disadvantage, compared with its very much less pretentious rivals across the Channel.

There can be no possible comparison between the amenities of an English seaside resort and those of a French one.

At the former all amusements cease about half-past ten in the evening, whereas in France Casinos remain open as long as anyone wishes to remain in them.

Piers with their somewhat dismal surroundings are no substitutes for Casinos, which in addition to a restaurant and first-class music enable visitors to indulge in speculation at Boule and Baccarat.

The bathing facilities abroad are also as good or better than those to be found at home, while the whole life is full of a bright spirit of social freedom, which finds no favour with the local authorities on this side of the Channel.

The main drawback of the French *Plage* is the rapacity of hotel-keepers who, careless of the proverb as to killing golden geese, can rarely resist fleecing visitors on every possible occasion—a stupid policy

which in the end must prove anything but profitable to a hotel-keeper.

At English watering-places things are better in this respect, though it must be admitted that the cooking and service often leave much to be desired.

The regular visitors, however, who keep seaside Hotels going, do not seem to mind this, for year after year they return, being apparently quite content with the very elaborately drawn-up French Menus intended to cover an indifferent, if pretentious, cuisine.

While English watering-places are dull they are usually safer places for young men than the seaside and health resorts on the Continent.

Some of the latter abound in undesirable people of both sexes—Lord Lonsdale, it is said, first met the German Emperor at Marienbad.

"It only shows," this popular sporting peer is reported to have remarked on the outbreak of war, "how careful one should be in making acquaintances at foreign watering-places!"

The most luxurious and amusing French *plage*, at least during the height of its season, is Deauville.

Though the Duc de Morny was the founder of its prosperity, he was probably attracted to the Normandy coast owing to the sketches of an artist named Mozin, who years before, roaming about in search of the picturesque, had come upon what was then the mere fishing hamlet of Trouville-sur-Mer.

Mozin was so charmed with the varied beauties of the site and of its neighbourhood that he filled his album with views which became the talk of the artistic and pleasure-seeking world of Paris. His enthusiasm made many converts, and visitors from the fashionable world flocked to the spot in order to judge with their own eyes of the justice of the artist's praises.

Others who seconded the Duc de Morny in making

Deauville a fashionable seaside resort were Prince Demidoff, the Marquis de Massa and a member of the great banking family of Laffitte.

An Englishman, Dr. Olliffe, who was well known in Parisian Society during the Second Empire, also did a good deal to assist the popularity of the new *Plage*, one of the chief attractions of which lay in its magnificent sands, of late years rendered attractive to the eye by beds of red geraniums which have been laid out near the line of villas facing the sea.

It may be added that a short distance inland is the little town of Touques situated on the right bank of the river of the same name separating Deauville from Trouville.

Touques, which contains some curious old houses, should have a peculiar interest for English visitors.

Thomas à Becket laid the foundation-stone of the still existing church of St. Thomas, and here William Rufus embarked to be crowned King of England in 1086.

Not far away may be seen the remains of the Château of Bonneville-sur-Touques, where William the Conqueror was wont to reside.

Touques, though now a sleepy little place, was of considerable importance in the Middle Ages.

Relics of its vanished grandeur continued long after the sun of its prosperity had set, the town continuing to enjoy the honour of having a Governor till 1789, when all such officers were swept away.

Though Deauville was made fashionable by the Duc de Morny, this Norman seaside resort sank into comparative obscurity after the fall of the Second Empire, when Trouville took its place. Deauville, however, within recent years has completely turned the tables upon its rival.

Under the very capable management of Monsieur

Cornuché, with its splendid new Casino and magnificent Hotels, it has entered upon what looks like a career of uninterrupted prosperity.

The Hotel de Normandie, built in accordance with the best traditions of the local style, is a really picturesque building, while the Casino, with its huge foyer, theatre and well-appointed gaming-rooms, offers all sorts of distractions to visitors who can lose their money at baccarat amidst agreeable surroundings.

With plenty of money in his pocket, a visitor can lead the most easy and pleasant life in the world.

In the morning he can bathe or look on while charming Parisian nymphs disport themselves among the waves. In the afternoon he can play golf, while the Casino with its fine band and theatrical performances are there to amuse him when he is tired. Baccarat he can play pretty well when he likes, while during the race week he can back his fancy to any extent.

A feature of Deauville in the season is the multitude of red geraniums which are planted all over the place; the confines of Monsieur Cornuché's dominions are, as it were, marked out by this flower, which imparts an air of brightness to a number of spots which formerly were mere wastes of sand.

Another charming seaside resort is Dinard in Brittany. This of recent years may be said during its season to have become a sort of little Deauville.

Twenty or thirty years ago life at Dinard could be lived very cheaply, and the result was that a number of English with small means made it their permanent abode.

In those days, of course, though the natural attractions of the place were always alluring, there were not the facilities for luxurious living and amusements which exist to-day, when a charming and well-conducted Casino together with first-class Hotels have

made the Breton watering-place fully equal in its amenities to older established rivals which have long been noted for attracting the pleasure-loving and fashionable world.

In France gaming, provided it is carried on according to a carefully drawn-up code of regulations, has been tolerated for years.

In Belgium, where the authorities seem less sensible, a less satisfactory state of affairs prevails.

At one time gambling is allowed at Ostend and other Belgian resorts—at another suppressed.

Whenever an announcement appears that all play in Belgium has been prohibited a certain section of the English Press indulges in a chorus of unctuous congratulation, while the usual time-worn phrases as to the demoralizing effects of gambling are once more trotted out.

One enthusiastic writer declared that the public conscience of England had too long been outraged by the proximity of such a dangerous temptation; and the Belgians were told that they might anticipate reaping a golden harvest as the result of the high-principled attitude which had been adopted, the English being now able to visit Ostend without fear of contamination.

The Belgians that season kept the gaming-rooms at that watering-place closed. To their dismay, however, no English visitors worth anything particular arrived and those who did, on finding that there was no gambling, left as speedily as possible.

Since that unfortunate experiment in repression the tradesmen of Ostend have not been so averse to the tables. On the contrary they now petition for them to be kept going, well realizing that they are a real attraction to wealthy people from across the water.

There was once what was practically a regular

gaming-house on English soil. This was in the 'fifties, when mild roulette was played on the island of Heligoland. A miniature roulette-table there was much frequented by joyous Israelites and English officers from the mainland. In 1856, however, an outraged English tourist wrote a furious letter to "The Times," complaining of such horrors existing under the British flag. He denounced the scandalous desecration of the English name, and so forth; and in consequence the Governor issued an edict against the roulette. Play, however, on a diminutive scale continued there some time longer.

Since the Armistice the inhabitants of this little island have petitioned the German Government to allow the reopening of a Casino with gaming-tables.

The islanders, who appear to be in a bad way, declare that the advent of visitors is the only thing which will restore their weak financial position.

It is however rather doubtful whether such an establishment would now prove profitable.

The greatest gaming-house in the world—the Casino at Monte Carlo—has like most things suffered owing to the Great War.

Last year's season on the Riviera was a success, this year's is a slump. Hotel-keepers on the Riviera, owing to the huge charges of 1920, do not appear to have done well in 1921. Suites for which 250 francs a day was paid during the former year remained unlet, in spite of the fact that they were offered at something like half the price, board being included! During the winter season of 1921 the number of persons who had obtained admission to the Casino was 18,000 less than in the previous year.

The Riviera, with its beautiful coast-line full of sunny spots for shady people, seems, of late, to have become unpopular with visitors. To some extent

this is certainly due to the rapacious methods of hotel-keepers and other chartered harpies; the latter, unmindful of the old proverb about killing the golden geese, having sent many a visitor away, vowing that in future he or she would leave the Riviera severely alone.

The last season was said by old frequenters of the Riviera to have been the worst they ever remember and they are probably right.

As for the French, those who had experience of the exorbitant charges and gross profiteering of hotel-keepers the year before seemed to have warned their friends about it, with the result that comparatively few French people went south.

All this will eventually, no doubt, have a good effect in bringing the harpies to reason; at the end of last season the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo, which was formerly the most expensive place in which to dine, had become comparatively moderate.

Monte Carlo, however, remained very dear. At Mentone, on the other hand, you could practically fix any terms you liked. Everything last season was very different from the year before when the place, together with other Mediterranean resorts, was crowded with visitors from England.

A Frenchman at that time suggested that as the English had occupied the Riviera, it would be a delicate compliment to their love of restrictions to institute a passport system by which no Frenchman could enter this Anglo-Saxon zone without a *visa*.

"As things are now," said he, "we feel rather nervous lest we should be considered intruders in this part of our country."

Up to comparatively recent years a considerable number of Parisians went to the Riviera to gamble, but they have less need to do so now.

Since the war a number of gambling clubs, which are really gaming-houses, have sprung up in Paris. To these admission is easy, consequently the company frequenting them is apt to be mixed. In spite of this, decorum generally prevails—in a great measure owing to the tact of those who conduct such places.

The proprietor of one of them, whenever any trouble or disorder arises among his clients, makes a point of quelling it by his personal intervention. One of his favourite methods, after calling for silence, is to say: "Remember, gentlemen, that here you are expected to behave in exactly the same way as you do in your other club—the Jockey."

The profiteering of a bumper season has driven people away from fashionable resorts like Cannes and Monte Carlo, the boot indeed seems on the other leg now, and if European trade does not improve, visitors will be more or less able to fix their own prices.

Riviera restaurant-keepers, dressmakers, tradesmen and other harpies have naturally fallen into a state of gloom and depression which must to some degree be shared by the Société des Bains de Monaco whose Casino has, of late, done very badly.

At the end of January, 1922, half the season being over, its receipts were six million francs below what they ought to have been.

Maximum stakes are rarely played and the quietude of the rooms is in striking contrast to their old-time animation.

Roulette tables, from which the main profits of Monte Carlo are drawn, have been but poorly frequented. The rush and bustle of other days has been succeeded by the monotonous drone of a leisurely croupier calling out numbers which cause but little excitement.

The Casino authorities at Monte Carlo have more than once altered their policy as regards the croupiers,

who originally were absolutely forbidden to accept tips.

At the end of the last century this rule was relaxed with the not unnatural result that rich and generous players received more attention than poorer ones.

Gradually the whole thing became something of a scandal, with the result that once more the giving of *douceurs* was strictly forbidden.

Now once again tipping is allowed, and the croupiers are reaping a rich harvest. During the season of 1920–21, these gentlemen have received no less than six and a half million francs—at the present rate of exchange over £120,000!

Individual tipping, it should be added, is not allowed. The money has to be placed in a sort of money box, kept by the *chef de partie* of every table, who hands it over, when full, to a special department.

At the end of the season, half the contents of the boxes is allotted to the croupiers, the remainder being distributed among the Casino servants, a superannuation fund.

The growth of Monte Carlo has within the last thirty years somewhat impaired its picturesque appearance.

In the 'eighties it was quite a small place, there were no night cafés, and most people were in bed by twelve.

One of the amenities of Monte Carlo in those days was taking long drives on the excellent road which skirts the coast.

Comfortable little open carriages drawn by two gaily caparisoned ponies were on hire, and after a long sitting in the Casino, there was no better way of obtaining a refreshing stock of ozone, than to go for a brisk spin in the direction of either Mentone or Cannes.

Once the season was over, the owners of these carriages, who were generally the drivers, made their way across the mountains to Aix-les-Bains, where they

once more found the clients who furnished them with a comfortable livelihood.

It used then to be said that the clergyman of the English Church at Monte Carlo never gave out any hymns under number thirty-six, as he had discovered that some of his congregation had made a practice of carefully noting down the numbers with a view to backing them at roulette.

The lot of an English chaplain at a Continental gaming resort cannot be a very pleasant one. As a rule, unobtrusive and obliging to all, frothy-mouthed bigots are apt to urge him to denounce the evils of play, overturn the tables of the money changers and altogether play havoc with the Temple dedicated to the Goddess of Chance. While, however, fanatics threaten to withdraw their subscriptions from the church fund unless such drastic things be done, another and really more important section are not at all disposed to tolerate attacks upon the facilities offered for a little flutter.

The best thing a poor chaplain can do is to abstain from all interference. After all he is but a visitor in a foreign land and this being so has no mandate to interfere with the customs and amusements tolerated by local authorities.

From time to time the modern Anglo-Saxon mania for interference with personal liberty has made attempts to make its influence felt on the Riviera.

When Monsieur Blanc was alive and still ruled at Monte Carlo, some ultra-virtuous Anglo-Saxon frequenters of the great Temple of Chance undertook to conduct an investigation into the morals of a certain section of the female frequenters of the gambling-rooms.

The result was that about three hundred ladies were declared to be votaries of Venus, a lamentable state of

affairs which the zealots reported with a protest to the directorate.

In reply, M. Blanc merely told them that the gambling-rooms were not a place of worship.

The founder of Monte Carlo was very human and many amusing stories have been told about him. He once even succumbed to the fascinations of his own tables. Being one day at Homburg, where his croupiers were raking in pots of money, he suddenly remembered that his wife's birthday was at hand. Pondering what to give her as a present a peculiarly attractive parasol caught his eye as he was strolling amongst the shops. He was told that twenty marks was its price. Monsieur Blanc was a careful man, and it seemed to him that to pay so much for a parasol was extravagant. Nevertheless he ordered it to be set aside for him, saying that he would call and pay for it later.

Strolling towards the Casino the thought suddenly struck him: "To win twenty marks in the rooms is quite easy—numbers of people do it, but they don't stop; which is the reason I make so much money. Why shouldn't I win the price of this parasol—make my twenty marks and walk out?"

Walking up to a *trente-et-quarante* table and unobtrusively stationing himself behind a group of players, Monsieur Blanc furtively slipped twenty marks on the red—black won. Forty marks on the red—black again won. Eighty marks on the black—red won. He now became excited and, the money he had in his pocket being exhausted, edged towards an astonished *chef de partie*, to whom he was, of course, well known, and instructed him to place one hundred and sixty marks on red. The croupier dealt the cards, and red lost. By this time every one had realized that Monsieur Blanc was staking against his own tables, and the whole room flocked to see such an extra-

ordinary sight. The croupiers thought their chief had gone mad, for he stood looking fixedly at the cards, entirely absorbed in the effort to recover his losses and win the price of the parasol. He went on playing, however, till he had lost about £1,000, when suddenly realizing the situation he rushed out of the rooms. For some time afterwards Monsieur Blanc was considerably chaffed about this exploit, which was said to have been the only occasion on which he had been known to play. "Ah!" he would say, "that was the dearest parasol I ever bought in my life."

With reference to English interference with the internal affairs of other countries, it is noteworthy that the crusade against pigeon shooting at Monte Carlo has merely resulted in the prohibition of that pseudo-sport in England! In spite of innumerable letters to the Press the slaughter of doves still continues in various French watering-places and pleasure resorts.

Pigeon shooting is undoubtedly a wretched form of sport, if a sport at all, but when all is said and done it is probably not more cruel than pheasant shooting. As regards cruelty, indeed, it is probably six of one and half a dozen of the other.

The French, besides bitterly resenting interference with their internal affairs by foreigners, know this very well, as they have not failed to point out in articles begging the English to mind their own business.

As a matter of fact, I think I am right in saying that some sixteen or seventeen years ago, when there was a great agitation against pigeon shooting, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, after a careful investigation of how the pseudo-sport was carried on at the Gun Club, confessed that they had discovered no brutality at all.

As for the French Government putting down pigeon shooting by law, such a thing is extremely unlikely, serious trouble having already arisen over an attempt to suppress the bull-fights popular in the South of France.

The population of that region violently resent all interference of this sort. At a Congress held at Lunel, near Montpellier, in February, 1922, seventy-one French bull-fighting clubs resolved to defend the "usages and customs of Southern France and Algeria with the utmost energy."

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